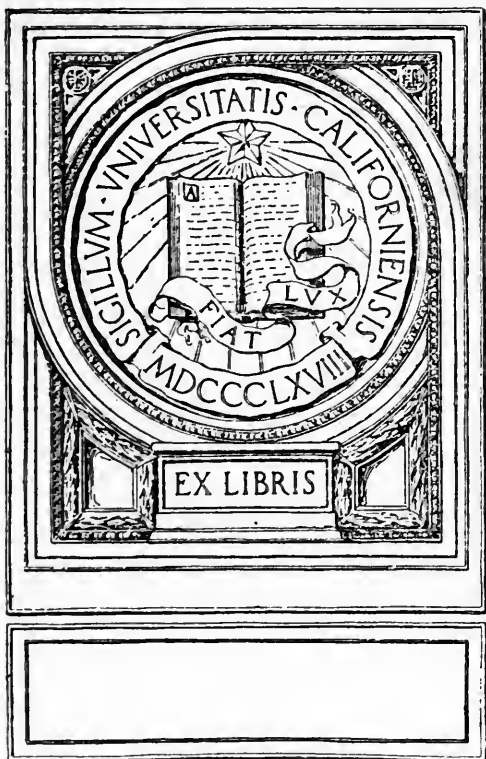




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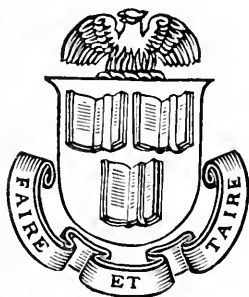




## A Modern Reader and Speaker

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EDITED BY  
GEORGE RIDDLE



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TO

ADAMS SHERMAN HILL,

BOYLSTON PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ORATORY AT  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY, IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE  
OF HIS HELP AND SYMPATHY IN MY TENTATIVE DAYS.



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## PREFACE

IN adding another "Reader and Speaker" to the long list of books on "Elocution," "Expression," or what not, I have not been animated by the spirit of any of Dickens's "gen'lmen," who went "down Tom-all-Alone's, a-prayin'," only to say "as the t'other wuns prayed wrong."

I have had in view, especially in the Oration, the union of that which seems modern in the works of the old, well-tried authors, with the literature of to-day. I think that all the selections are adapted to the modern natural method of speaking, by which the speaker seeks to directly move and persuade his hearers, in man-to-man fashion and without manner formally assumed for effect.

I believe that a teacher of reading and speaking, to be completely effective, should be present in the flesh, and, therefore, I have not attempted to give any instructions as to interpretation. Moreover, this country is fortunate in possessing able and competent teachers, who employ different methods, perhaps, but who all lead their pupils through various means to one great end: truth and naturalness of expression.

While my primary object has been to choose pieces adapted to reading aloud, I have not, I trust, lost sight of another vital point—the choice of interesting pieces of every description.

## PREFACE

I have been greatly assisted by the generous permission of authors and publishers to use copious extracts from copyrighted books. Such unusual courtesy as has been extended to me will, I am confident, make the perusers of the contents of this book exclaim with Trinculo: "If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight."

GEORGE RIDDLE.

# Narrative and Colloquial Selections



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THE SITUATION OF A UNIVERSITY. From the Inaugural Address delivered at Tufts College. Reprinted with the permission of President Capen. By ELMER HEWITT CAPEN.

IN considering the many instrumentalities through which an institution of the higher learning rise to its greatest efficiency, all writers who have given profound attention to the subject agree in attaching great importance to *Situation*. It must be in a fair spot to which both nature and art have lent their charms. It must be retired, away from the bustle and confusion of the great world where the mind may freely give itself to undisturbed reflections. Yet it must be near some centre of life and trade, and especially does it need to feel the power of a higher intellectual life surging around it and ever lifting it to nobler and grander attainments. The image of Athens, which, for more than a thousand years, was the intellectual mistress of the civilized world, whose immortal teachers

“Still rule our spirits from their urns,”

risks before us in all her loveliness and beauty. We think how she, by her matchless climate, which fostered poetic dreams and made life seem like one long midsummer's day; by her indescribable atmosphere, which gave to the marbles of Praxiteles the richness and warmth of Titian's coloring, and relieved the severe angles of her temples, so that they seemed to be filled with a depth and softness of feeling unsurpassed by the most ornate of mediæval cathedrals; by her contiguity to the sea and her relations to the mysterious East; by her commercial importance; by

her marvellous language, softer and sweeter and more flexible and of wider compass than the tones of an organ; by her free institutions and public spirit; by her great men; by her inspiring traditions and her wonderful mythology, was fitted to be the University of all nations. We think also of the grand facilities she had within herself for noble schools; of her groves which Cimon planted; of her beautiful public buildings which Pericles erected and Phidias adorned; of her porticoes, surrounding the Agora, filled with superb paintings and delicious sculptures. We think of her sweet poets and eloquent orators, whose inspiring words thrill and sway our hearts to-day as they thrilled and swayed the living multitudes to whom they were addressed. But above all we think of her great philosophers, to whom even kings came for instruction, and who were surrounded by a crowd of youths out of every nation under heaven. We seem to see them in their chosen retreats just outside the din of the great city, yet where they could hear the drowsy murmur of its bustle and traffic, directing, by the compass of their learning, the fascinations of their culture and the force of their enthusiasm, the minds of their hearers to the most sublime contemplations. Those were the conditions in which both nature and art combined to produce a degree of intellectual refinement without a rival either in ancient or modern times.

But wherever, in any age, similar results have been achieved it has been under a combination of like advantages. I will not pause now to cite instances. I need only point you to our own fortunate position. The New World herself does not embrace a lovelier spot than this. On whichever side the eye turns, it com

mands a fairer prospect than that which inflamed the heart of Lot when he beheld all the plain of Jordan fertile and well watered everywhere. It is in close contact, too, with a great commercial metropolis—a grand city which presents many aspects of resemblance to ancient Athens, not the least of which is her intense intellectual activity, and her schools and teachers whose renown is co-extensive with civilization. Just here, then, is the place for a great college, however modestly it may assert its claims in the beginning, to grow up and flourish. Surely it does not require any very painful stretch of the faculties to see, in a future not greatly remote, this hill crowned with noble architecture, peeping out from amid embowering trees, and to hear the thronging footsteps of youths coming from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, to enjoy the sweet repose of its quiet shades, and to feel the kindling impulse of its mental life.

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MORNING AND AFTERNOON CHAPEL. From  
"Tom Brown's School Days." By THOMAS  
HUGHES.

THE chapel-bell began to ring at a quarter to eleven, and Tom got in early and took his place in the lowest row, and watched all the other boys come in and take their places, filling row after row; and tried to construe the Greek text which was inscribed over the door with the slightest possible success, and wondered which of the masters, who walked down the chapel and took their seats in the exalted boxes at the end, would be his lord. And then came the closing of the doors, and the Doctor in his robes, and the service, which, however, didn't impress him much, for his feeling of wonder and curiosity was too strong. And the boy on one side of him was scratching his name on the oak panelling in front, and he couldn't help watching to see what the name was, and whether it was well scratched; and the boy on the other side went to sleep and kept falling against him; and on the whole, though many boys even in that part of the School were serious and attentive, the general atmosphere was by no means devotional; and when he got out into the close again, he didn't feel at all comfortable, or as if he had been to church.

But at afternoon chapel it was quite another thing. He had spent the time after dinner in writing home to his mother, and so was in a better frame of mind; and his first curiosity was over, and he could attend more to the service. As the hymn after the prayers was being sung, and the chapel was getting a little dark, he was beginning to feel that he had been really worshipping. And then came that great event in his, as



in every Rugby boy's life of that day, the first sermon from the Doctor.

More worthy pens than mine have described that scene. The oak pulpit standing out by itself above the School seats. The tall gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke. The long lines of young faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world rejoicing in his strength. It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the præpositors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

But what was it after all which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes, on Sunday afternoon? True, there always were boys scattered up and down the School, who in heart and head were worthy to hear and able to carry away the deepest and wisest words there spoken. But these were a minority always, generally a very small one, often so small a one as to be countable on the fingers of your hand. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless, childish boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very

little besides in heaven or earth: who thought more of our seats in the School than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby and the public opinion of boys in our daily life above the laws of God? We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another; and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (ay, and men, too, for the matter of that), to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how the battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain, too, for a boys' army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make a truce, would fight the fight out (so every

boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which more than anything else won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master.

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THE RIGHT STANDARD. From "Shadows of the Stage," second series. Copyright, 1893, by Macmillan & Company. (Reprinted with permission.) By WILLIAM WINTER.

CRITICISM is neither hostility nor scorn. The motive that impels a thoughtful observer to condemn much that is accepted by the multitude is not the wish merely to injure or to contemptuously deride or dismiss the popular mediocrity, but the desire that the age shall excel in all kinds of worth, and that the people shall both be the best and have the best. The poet Pope asserted the comfortable doctrine that "whatever is is right." Mr. Chalcote, the brewer, in Robertson's comedy of "Ours," announced the freer though less agreeable conclusion, that "whatever is is wrong." There are writers who celebrate the glories of the present age, and who continually minister to vanity by informing the people that they are but little lower than the angels. Such writers are not the source of strength and help. The world does not prosper through being flattered. Too much is heard about the rights of man; too little about his duties. The moralists who frankly tell a people the truth, when that people, as often happens, is doing wrong and going wrong, are better friends of mankind than the flatterers of the popular mood and conduct.

Man is a brotherhood. In Roman days it was a saying with the aristocrats of mind and of rank, "The common people like to be deceived; deceived let them be." That saying was the essence of selfishness—a selfishness that the better part of the intellectual world has outgrown. There cannot be one law for persons of superior mental endowment and another law for the

rest. Knowledge avails nothing unless it be communicated. Blessings are but half blessings if you keep them to yourself. Those who have clear vision and stalwart strength of mind should guide the rest of the world. The advancement of all human beings concerns every individual. The safety and comfort of the top of the pyramid depend on the security of the base. The enlightened philosopher knows that it is both self-interest and benevolence to keep the multitude in the right path—to civilise, to refine, to lead upward the masses of mankind, so that their eyes may be opened to beauty, their minds to truth, and their hearts to gentleness and aspiration. The guidance of the people is the duty of the thinker, and if he performs that duty he will sometimes speak in terms of censure, and he will make the censure positive enough to be felt and to be productive of good results.

Observation, with extended view, perceives that people in general are more deeply interested in what they call amusements than in serious occupations. You must study popular amusements, therefore, if you wish to understand the mental condition and tendency of the people. Those matters engross much attention, and it is through the discussion and guidance of their amusements that the people are most easily and directly reached and affected. Two methods of that discussion and guidance, both long in vogue, are sharply contrasted in contemporary practice—that of universal laudation, and that of objection and remonstrance. The former largely predominates, and it has wrought evil by making bad matters worse. Within recent years—although noble and beautiful works have been shown, and important steps have been taken—an

avalanche of trash has been cast upon the stage, and the people have accepted it and have, practically, approved it,—while scarcely a voice among public censors has been raised against that flagrant abuse of the theatre. On the contrary, the public has been told to accept it, has been praised for accepting it, and has been prompted to encourage the extension of it. “We are a hard-working, nervous, tired community”—so runs the stream of mischievous counsel—“and we need recreation. When we go to the theatre we want to be amused. We do not want to think. Let us have something light!” Thus cajoled, and thus cajoling itself, the popular intelligence surrenders to folly, and the average theatrical manager brings forth Rag Babies and Parlor Matches, and complacently remarks, “I must give them what they want.”

The writers and the managers who reason in that way do not reason well. It is unfortunate that the custom of viewing the stage as an “amusement” ever prevailed; for the stage is an institution higher and finer than any amusement, and it possesses an influence upon society second only to that of the hearthstone. But, even viewing it as one of the amusements, no man has a right to degrade its character or impair its usefulness. If we overwork ourselves, as a community, let us quit that injurious and useless custom. Half of the activity that people commonly call “work” consists of parade and pother. The actual work of the world is done silently, by the minority, and usually it does not occupy all the time or exhaust all the strength. Let us economise our energies and stop the snorting and the waste. If we are “tired” and “nervous” we can, surely, rest and refresh the nerves with-

out turning the stage into a playground for idiots and making the theatre a hospital for victims of dyspepsia. Sick persons are in no fit condition to comprehend the drama, and, even if they were, the actor is not an apothecary. The time for going to the play is when you are well and refreshed and can appreciate what you see and hear; when your mind and soul are receptive and you are not concerned with the state of your stomach and the ills of your system. There are influences in the dramatic art which can ennoble and help you, even though they do not foster the lower instincts or elicit vacant laughter. The men and women who devote their lives to the study and practice of acting are not frivolous mountebanks, emulous to make you laugh by cutting a caper; nor are you yourself such a poor creature as you appear to be when you prattle about your lassitude and allege your preference for theatrical rubbish.

It is not meant that the stage is in a decline. Ever since the theatre existed it has been subject to fluctuations, accordant with the moods and caprices of public taste. There never has been a time in its history when trash was not striving to submerge it, and when base and sordid views of its province did not find specious advocates and ignoble ministers. But it is meant that trash has been more than usually rampant in recent years, and that it is habitually viewed with a mischievous lenience and toleration. There is more than common need of wholesome censure, as well of the public taste as of the pernicious doctrine that it is the province and policy of thinkers, writers, and managers to follow the people instead of leading them.

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CHARLES DICKENS THE READER. From  
"Pen Photographs of Dickens's Readings." By KATE  
FIELD.

ONE glance at the platform is sufficient to convince the audience that Dickens thoroughly appreciates "stage effect." A large screen of maroon cloth occupies the background; before it stands a light table of peculiar design, on the inner left-hand corner of which there peers forth a miniature desk, large enough to accommodate the reader's book. On the right hand of the table, and somewhat below its level, is a shelf, where repose a carafe of water and a tumbler. 'Tis "a combination and a form indeed," covered with velvet somewhat lighter in color than the screen. No drapery conceals the table, whereby it is plain that Dickens believes in expression of figure as well as of face, and does not throw away everything but his head and arms, according to the ordinary habit of ordinary speakers. About twelve feet above the platform, and somewhat in advance of the table, is a horizontal row of gas-jets with a tin reflector; and midway in both perpendicular gas-pipes there is one powerful jet with glass chimney. By this admirable arrangement, Dickens stands against a dark background in a frame of gaslight, which throws out his face and figure to the best advantage. With the book "Dickens" stranded on the little desk, the comedian Dickens can transform a table into a stage; and had the great novelist concluded, at the last moment, not to appear before us, this ingenious apparatus would have taught us a lesson in the art of reading.

He comes! A lithe, energetic man, of medium stature, crosses the platform at the brisk gait of five



miles an hour, and takes his position behind the table. This is Charles Dickens, whose name has been a household word in England and America for thirty years; whose books have been the joy and solace of many a weary heart and head. A first glance disappointed me. I thought I should prefer to have him entirely unlike himself; but when I began to speculate on how Charles Dickens ought to look, I gave the matter up, and wisely concluded that Nature knew her own intentions better than any one else.

Dickens has a broad, full brow, a fine head—which, for a man of such power and energy, is singularly small at the base of the brain—and a cleanly cut profile. There is a slight resemblance between him and Louis Napoleon in the latter respect, owing mainly to the nose; but it is unnecessary to add that the faces of the two men are totally different. Dickens's eyes are light-blue, and his mouth and jaw, without having any claim to beauty, possess a strength that is not concealed by the veil of iron-gray mustache and generous imperial. His head is but slightly graced with iron-gray hair, and his complexion is florid.

If any one thinks to obtain an accurate idea of Dickens from the photographs that flood the country, he is mistaken. He will see Dickens's clothes, Dickens's features, as they appear when Nicholas Nickleby is in the act of knocking down Mr. Wackford Squeers; but he will not see what makes Dickens's face attractive, the geniality and expression that his heart and brain put into it. In his photographs Dickens looks as if, previous to posing, he had been put under an exhausted receiver and had had his soul pumped out of him. This process is no beautifier. Therefore, let

those who have not been able to judge for themselves believe that Dickens's face is capable of wonderfully varied expression. Hence it is the best sort of face. His eye is at times so keen as to cause whoever is within its range to feel morally certain that it has penetrated to his boots; at others it brims over with kindness. "It is like looking forward to spring to think of seeing your beaming eye again," wrote Lord Jeffrey to Charles Dickens years ago, and truly, for there is a twinkle in it that, like a promissory note, pledges itself to any amount of fun—within sixty minutes. After seeing this twinkle I was satisfied with Dickens's appearance, and became resigned to the fact of his not resembling Apollo Belvedere. One thing is certain,—if he did resemble this classical young gentleman, he never could have written his novels. Laying this flattering unction to my soul, I listen.

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WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN. From "Imaginary Conversations." By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FRANKLIN—The conduct of England toward us resembles that of Ebenezer Bullock toward his eldest son, Jonas.

Washington—I remember old Ebenezer; and I believe it was Jonas who, when another youth, after giving him much offence and seeing him unresisting would fain fight him, replied: "Nay, I will not fight thee, friend; but if thou dost with that fist what thou threatenest, by the Lord's help I will smite thee sore, marking thee for one of an ill, unprofitable flock; and thou shalt walk home in heaviness, like a wether the first morning he was made one." Whereat he took off his coat, folded it up, and laid it on the ground, saying, "This at least hath done no harm, and deserveth good treatment." The adversary, not admiring such an object of contemplation, went away muttering more reasonable threats, conditional and subjunctive. Ebenezer, I guess, aggravated and wore out his son's patience; for the old man was rich and testy, and would have his comforts neither encroached upon nor much partaken.

Franklin—My story is this. Jonas had been hunting in the woods, and had contracted a rheumatism in the face which drew it awry, and, either from the pain it occasioned or from the medicines he took to cure it, rotted one of his grinders. Old Ebenezer was wealthy, had little to do or to care about, made few observations on his family, sick or sound, and saw nothing particular in his son's countenance. However, one day after dinner when he had eaten heartily, he said, "Son

Jonas, methinks thy appetite is not over-keen; pick (and welcome) the other half of that hog's foot."

"Father," answered he, "I have had a pain in my tooth the last fortnight; the northerly wind does it no good to-day. I would rather, if so be that you approve of it, eat a slice of yon fair cheesecake in the closet."

"Why, what ails the tooth?" said Ebenezer. "Nothing more," replied Jonas, "than that I cannot chew with it what I used to chew." "Drive a nail in the wall," quoth stoutly and courageously Ebenezer, "tie a string to one end, and lace the other round thy tooth."

The son performed a part of the injunction, but could not very dexterously twist the string around the grinder, for his teeth were close and the cord not over-fine. Then said the father kindly, "Open thy mouth, lad! give me the twine: back thy head,—back it, I tell thee, over the chair."

"Not that, father! not that; the next," cried Jonas. "What dost mean?" proudly and impatiently said Ebenezer. "Is not the string about it? Dost hold my hand too, scapegrace? Dost give me this trouble for nought?" "Patience, now, father!" meekly said Jonas, with the cord across his tongue; "let me draw my tooth my own way."

"Follow thine own courses, serpent!" indignantly exclaimed Ebenezer. "As God's in Boston, thou art a most wilful and undutiful child." "I hope not, father." "Hope not! rebel! Did I not beget thee and thy teeth, one and all? Have not I lodged thee, clothed thee, and fed thee, these forty years; and now, I warrant ye, all this bustle and backwardness about a rotten tooth! Should I be a groat the richer for it, out or in?"

Washington—Dignity in private men and in governments has been little else than a stately and stiff perseverance in oppression; and spirit, as it is called, little else than the foam of hard-mouthed insolence. Such at last is become the audacity of Power, from a century or more of holidays and riot, it now complains that you deprive it of its prerogative if you limit the exercise of its malignity. I lament that there are those who can learn no lesson of humanity, unless we write it broadly with the point of the sword.

Franklin—Let us hope, however, that we may see the day when these scholars shall be turned out of school.

Washington—The object of our cares and solitudes, at present, is the stability of the blessings we have obtained. No attempt against them is dangerous from without, nor immediately from within; but the seeds of corruption are inherent, however latent, in all bodies, physical and political; guards therefore should be stationed, and laws enacted, to deter adventurers from attempts at despotism.

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LETTER TO MR. JOHNSON (Printer). By  
WILLIAM COWPER.

It happened that some accidental reviser of the manuscript had taken the liberty to alter a line in a poem of Cowper's. This liberty drew from the offended poet the following very just and animated remonstrance, which I am anxious to preserve because it elucidates, with great felicity of expression, his deliberate ideas on English versification.—(Note by Hayley.)

I DID not write the line that has been tampered with hastily, or without due attention to the construction of it; and what appeared to me its only merit is, in its present state, entirely annihilated.

I know that the ears of modern verse writers are delicate to an excess, and their readers are troubled with the same squeamishness as themselves. So that if a line do not run as smooth as quicksilver, they are offended. A critic of the present day serves a poem as a cook does a dead turkey, when she fastens the legs of it to a post and draws out all the sinews. For this we may thank Pope; but unless we could imitate him in the closeness and compactness of his expression, as well as in the smoothness of his numbers, we had better drop the imitation, which serves no other purpose than to emasculate and weaken all we write. Give me a manly rough line, with a deal of meaning in it, rather than a whole poem full of musical periods, that have nothing but their oily smoothness to recommend them!

I have said thus much, as I hinted in the beginning, because I have just finished a much longer poem than

the last, which our common friend will receive by the same messenger that has the charge of this letter. In that poem there are many lines which an ear so nice as the gentleman's who made the above-mentioned alteration would undoubtedly condemn; and yet (if I may be permitted to say it) they cannot be made smoother without being the worse for it. There is a roughness on a plum which nobody that understands fruit would rub off, though the plum would be much more polished without it. But, lest I tire you, I will only add that I wish you to guard me from all such meddling; assuring you that I always write as smoothly as I can; but that I never did, never will, sacrifice the spirit or sense of a passage to the sound of it.

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FERDINAND AND MIRANDA. From "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." Copyright, 1896, by George Meredith. Reprinted with the permission of the publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. By GEORGE MEREDITH.

RICHARD jumped into his boat, and pulled down the tide.

When nature has made us ripe for love, it seldom occurs that the Fates are behindhand in furnishing a temple for the flame.

Above green-flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunder below, lilies, golden and white, were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet hung from the banks thick with weed and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of earth. Her face was shaded by a broad straw hat with a flexible brim that left her lips and chin in the sun, and, sometimes nodding, sent forth a light of promising eyes. Across her shoulders, and behind, flowed large loose curls, brown in shadow, almost golden where the ray touched them. She was simply dressed, befitting decency and the season. On a closer inspection you might see that her lips were stained. This blooming young person was regaling on dewberries. They grew between the bank and the water. Apparently she found the fruit abundant, for her hand was making pretty progress to her mouth. Fastidious youth, which revolts at woman plumping her exquisite proportions on bread-and-butter, and would (we must suppose) joyfully have her scraggy to have her poetical, can hardly object to dewberries. Indeed, the act of eating them is dainty and induces musing. The dewberry is a sister to the lotus, and an innocent sister. You eat:



mouth, eye, and hand are occupied, and the undrugged mind free to roam. And so it was with the damsel who knelt there. The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue: from a dewy copse dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note: the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers: a bow-winged heron travelled aloft, seeking solitude: a boat slipped toward her, containing a dreamy youth; and still she plucked the fruit, and ate, and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one, or knew not her wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-fall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction. The Magnetic Youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir-piles, and beheld the sweet vision. Stiller and stiller grew nature, as at the meeting of two electric clouds. Her posture was so graceful, that, though he was making straight for the weir, he dared not dip a scull. Just then one enticing dewberry caught her eyes. He was floating by unheeded, and saw that her hand stretched low, and could not gather what it sought. A stroke from his right brought him beside her. The damsel glanced up dismayed, and her whole shape trembled over the brink. Richard sprang from his boat into the water. Pressing a hand beneath her foot, which she had thrust against the crumbling wet sides of the bank to save herself, he enabled her to recover her balance, and gain safe earth, whither he followed her.

He had landed on an island of the still-vexed Ber-

moothes. The world lay wrecked behind him; Raynham hung in mists, remote, a phantom to the vivid reality of this white hand which had drawn him thither away thousands of leagues in an eye-twinkle. Hark, how Ariel sang overhead! What splendour in the heavens! What marvels of beauty about his enchanted brows! And, O you wonder! Fair Flame! by whose light the glories of being are now first seen . . . Radiant Miranda! Prince Ferdinand is at your feet.

Or is it Adam, his rib taken from his side in sleep, and thus transformed, to make him behold his Paradise, and lose it? . . .

The youth looked on her with as glowing an eye. It was the First Woman to him.

And she—mankind was all Caliban to her, saving this one princely youth.

So to each other said their changing eyes in the moment they stood together; he pale, and she blushing.

She was indeed sweetly fair, and would have been held fair among rival damsels. On a magic shore, and to a youth educated by a System, strung like an arrow drawn to the head—he, it might be guessed, could fly fast and far with her. The soft rose in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes, bore witness to the body's virtue; and health and happy blood were in her bearing. Had she stood before Sir Austin among rival damsels, that Scientific Humanist, for the consummation of his System, would have thrown her the handkerchief for his son. The wide summer-hat, nodding over her forehead to her brows, seemed to flow with the flowing heavy curls, and those fire-threaded mellow curls, only half-curls, waves of hair call them, rippling at the ends, went like a sunny red-veined torrent down

her back almost to her waist: a glorious vision to the youth, who embraced it as a flower of beauty, and read not a feature. There were curious features of colour in her face for him to have read. Her brows, thick and brownish against a soft skin, showing the action of the blood, met in the bend of a bow, extending to the temples long and level: you saw that she was fashioned to peruse the sights of earth, and by the pliability of her brows that the wonderful creature used her faculty, and was not going to be a statue to the gazer. Under the dark thick brows an arch of lashes shot out, giving a wealth of darkness to the full frank blue eyes, a mystery of meaning—more than brain was ever meant to fathom: richer, henceforth, than all mortal wisdom to Prince Ferdinand. For when nature turns artist, and produces contrasts of colour on a fair face, where is the Sage, or what the Oracle, shall match the depth of its lightest look?

Prince Ferdinand was also fair. In his slim boating-attire his figure looked heroic. His hair, rising from the parting, to the right of his forehead, in what his admiring Lady Blandish called his plume, fell away slanting silkily to the temples across the nearly imperceptible upward curve of his brows there—felt more than seen, so slight it was—and gave to his profile a bold beauty, to which his bashful, breathless air was a flattering charm. An arrow drawn to the head, capable of flying fast and far with her! He leaned a little forward, drinking her in with all his eyes, and young Love has a thousand. Then truly the System triumphed, just ere it was to fall; and could Sir Austin have been content to draw the arrow to the head and let it fly, when it would fly, he might have

pointed to his son again, and said to the world, "Match him!" Such keen bliss as the youth had in the sight of her, an innocent youth alone has powers of soul in him to experience.

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## A RETROSPECT. By VICTOR HUGO.

I HAVE had for friends and allies, I have seen successively pass before me, and according to the changes and chances of destiny, I have received in my house, sometimes in intimacy, chancellors, peers, dukes. Pasquier, Pontécoulant, Montalembert, Bellune; and celebrated men, Lamennais, Lamartine, Châteaubriand; presidents of the Republic, Manin; leaders of revolution, Louis Blanc, Montanelli, Arago, Heliade; leaders of the people, Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth, Microslawski; artists, Rossini, David d'Angers, Pradier, Meyerbeer, Eugène Delacroix; marshals, Soult, Mackau; serjeants, Boni, Heurtebise; bishops, the Cardinal of Besançon, M. de Rohan, the Cardinal of Bordeaux, M. Donnet; and comedians, Frederick Lemaître, Mlle. Rachel, Mlle. Mars, Mme. Dorval, Macready; ministers and ambassadors, Moli, Guizot, Thiers, Lord Palmerston, Lord Normanby, M. de Ligne; and of peasants, Charles Durand; princes, imperial and royal highnesses and plain highnesses, such as the Duke of Orleans, Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, the Princess of Canino, Louis Charles Pierre, and Napoleon Bonaparte; and of shoemakers, Guay; of kings and emperors, Jerome of Westphalia, Max of Bavaria, the Emperor of Brazil; and of thorough revolutionists, Bourillon. I have had sometimes in my hands the gloved and white palm of the upper class and the heavy black hand of the lower class, and have recognized that both are but men. After all these have passed before me, I say that Humanity has a synonym—Equality; and that under Heaven there is but one thing we ought to bow to—Genius; and only one thing before which we ought to kneel—Goodness.

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FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. From "Essays in London and Elsewhere." Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted with permission. By HENRY JAMES.

MRS. KEMBLE often used to say of people who met her during the later years of her life, "No wonder they were surprised and bewildered, poor things—they supposed I was dead!" Dying January 15, 1893, in her eighty-third year, she had outlived a whole order of things, her "time," as we call it, and in particular so many of her near contemporaries, so many relations and friends, witnesses and admirers, so much, too, of her own robust and ironic interest in life, that the event, as regards attention excited, may well be said to have introduced her to unconscious generations. . . . Mrs. Kemble all her life was so great a figure for those who were not in ignorance, the distinction and interest of her character were, among them, so fundamental an article of faith, that such persons were startled at finding themselves called to be, not combative in the cause of her innumerable strong features (they were used to that), but insistent in respect to her eminence. . . .

Even if Mrs. Kemble had been a less remarkable person, she would have owed a distinction to the far-away past to which she gave continuity, would have been interesting from the curious contacts she was able, as it were, to transmit. She made us touch her aunt, Mrs. Siddons, and whom does Mrs. Siddons not make us touch? She had sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for her portrait, and Sir Thomas Lawrence was in love with Sir Joshua's Tragic Muse. She had breakfasted with Sir Walter Scott, she had sung with Tom Moore,

she had listened to Edmund Kean and to Mademoiselle Mars. . . .

She had figured in the old London world, which lived again in her talk, and, to a great degree, in her habits and standards and tone. This background, embroidered with her theatrical past, so unassimilated, but so vivid in her handsome hereditary head and the unflagging drama of her manner, was helped by her agitated, unsettled life to make her what I have called historic. If her last twenty years were years of rest, it was impossible for an observer of them not to feel from how many things she was resting—from how long a journey and how untempered a fate, what an expenditure of that rich personality which always moved all together and with all its violent force. . . .

One of the earliest things that I remember with any vividness is a drive in the country, near New York, in the course of which the carriage passed a lady on horseback who had stopped to address herself with some vivacity to certain men at work by the road. Just as we had got further one of my elders exclaimed to the other, "Why, it's Fanny Kemble!" and on my inquiry who was the bearer of this name, which fell upon my ear for the first time, I was informed that she was a celebrated actress. It was added, I think, that she was a brilliant reader of Shakespeare, though I am not certain that the incident occurred after she had begun her career of reading. The American cities, at any rate, were promptly filled with the glory of this career, so that there was a chance for me to be vaguely perplexed as to the bearing on the performance, which I heard constantly alluded to, of her equestrian element, so large a part of her youth. Did she read on horse-

back, or was her acting one of the attractions of the circus? There had been something in the circumstances (perhaps the first sight of a living amazon—an apparition comparatively rare then in American suburbs) to keep me from forgetting the lady, about whom gathered still other legends than the glamour of the theatre. At all events, she was planted from that moment so firmly in my mind that when, as a more developed youngster, after an interval of several years, I was taken for education's sake to hear her, the occasion was primarily a relief to long suspense. It became, however, and there was another that followed it, a joy by itself and an impression ineffaceable.

This was in London, and I remember even from such a distance of time every detail of the picture and every tone of her voice. The two readings—one was of "King Lear," the other of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream"—took place in certain Assembly Rooms in St. John's Wood. . . . The reader dressed in black velvet for Lear and in white satin for the comedy, and presented herself to my young vision as a being of formidable splendor. I must have measured in some degree the power and beauty of her performance, for I perfectly recall the sense of irreparable privation with which a little later I heard my parents describe the emotion produced by her Othello, given at the old Hanover Square Rooms, and to which I had not been conducted. I have seen both the tragedy and the "Dream" acted several times since then, but I have always found myself waiting vainly for any approach to the splendid volume of Mrs. Kemble's "Howl, howl, howl!" in the one, or to the animation and variety that she contributed to the other. I am confi-



dent that the most exquisite of fairy-tales never was such a "spectacle" as when she read, I was going to say mounted, it. Is this reminiscence of the human thunder-roll that she produced in *Lear* in some degree one of the indulgences with which we treat our childhood? I think not, in the light of innumerable subsequent impressions. These showed that the force and the imagination were still there; why then should they not, in the prime of their magnificent energy, have borne their fruit? . . .

It is always a torment to the later friends of the possessor of a great talent to have to content themselves with the supposition and the hearsay; but in Mrs. Kemble's society there were precious though casual consolations for the treacheries of time. She was so saturated with Shakespeare that she had made him, as it were, the air she lived in, an air that stirred with his words whenever she herself was moved, whenever she was agitated or impressed, reminded or challenged. He was indeed her utterance, the language she spoke when she spoke most from herself. . . .

"*Henry V.*" was the last play I heard her read in public, and I remember a declaration of hers that it was the play she loved best to read, better even than those that yielded poetry more various. It was gallant and martial and intensely English, and she was certainly on such evenings the "*Anglaise des Anglaises*" she professed to be. Her splendid tones and her face, lighted like that of a war-goddess, seemed to fill the performance with the hurry of armies and the sound of battle; as in her rendering of "*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*," so the illusion was that of a multitude and a pageant. I recall the tremendous ring of her

voice, somewhat diminished as it then was, in the culminating "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!" a voice the immense effect of which, in her finest years—the occasion, for instance, of her brief return to the stage in 1847—an old friend just illustrates to me by a reminiscence. She was acting at that period at the Princess's Theatre, with Macready, in whom my informant, then a very young man and an unfledged journalist, remembers himself to have been, for some reason, "surprisingly disappointed." It all seems very ancient history. On one of the evenings of "Macbeth," he was making his way, by invitation, to Douglas Jerrold's box—Douglas Jerrold had a newspaper—when, in the passage, he was arrested by the sense that Mrs. Kemble was already on the stage, reading the letter with which Lady Macbeth makes her entrance. The manner in which she read it, the tone that reached his ears, held him motionless and spellbound till she had finished. To nothing more beautiful had he ever listened, nothing more beautiful was he ever to hear again. This was the sort of impression commemorated in Longfellow's so sincere sonnet, "Ah, precious evenings, all too swiftly sped!" . . .

It befell, on some occasion of her being in one of her frequent and admirable narrative moods, that a friend was sufficiently addicted to the perpetual puzzle of art to ask her what preparation, in a series of readings, what degree of rehearsal, as it were, she found necessary for performances so arduous and so complex. "Rehearsal?"—she was, with all the good faith in the world, almost scandalized at the idea. "I may have read over the play, and I think I kept myself quiet."

"But was nothing determined, established in advance?" This was an inquiry which Mrs. Kemble could treat with all the gayety of her irony, and in the light of which her talent exhibited just that disconcerting wilfulness I have already spoken of. She would have been a capture for the disputants who pretend that the actor's emotion must be real, if she had not been indeed, with her hatred both of enrolment and of tea-party æsthetics, too dangerous a recruit for any camp. Priggishness and pedantry excited her ire; woe therefore to those who collectively might have presumed she was on their "side."

She was artistically, I think, a very fine anomaly, and, in relation to the efficacy of what may be called the natural method, the operation of pure sincerity, a witness no less interesting than unconscious. An equally active and fruitful love of beauty was probably never accompanied with so little technical curiosity. Her endowment was so rich, her spirit so proud, her temper so high, that, as she was an immense success, they made her indifference and her eccentricity magnificent. From what she would have been as a failure the imagination averts its face; and if her only receipt for "rendering" Shakespeare was to live with him and try to be worthy of him, there are many aspirants it would not have taken far on the way. Nor would one have expected it to be the precursor of performances masterly in their finish. Such simplicities were easy to a person who had Mrs. Kemble's organ, her presence, and her rare perceptions. . . .

Her talk reflected a thousand vanished and present things; but there were those of her friends for whom its value was, as I have hinted, almost before any

other documentary. The generations move so fast and change so much that Mrs. Kemble testified even more than she affected to do, which was much, to antique manners and a closed chapter of history. Her conversation swarmed with people and with criticism of people, with the ghosts of a dead society. She had, in two hemispheres, seen every one and known every one, had assisted at the social comedy of her age. Her own habits and traditions were in themselves a survival of an era less democratic and more mannered. I have no room for enumerations, which moreover would be invidious; but the old London of her talk—the direction I liked it best to take—was in particular a gallery of portraits. She made Count d'Orsay familiar, she made Charles Greville present; I thought it wonderful that she could be anecdotic about Miss Edgeworth. She reanimated the old drawing-rooms, relighted the old lamps, retuned the old pianos. The finest comedy of all, perhaps, was that of her own generous whimsicalities. She was superbly willing to amuse, and on any terms, and her temper could do it as well as her wit. If either of these had failed, her eccentricities were always there. She had, indeed, so much finer a sense of comedy than any one else that she herself knew best, as well as recked least, how she might exhilarate. I remember that at the play she often said, "Yes, they're funny; but they don't begin to know how funny they might be!" Mrs. Kemble always knew, and her good-humor effectually fore-armed her. She had more "habits" than most people have room in life for, and a theory that to a person of her disposition they were as necessary as the close meshes of a strait waistcoat. If she had not lived

by rule (on her showing), she would have lived infallibly by riot. Her rules and her riots, her reservations and her concessions, all her luxuriant theory and all her extravagant practice, her drollery that mocked at her melancholy, her imagination that mocked at her drollery, and her rare forms and personal traditions that mocked a little at everything—these were part of the constant freshness which made those who loved her love her so much. “If my servants can live with me a week they can live with me forever,” she often said; “but the first week sometimes kills them.” I know not what friends it may also have killed, but very fully how many it spared; and what dependants, what devotees, what faithful and humble affections clung to her to the end and after. A domestic who had been long in her service quitted his foreign home the instant he heard of her death, and, travelling for thirty hours, arrived travel-stained and breathless, like a messenger in a romantic tale, just in time to drop a handful of flowers into her grave.

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ELIZABETHAN POETS. From "Essays on the English Poets." By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THOSE days of Elizabeth! We call them the days of Elizabeth, but the glory fell over the ridge, in illustration of the half-century beyond: those days of Elizabeth! Full were they of poets as the summer days are of birds:

No branch on which a fine bird did not sit,  
No bird but his sweet song did shrilly sing,  
No song but did containe a lovely dit.

We hear of the dramatists; but the lyric singers were yet more numerous,—there were singers in every class. Never since the first nightingale brake voice in Eden, arose such a jubilee-concert: never before nor since has such a crowd of true poets uttered true poetic speech in one day. Not in England evermore! Not in Greece, that we know. Not in Rome, by what we know. Talk of their Augustan era—we will not talk of it, lest we desecrate our own of Elizabeth. The latter was rightly prefigured by our figure of the chorus of swans. It was besides the milky way of poetry: it was the miracle-age of poetical history. We may fancy that the master-souls of Shakespeare and Spenser, breathing, stirring in divine emotion, shot vibratory life through other souls in electric association: we may hear, in fancy, one wind moving every leaf in a forest—one voice responded to by a thousand rock-echoes. Why, a common man walking through the earth in those days, grew a poet by position—even as a child's shadow cast upon a mountain slope is dilated to the aspect of a giant's.

If we, for our own parts, did enact a Briareus, we might count these poets on the fingers of our hundred hands, after the fashion of the poets of Queen Anne's time, counting their syllables. We do not talk of them as "faultless monsters," however wonderful in the multitude and verity of their gifts: their faults were numerous, too. Many poets of an excellent sweetness, thinking of poetry that, like love,

It was to be all made of fantasy,—

fell poetry-sick, as they might fall love-sick, and knotted associations, far and free enough to girdle the earth withal, into true love-knots of quaintest devices. Many poets affected novelty rather than truth; and many attained to novelty rather by attitude than altitude, whether of thought or word. Worst of all, many were incompetent to Sir Philip Sidney's ordeal—the translation of their verses into prose—and would have perished utterly by that hot ploughshare. Still, the natural healthy eye turns toward the light, and the true calling of criticism remains the distinguishing of beauty. Love and honor to the poets of Elizabeth—honor and love to them all!

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## REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From "The Spectator."

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition



of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished, in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as the dead. As a

foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions, under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a

view of nature, in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

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DR. HALE ON EMERSON. From the "Boston Herald."

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE addressed the Twentieth Century Club last night in their room, 14 Ashburton Place, on "The Influence of Emerson." In introducing the speaker, President Edwin D. Mead recalled the fact that Dr. Hale had christened the club five years ago with an address upon Phillips Brooks, and would now close the fifth year of the organization with a paper on the man whom J. R. Lowell called the Yankee Plato and Dr. O. W. Holmes the Buddha of the West.

Dr. Hale began with some reflections upon the universality of Emersonian ideas in society to-day. "No matter to what church you may go," said he, "you will hear Emerson from the pulpit. From the fact that two publishing houses in this country have sold about 2,500,000 copies of his essays during the past few years, it has been estimated that one family out of every four in the United States has one of his books.

"He was my friend for many years, visited repeatedly at my house, and talked familiarly as one does with a friend. The thing I want to emphasize is his deep and tender sympathy with all men, and his way of applying all his ideals to his everyday life. He hoed his own corn on his Concord farm, lived most of his life in comparative poverty, went to the postoffice early in order to have a chance to talk with the men about the door, and bought cheap mutton bones to keep down expenses. Here is where the difference appears between the great idealist and the chipped-off reformers who disgrace the name. So unworldly was he, so completely devoted to his mission of preaching

the greatness of truth and right, that at the age of forty-six he received his first check from a publisher, and did not know how to cash it. His books had then been before the public for sixteen years.

"In the last nineteen centuries," said Dr. Hale, "I can think of only five or six great prophets who have been strong and brave enough to stand alone by themselves, and take their knowledge direct from the Father God, and then speak it forth to the world. Thousands of others have been to the original source, but have not told the rest of us about it. But the great majority of men are turned aside by the sirens of wealth, or something else commanding stones to be made bread, and so have lost the power that was in them.

"The last of these great world prophets, of this inner circle of five or six that I have mentioned, was Ralph Waldo Emerson. He heard the voice of Jesus Christ teaching men to go directly to God the Father, climb like a little child upon his knee and tell him all the troubles of life, leaving cares with him. To Emerson the life of God is the same as that which pulsates in the hearts of men and it reaches out beyond the limits of Arcturus and Orion. His common words exalted themselves into the oracles of our times, which compel us to see something of our Father's business, of the exalted human life that is open to the kings and priests of God."

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MY FIRST PLAY. From "Essays of Elia." Condensed by the Editor. By CHARLES LAMB.

AT the north end of Cross Court there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing-office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see my first play. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door in shelter—O, when shall I be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable playhouse accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, "Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play;"—chase *prô chuse*. But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed,—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to *Troilus and Cressida*, in Rowe's

Shakspeare,—the tent scene with Diomede,—and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening. The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed) resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy,—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities it appeared a glorified candy! The orchestra lights at length arose, those “fair Auroras!” Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again,—and incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up,—I was not past six years old, and the play was Artaxerxes!

I had dabbled a little in the Universal History,—the ancient part of it,—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import,—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams. Harlequin’s invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying

his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys.

The next play to which I was taken was "The Lady of the Manor," of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomime, called "Lun's Ghost." I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patchwork, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So Harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quick succession. It was "The Way of the World." I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysteric affectations of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some solemn tragic passion. Robinson Crusoe followed; in which Crusoe, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story. The clownery and pantaloony of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe I no more laughed at them than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape, and grin, in stone around the inside of the old Round Church (my church) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season of 1781-2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven other years (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old Artaxerxes evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At



the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

“Was nourished, I could not tell how,—”

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reference, was gone! The lights—the orchestra lights—came up a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter’s bell—which had been, like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelve-months—had wrought in me. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance to me of Mrs. Siddons in *Isabella*. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theatre became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

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ON DOGS AND CATS. Translated by Jessie Henderson Brewer. By ALEXANDER DUMAS.

IT is admitted that the dog has intelligence, a heart and perhaps a soul, likewise it is agreed that the cat is a traitor, deceiver, thief, an egotist, an ingrate. How many have we not heard say: "Oh, I cannot abide a cat! it is an animal that loves not its master; it is attached only to the house; one must keep it under lock and key. I had one once, for I was in the country and there were mice. The cook had the imprudence to leave upon the table a poulet that she had just purchased; the cat carried it off, no morsel of it was ever seen after. Since that day I have said: 'I will have no cat.' " Its reputation is detestable, the fact cannot be disguised, and one must acknowledge that the cat does nothing to modify the opinion in which it is held. It is entirely unpopular, but it cares as little about this as it does about the Grand Turk. Must I confess it to you? It is for this that I love it, for in this world one can remain indifferent to things the most serious—if there are serious things, and this, one knows only at the end of his life; but he cannot evade the question of dogs and cats. There is always a moment when he must declare himself. Well, then! I love cats! Ah! the times they have said to me:

"What, you love cats?"

"Yes!"

"Do you not like dogs better?"

"No, I love cats much more."

"That is extraordinary."

I prefer certainly to have neither cat nor dog, but were I forced to live with one of these two individuals, I would choose the cat. It has for me the manners

essential to social relations. At first, in its early youth, it possesses all the graces, all the suppleness, all the unexpectedness by which the most exacting, artistic fancy can be amused! It is adroit, it always knows where it is. Prudent unto caution, it goes everywhere, it examines without soiling, breaking nothing; it is in itself a warmth and a caress; it has not a snout, but a mouth—and what a mouth! It steals the mutton as does the dog, but, unlike the latter, makes no delight of carrion; it is discreet and of fastidious cleanliness, which might be well imitated by a number of its detractors. It washes its face, and in so doing foretells the weather into the bargain. One can entertain the idea of putting a ribbon around its neck, never a collar; it cannot be enslaved. It permits no modifications in its race; it lends itself to no combinations that industries could attempt. The cat reflects, this is obvious, contrary to the dog, a lackbrain whose rabies is his crowning idiocy. In short, the cat is a dignified, proud, disdainful animal that conceals its fonctions basses, that hides its love affairs in the shadows, almost within the clouds, upon the roofs, in the vicinity of the night-working students. It defies advances, and tolerates no insults, it abandons the house in which it is not treated according to its merits; in short, the cat is truly an aristocrat in type and origin, whereas the dog is and ever will be naught but a vulgar parvenu by dint of complaisance.

The sole argument at all plausible against the cat is that it destroys the birds, the nightingales as well as the sparrows. If the dog does not as much it is because he is too clumsy and stupid. He runs also after the birds, but barking, the birds escape him, and

he stays behind completely dumbfounded, open-mouthed and with astonished tail. He makes up for it upon the partridges and rabbits, after two years' submission to the strong collar in order to learn this art, and it is not for himself, but for the hunter, that he goes in quest of game. The imbecile! He persecutes the animals, an animal himself, for the profit of the man who beats him. At least, when the cat catches a bird she has an excuse; it is to eat it herself. Why would that authorize man to slander her? Let men regard one another! They will see in their race, as in that of cats, those who have claws have no other pre-occupation but to destroy those who have wings.

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RIP VAN WINKLE. From "Sketch-Book." Condensed by the Editor from the First American and English Edition. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!).

In that same-village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was moreover a kind neighbour, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder, for hours together,

trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the

shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he

sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the side, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a



stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brink of which, impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a

large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning.

"Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night."

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his step homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recur-

rence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before.

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. “My very dog,” sighed Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red

coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters,

### GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. A man bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tip-toe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat."

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" The poor man humbly assured them that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tomb-stone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony-Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man.

At this critical moment a fresh comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," she cried, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

“Judith Gardenier.”

“And your father's name?”

“Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

“Where's your mother?”

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he—“Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbour. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night.

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BROWNING'S FIRST MANUSCRIPT. From "Robert Browning Personalia." Copyright, 1890, by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Reprinted with permission. By EDMUND GOSSE.

ROBERT BROWNING can hardly remember a time when his intention was not to be eminent in rhyme, and he began to write at least as early as Cowley. His sister remembers him, as a very little boy, walking round and round the dining-room table, and spanning out the scansion of his verses with his hand on the smooth mahogany. When he was about eight years old, this ambitious young person disdained the narrow field of poetry, and, while retaining that sceptre, debated within himself, as Dryden says Anne Killegrew did, whether he should invade and conquer the province of painting or that of music. It soon became plain to him, however, that, as he himself put it thirty-five years later:

"I shall never, in the years remaining,  
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,  
Make you music that should all-express me:  
. . . Verse alone, one life allows me,"

and he began writing with assiduity. It is curious to reflect that all the giants were alive in those days—not even Keats himself laid to sleep under the Roman grasses.

In 1824, the year that Byron died, the boy had collected poems enough to form a volume, and these were taken around to publisher after publisher, but in vain. The first people who saw the nascent genius of this lad of twelve years old were the two Misses Flower, the younger afterward authoress of *Vivia Perpetua*, and too sadly known as Sarah Flower Adams. The elder



Miss Flower thought the poems so remarkable that she copied them and showed them to the distinguished Unitarian, the Rev. William Johnson Fox, then already influential as a radical politician of the finer order. As a matter of course, Mr. Fox was too judicious to recommend the publication of poems so juvenile, but he ventured to prophesy a splendid future for the boy, and he kept the transcripts in his possession. To Mr. Browning's great amusement, after the death of Mr. Fox, in 1864, his daughter, Mrs. Bridell-Fox, returned the MS. to the author, who read in maturity the forgotten verses of his childhood.

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NEW ENGLAND CLIMATE IN SUMMER. By  
RUFUS CHOATE.

TAKE the New England climate in summer, you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold to-day; hot to-morrow; mercury at 80° in the morning, with wind at south-west; and in three hours more a sea turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees of Fahrenheit; now so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire; then floods carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July; and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. You would think the world was twenty times coming to an end. But I do not know how it is: we go along; the early and the latter rain falls, each in its season; and seedtime and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot corn weather are pretty sure to be measured out to us. The Indian summer, with its bland south-west and mitigated sunshine, brings all up; and on the twenty-fifth of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, three millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses, or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty, and happiness.

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ANECDOTES. From "The Jest Book."

### EMPEROR OF CHINA.

SIR G. STAUNTON related a curious anecdote of old Kien Long, Emperor of China. He was inquiring of Sir George the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, after some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England, that can afford to be ill? Now, I will inform you," said he, "how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed: a certain weekly salary is allowed them, but the moment I am ill, the salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are usually short."

### SUGGESTION.

"Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" said a celebrated vocal performer, of awkward manners, to Charles Bannister. "No," replied the other. "Why, then, I'll tell you: when I was about fifteen, I swallowed, by accident, some train oil." "I don't think," rejoined Bannister, "it would have done you any harm if, at the same time, you had swallowed a dancing-master!"

### THE FORCE OF SATIRE.

Jacob Johnson, the publisher, having refused to advance Dryden a sum of money for a work upon which he was engaged, the incensed bard sent a message to him, and the following lines, adding, "Tell the dog that he who wrote these can write more":

With leering looks, bull-necked, and freckled face,  
With two left legs, and Judas-colored hair,  
And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air!"

Johnson felt the force of the description; and, to avoid a completion of the portrait, immediately sent the money.

### THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

Jerrold was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo-French alliance. He said that he was proud to see the English and the French such good friends at last. "Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea," said Jerrold.

### AN EFFORT OF MEMORY.

"Would you think it?" said A to B, "Mr. Roscius has taken a week to study a Prologue which I wrote in a day." "His memory is evidently not so good as yours," replied B.

### A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Mr. Hawkins, Q. C., engaged in a cause before the late Lord Campbell, had frequently to mention the damage done to a carriage called a Brougham, and this word he pronounced, according to its orthography, Brougham.

'If my learned friend will adopt the usual designation, and call the carriage a Bro'am, it will save the time of the court," said Lord Campbell, with a smile.

Mr. Hawkins bowed and accepted his Lordship's pronunciation of the word during the remainder of his speech. When Lord Campbell proceeded to sum up the evidence, he had to refer to the Omnibus which had damaged the Bro'am, and in doing so pronounced the word also according to its orthography. "I beg your Lordship's pardon," said Mr. Hawkins, very respectfully, "but if your Lordship will use the com-

mon designation for such a vehicle, and call it a 'Buss——' The loud laughter which ensued, and in which his Lordship joined, prevented the conclusion of the sentence.

### PROPER DISTINCTION.

An undergraduate had unconsciously strayed into the garden of a certain D.D., then master of the college adjoining. He had not been there many minutes, when Dr. —— entered himself, and, perceiving the student, in no very courteous manner desired the young gentleman to walk out; which the undergraduate, not doing (in the opinion of the doctor) in sufficient haste, Dominie demanded, rather peremptorily, "whether he knew who he was?" at the same time informing the intruder that he was Dr. ——. "That," replied the undergraduate, "is impossible; for Dr. —— is a gentleman, and you are a blackguard!"

### TREASON.

When Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American Revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the Stamp Act into the House of Burgesses of Virginia (May, 1765), he exclaimed, when descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles I. his Cromwell; and George III.——" "Treason!" cried the speaker; "Treason, treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye flashing with fire, continued, "May profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

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THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. By THOMAS JEFFERSON.

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with inherent and inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, begun at a distinguished period and pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right,

it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of unremitting injuries and usurpations, among which appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, but all have in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world, for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative houses repeatedly and continually for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolu-

tions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has suffered the administration of justice totally to cease in some of these states, refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made our judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices by a self-assumed power, and sent hither swarms of new officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies and ships of war without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us; for protecting them by a mock-trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states; for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world; for imposing taxes on us without our consent; for depriv-



ing us of the benefits of trial by jury; for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences; for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing there an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these states; for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments; for suspending our own legislatures, and declaring them invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, withdrawing his governors, and declaring us out of his allegiance and protection.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy unworthy of the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions of existence.

He has incited treasonable insurrection of our fellow citizens, with the allurements of forfeiture and confiscation of our property.

He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the LIBERTIES of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the LIVES of another.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries.

A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a people who mean to be free. Future ages will scarcely believe that the hardiness of one man adventured, within the short compass of twelve years only, to lay a foundation so broad and so undisguised for tyranny over a people fostered and fixed in principles of freedom.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our

British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend a jurisdiction over these our states. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here, no one of which could warrant so strange a pretension: that these were effected at the expense of our own blood and treasure, unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league and amity with them: but that submission to their parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea, if history may be credited: and we appealed to their native justice and magnanimity as well as to the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which were likely to interrupt our connection and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity, and when occasions have been given them, by the regular course of their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have, by their free election, re-established them in power. At this very time too, they are permitting their chief magistrates to send over not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch and foreign mercenaries to invade and destroy us. These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce forever these unfeeling brethren. We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur and of freedom, it seems, is below their

dignity. Be it so, since they will have it. The road to happiness and to glory is open to us too. We will tread it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation!

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, do, in the name, and by authority of the good people of these states, reject and renounce all allegiance and subjection to the kings of Great Britain and all others who may hereafter claim by, through or under them; we utterly dissolve all political connection which may heretofore have subsisted between us and the people or parliament of Great Britain; and finally we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independent states, and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do.

And for the support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

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GENIUS AND COMMON SENSE. From "Table Talk." By WILLIAM HAZLITT.

WE hear it maintained by people of more gravity than understanding, that genius and taste are strictly reducible to rules, and that there is a rule for everything. So far is it from being true that the finest breath of fancy is a definable thing, that the plainest common sense is only what Mr. Locke would have called a mixed mode, subject to a particular sort of acquired and undefinable tact. It is asked, "If you do not know the rule by which a thing is done, how can you be sure of doing it a second time?" And the answer is, "If you do not know the muscles by the help of which you walk, how is it you do not fall down at every step you take?" In art, in taste, in life, in speech, you decide from feeling, and not from reason; that is, from the impression of a number of things on the mind, which impression is true and well-founded, though you may not be able to analyse or account for it in the several particulars. In a gesture you use, in a look you see, in a tone you hear, you judge of the expression, propriety, and meaning from habit, not from reason or rules; that is to say, from innumerable instances of like gestures, looks, and tones, in innumerable other circumstances, variously modified, which are too many and too refined to be all distinctly recollected, but which do not therefore operate the less powerfully upon the mind and eye of taste. Shall we say that these impressions (the immediate stamp of nature) do not operate in a given manner till they are classified and reduced to rules, or is not the rule itself grounded upon the truth and certainty of that natural operation? How, then, can the distinction of the

understanding as to the manner in which they operate be necessary to their producing their due and uniform effect upon the mind? If certain effects did not regularly arise out of certain causes in mind as well as matter, there could be no rule given for them: nature does not follow the rule, but suggests it. Reason is the interpreter and critic of nature and genius, not their lawgiver and judge. He must be a poor creature indeed whose practical convictions do not in almost all cases outrun his deliberate understanding, or who does not feel and know much more than he can give a reason for.—Hence the distinction between eloquence and wisdom, between ingenuity and common sense. A man may be dextrous and able in explaining grounds of his opinions, and yet may be a mere sophist, because he only sees one half of a subject. Another may feel the whole weight of a question, nothing relating to it may be lost upon him, and yet he may be able to give no account of the manner in which it affects him, or to drag his reasons from their silent lurking-places. This last will be a wise man, though neither a logician nor rhetorician. Goldsmith was a fool to Dr. Johnson in argument; that is, in assigning the specific grounds of his opinions: Dr. Johnson was a fool to Goldsmith in the fine tact, the airy, intuitive faculty with which he skimmed the surfaces of things, and unconsciously formed his opinions. Common sense is the just result of the sum-total of such unconscious impressions in the ordinary occurrences of life, as they are treasured up in the memory, and called out by the occasion. Genius and taste depend much upon the same principle exercised on loftier ground and in more unusual combinations.

# Orations





## ORATIONS

*"There is no true eloquence, unless there is a man behind the speech."*—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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## MONSTROUS RELATIONS IN NEWSPAPERS.

By FISHER AMES.

**I**T seems as if newspaper wares were made to suit a market, as much as any other. The starers, and wonderers, and gapers, engross a very large share of the attention of all the sons of the type. Extraordinary events multiply upon us surprisingly. Gazettes, it is seriously to be feared, will not long allow room to anything that is not loathsome or shocking. A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter, if it contains no accounts of murders, suicides, prodigies, or monstrous births.

Some of these tales excite horror, and others disgust; yet the fashion reigns, like a tyrant, to relish wonders, and almost to relish nothing else. Is this a reasonable taste? Is the History of Newgate the only one worth reading? Are oddities only to be hunted? Pray tell us, men of ink, if our presses are to diffuse information, and we, the poor ignorant people, can get it in no other way than by newspapers, what knowledge are we to glean from the blundering lies, or the tiresome truths about thunder-storms, that, strange to tell! kill oxen, or burn barns; and cats, that bring two-headed kittens; and sows, that eat their own pigs? The crowing of a hen is supposed to forebode cuckoldom; and the tickling of a little bug in the wall threatens yellow fever. It seems really as if our newspapers were busy to spread superstition. Omens, and dreams, and prodigies are recorded, as if they were worth minding. One would think our gazettes were intended for Roman readers, who were silly enough to make account of such things.

Surely, extraordinary events have not the best title

to our studious attention. To study nature or man, we ought to know things that are in the ordinary course, not the unaccountable things that happen out of it

This country is said to measure seven hundred millions of acres, and is inhabited by almost six millions of people. Who can doubt, then, that a great many crimes will be committed, and a great many strange things will happen every seven years? There will be thunder showers, that will split tough white oak trees; and hail storms, that will cost some farmers the full amount of twenty shillings to mend their glass windows; there will be taverns, and boxing matches, and elections, and gouging and drinking, and love and murder, and running in debt, and running away, and suicide. Now, if a man supposes eight, or ten, or twenty dozen of these amusing events will happen in a single year, is he not just as wise as another man, who reads fifty columns of amazing particulars, and, of course, knows that they have happened?

This state has almost one hundred thousand dwelling houses; it would be strange if all of them should escape fire for twelve months. Yet is it very profitable for a man to become a deep student of all the accidents by which they are consumed? He should take good care of his chimney-corner, and put a fender before the back-log, before he goes to bed. Having done this, he may let his aunt or grandmother read by day, or meditate by night, the terrible newspaper articles of fires; how a maid dropped asleep reading a romance, and the bed clothes took fire; how a boy searching in a garret for a hoard of nuts, kindled some flax; and how a mouse, warming his tail, caught it on fire, and carried it into his hole in the floor.

Some of the shocking articles in the papers raise simple, and very simple, wonder; some terror; and some horror and disgust. Now what instruction is there in these endless wonders? Who is the wiser or happier for reading the accounts of them? On the contrary, do they not shock tender minds, and addle shallow brains? They make a thousand old maids, and eight or ten thousand booby boys, afraid to go to bed alone. Worse than this happens; for some eccentric minds are turned to mischief by such accounts as they receive of troops of incendiaries burning our cities: the spirit of imitation is contagious; and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as men do. When the man flew from the steeple of the North Church fifty years ago, every unlucky boy thought of nothing but flying from a sign-post.

Every horrid story in a newspaper produces a shock; but, after some time, this shock lessens. At length, such stories are so far from giving pain, that they rather raise curiosity, and we desire nothing so much as the particulars of terrible tragedies. The wonder is as easy as to stare; and the most vacant mind is the most in need of such resources as cost no trouble of scrutiny or reflection; it is a sort of food for idle curiosity that is readily chewed and digested.

On the whole, we may insist that the increasing fashion for printing wonderful tales of crimes and accidents is worse than ridiculous, as it corrupts both the public taste and morals. It multiplies fables, prodigious monsters, and crimes, and thus makes shocking things familiar; while it withdraws all popular attention from familiar truth, because it is not shocking.

Now, Messrs. Printers, I pray the whole honourable

craft to banish as many murders, and horrid accidents, and monstrous births and prodigies from their gazettes, as their readers will permit them; and, by degrees, to coax them back to contemplate life and manners; to consider common events with some common sense; and to study nature where she can be known, rather than in those of her ways where she really is, or is represented to be, inexplicable.

Strange events are facts, and as such should be mentioned, but with brevity and in a cursory manner. They afford no ground for popular reasoning or instruction; and, therefore, the horrid details that make each particular hair stiffen and stand upright in the reader's head ought not to be given. In short, they must be mentioned; but sensible printers and sensible readers will think that way of mentioning them the best that impresses them least on the public attention, and that hurries them on the most swiftly to be forgotten.

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MEMORIAL DAY. From "After Dinner and Other Speeches." Copyright, 1895, by John D. Long. Reprinted with permission. By JOHN D. LONG.

I GRATEFULLY acknowledge your courtesy, veterans and members of the Suffolk posts of the Grand Army, in inviting me, a civilian, to speak for you this day. I should shrink from the task, however, did I not know that, in this, your purpose is to honor again the Commonwealth of which I am the official representative. By recent enactment she has made the day you celebrate one of her holy days,—a day sacred to the memory of her patriot dead and to the inspiration of patriotism in her living. Henceforward, she emblazons it upon the calendar of the year with the consecrated days that have come down from the Pilgrim and the Puritan, with Christmas Day and with the birthdays of Washington and American Independence. Memorial Day will hereafter gather around it not only the love and tears and pride of the generations of the people, but more and more, in its inner circle of tenderness, the linking memories of every comrade, so long as one survives. As the dawn ushers it in, tinged already with the exquisite flush of hastening June, and sweet with the bursting fragrance of her roses, the wheels of time will each year roll back, and lo! John Andrew is at the state house, inspiring Massachusetts with the throbbing of his own great heart; Abraham Lincoln, wise and patient and honest and tender and true, is at the nation's helm; the North is one broad blaze; the boys in blue are marching to the front; the fife and drum are on every breeze; the very air is patriotism; Phil Sheridan, forty miles away, dashes back to turn defeat to victory;

Farragut, lashed to the mast-head, is steaming into Mobile Harbor; Hooker is above the clouds,—ay, now indeed forever above the clouds; Sherman marches through Georgia to the sea; Grant has throttled Lee with the grip that never lets go; Richmond falls; the armies of the republic pass in that last great review at Washington; Custer's plume is there, but Kearney's saddle is empty; and, now again, our veterans come marching home to receive the welcome of a grateful people, and to stack in Doric Hall the tattered flag which Massachusetts forever hence shall wear above her heart.

In memory of the dead, in honor of the living, for inspiration to our children, we gather to-day to deck the graves of our patriots with flowers, to pledge commonwealth and town and citizen to fresh recognition of the surviving soldier, and to picture yet again the romance, the reality, the glory, the sacrifice of his service. As if it were but yesterday, you recall him. He had but turned twenty. The exquisite tint of youthful health was in his cheek. His pure heart shone from frank, outspoken eyes. His fair hair clustered from beneath his cap. He had pulled a stout oar in the college race, or walked the most graceful athlete on the village green. He had just entered on the vocation of his life. The doorway of his home at this season of the year was brilliant in the dewy morn with the clambering vine and fragrant flower, as in and out he went, the beloved of mother and sisters, and the ideal of a New England youth:

“In face and shoulders like a god he was;  
For o’er him had the goddess breathed the charm  
Of youthful locks, the ruddy glow of youth,



A generous gladness in his eyes: such grace  
As carver's hand to ivory gives, or when  
Silver or Parian stone in yellow gold  
Is set."

And when the drum beat, when the first martyr's blood sprinkled the stones of Baltimore, he took his place in the ranks and went forward. You remember his ingenuous and glowing letters to his mother, written as if his pen were dipped in his very heart. How novel seemed to him the routine of service, the life of camp and march! How eager the wish to meet the enemy and strike his first blow for the good cause! What pride at the promotion that came and put its chevron on his arm or its strap upon his shoulder!

They took him prisoner. He wasted in Libby and grew gaunt and haggard with the horror of his sufferings and with pity for the greater horror of the sufferings of his comrades who fainted and died at his side. He tunneled the earth and escaped. Hungry and weak, in terror of recapture, he followed by night the pathway of the railroad. He slept in thickets and sank in swamps. He saw the glitter of horsemen who pursued him. He knew the bloodhound was on his track. He reached the line; and, with his hand grasping at freedom, they caught and took him back to his captivity. He was exchanged at last; and you remember, when he came home on a short furlough, how manly and war-worn he had grown. But he soon returned to the ranks and to the welcome of his comrades. They recall him now alike with tears and pride. In the rifle-pits around Petersburg you heard his steady voice and firm command. Some one who saw him then fancied that he seemed that day like one

who forefelt the end. But there was no flinching as he charged. He had just turned to give a cheer when the fatal ball struck him. There was a convulsion of the upward hand. His eyes, pleading and loyal, turned their last glance to the flag. His lips parted. He fell dead, and at nightfall lay with his face to the stars. Home they brought him, fairer than Adonis over whom the goddess of beauty wept. They buried him in the village churchyard under the green turf. Year by year his comrades and his kin, nearer than comrades, scatter his grave with flowers. Do you ask who he was? He was in every regiment and every company. He went out from every Massachusetts village. He sleeps in every Massachusetts burying-ground. Recall romance, recite the names of heroes of legend and song, but there is none that is his peer.

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GENERAL AMNESTY. By CARL SCHURZ.

SIR, I have to say a few words about an accusation which has been brought against those who speak in favor of universal amnesty. It is the accusation resorted to, in default of more solid argument, that those who advise amnesty, especially universal amnesty, do so because they have fallen in love with the rebels. No, sir, it is not merely for the rebels I plead. We are asked, Shall the Rebellion go entirely unpunished? No, sir, it shall not. Neither do I think that the Rebellion has gone entirely unpunished. I ask you, had the rebels nothing to lose but their lives and their offices? Look at it. There was a proud and arrogant aristocracy, planting their feet on the necks of the laboring people, and pretending to be the born rulers of this great republic. They looked down, not only upon their slaves, but also upon the people of the North, with the haughty contempt of self-asserting superiority. When their pretensions to rule us all were first successfully disputed, they resolved to destroy this republic, and to build up on the cornerstone of slavery an empire of their own in which they could hold absolute sway. They made the attempt with the most overweeningly confident expectation of certain victory. Then came the Civil War, and after four years of struggle their whole power and pride lay shivered to atoms at our feet, their sons dead by tens of thousands on the battle-fields of this country, their fields and their homes devastated, their fortunes destroyed; and more than that, the whole social system in which they had their being, with all their hopes and pride, utterly wiped out; slavery forever abolished, and the slaves themselves created a political

power before which they had to bow their heads, and they, broken, ruined, helpless, and hopeless in the dust before those upon whom they had so haughtily looked down as their vassals and inferiors. Sir, can it be said that the Rebellion has gone entirely unpunished?

You may object that the loyal people, too, were subjected to terrible sufferings; that their sons, too, were slaughtered by tens of thousands; that the mourning of countless widows and orphans is still darkening our land; that we are groaning under terrible burdens which the Rebellion has loaded upon us, and that therefore part of the punishment has fallen upon the innocent. And it is certainly true.

But look at the difference. We issued from this great conflict as conquerors; upon the graves of our slain we could lay the wreath of victory; our widows and orphans, while mourning the loss of their dearest, still remember with proud exultation that the blood of their husbands and fathers was not spilled in vain; that it flowed for the greatest and holiest and at the same time the most victorious of causes; and when our people labor in the sweat of their brow to pay the debt which the Rebellion has loaded upon us, they do it with the proud consciousness that the heavy price they have paid is infinitely overbalanced by the value of the results they have gained: slavery abolished; the great American Republic purified of her foulest stain; the American people no longer a people of masters and slaves, but a people of equal citizens; the most dangerous element of disturbance and disintegration wiped out from among us; this country put upon the course of harmonious development, greater, more beautiful, mightier than ever in its self-conscious power. And

thus, whatever losses, whatever sacrifices, whatever sufferings we may have endured, they appear before us in a blaze of glory.

But how do the Southern people stand there? All they have sacrificed, all they have lost, all the blood they have spilled, all the desolation of their homes, all the distress that stares them in the face, all the wreck and ruin they see around them—all for nothing, all for a wicked folly, all for a disastrous infatuation; the very graves of their slain nothing but monuments of a shadowy delusion; all their former hopes vanished forever; and the very magniloquence which some of their leaders are still indulging in, nothing but a mocking illustration of their utter discomfiture! Ah, sir, if ever human efforts broke down in irretrievable disaster, if ever human pride was humiliated to the dust, if ever human hopes were turned into despair, there you behold them.

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THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LIQUOR LAW.  
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By WENDELL PHILLIPS.

SOME men look upon this temperance cause as whining bigotry, narrow asceticism, or a vulgar sentimentality, fit for little minds, weak women, and weaker men. On the contrary, I regard it as second only to one or two others of the primary reforms of this age, and for this reason. Every race has its peculiar temptation; every clime has its specific sin. The tropics and tropical races are tempted to one form of sensuality; the colder and temperate regions, and our Saxon blood, find their peculiar temptation in the stimulus of drink and food. In old times our heaven was a drunken revel. We relieve ourselves from the over-weariness of constant and exhausting toil by intoxication. Science has brought a cheap means of drunkenness within the reach of every individual. National prosperity and free institutions have put into the hands of almost every workman the means of being drunk for a week on the labor of two or three hours. With that blood and that temptation, we have adopted democratic institutions, where the law has no sanction but the purpose and virtue of the masses. The statute-book rests not on bayonets, as in Europe, but on the hearts of the people. A drunken people can never be the basis of a free government. It is the corner-stone neither of virtue, prosperity, nor progress. To us, therefore, the title-deeds of whose estates and the safety of whose lives depend upon the tranquillity of the streets, upon the virtue of the masses, the presence of any vice which brutalizes the average mass of mankind, and tends to make it more readily the tool of

intriguing and corrupt leaders, is necessarily a stab at the very life of the nation. Against such a vice is marshalled the Temperance Reformation. That my sketch is no mere fancy picture, every one of you knows. Every one of you can glance back over your own path, and count many and many a one among those who started from the goal at your side, with equal energy and perhaps greater promise, who has found a drunkard's grave long before this. The brightness of the bar, the ornament of the pulpit, the hope and blessing and stay of many a family,—you know, every one of you who has reached middle life, how often on your path you set up the warning, "Fallen before the temptations of the streets!" Hardly one house in this city, whether it be full and warm with all the luxury of wealth, or whether it find hard, cold maintenance by the most earnest economy, no matter which,—hardly a house that does not count, among sons or nephews, some victim of this vice. The skeleton of this warning sits at every board. The whole world is kindred in this suffering. The country mother launches her boy with trembling upon the temptations of city life; the father trusts his daughter anxiously to the young man she has chosen, knowing what a wreck intoxication may make of the house-tree they set up. Alas! how often are their worst forebodings more than fulfilled! I have known a case—and probably many of you can recall some almost equal to it—where one worthy woman could count father, brother, husband, and son-in-law, all drunkards,—no man among her near kindred, except her son, who was not a victim of this vice. Like all other appetites, this finds resolution weak when set

against the constant presence of temptation. This is the evil. How are the laws relating to it executed in this city? Let me tell you.

First, there has been great discussion of this evil,—wide, earnest, patient discussion, for thirty-five years. The whole community has been stirred by the discussion of this question. Finally, after various experiments, the majority of the State decided that the method to stay this evil was to stop the open sale of intoxicating drink. They left moral suasion still to address the individual, and set themselves as a community to close the doors of temptation. Every man acquainted with his own nature or with society knows that weak virtue, walking through our streets, and meeting at every tenth door (for that is the average) the temptation to drink, must fall; that one must be a moral Hercules to stand erect. To prevent the open sale of intoxicating liquor has been the method selected by the State to help its citizens to be virtuous; in other words, the State has enacted what is called the Maine Liquor Law,—the plan of refusing all licenses to sell, to be drunk on the spot or elsewhere, and allowing only an official agent to sell for medicinal purposes and the arts. You may drink in your own parlors, you may make what indulgence you please your daily rule, the State does not touch you there; there you injure only yourself, and those you directly influence; that the State cannot reach. But when you open your door and say to your fellow-citizens, "Come and indulge," the State has a right to ask, "In what do you invite them to indulge? Is it something that helps, or something that harms the community?"

I will try to show you, in a moment, on what



grounds the State decided that these numberless open doors harmed the community, and that the method to be adopted was to shut them up. The majority, after full argument in district school-houses, the streets, and the State-House, from pulpits, lyceum platforms, and everywhere else, decided that prohibition of the traffic was the only effective method. The law was put upon the statute-book. A reluctant minority went to the Legislature, and endeavored to repeal or amend it, alleging that this was not a good law; and they were voted down. Again they went,—were voted down. A third time they went,—and were voted down. They then appealed to the courts, and said, "This is not a constitutional law." The courts said, "It is." If anything ever had the decided, unmistakable sanction of a majority of the people of this Commonwealth, the Maine Liquor Law has it. After a quarter of a century of discussion, it was enacted; three times assailed, it was maintained; subjected to the crucible of the court, it came out pure gold. We have a right to say that it is the matured, settled purpose of the majority of the Commonwealth; if the majority have a right to govern, that law is to govern. Is it not so? If not let the minority assail again the Gibraltar of the statute. But meanwhile it, like all other laws not immoral, is to be obeyed. I have not, therefore, to argue to-day whether the law is good or not, whether it is wise or not. That is settled. It is good and wise in the opinion of the Commonwealth. The era of public opinion is finished, that of law has commenced. This is the history of all legislation. Do not find fault with us for enacting, in due time, public opinion into a statute. Where did all statutes come from? Hun-

dreds of years ago, men argued the question, "Shall one man own a separate piece of land?" They argued it, and settled that he should. That became a statute. They then began to argue the question, "Shall he transmit to his children by will?" They argued that for centuries, then said, "Yes," and enacted it. Nobody now goes behind those statutes. Hundreds of years ago, our race argued the question, "Shall a man have one wife or three?" We settled that he should have but one; it is the law of the Commonwealth.

The era of discussion and opinion is over; the era of legislation has come,—the time when the minority sits down and obeys. With all great questions, covering important interests, there is a time when public opinion stereotypes itself into statutes. Land, harvests, marriage, the laws against burglary and theft, settled themselves years ago. If I raise a harvest, it is mine; that is the law of the land. There was a time when it was a question; it is not a question now. So with temperance and the Maine Liquor Law. Time was when the question whether a man had a right to sell liquor openly, licensed or not, was discussed; we have passed that point, and reached the time when the majority—in other words, the State—decrees that these shops shall be shut.

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THE SEPULCHER IN THE GARDEN. From  
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HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"**N**OW in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulcher, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus."—John xix. 41, 42.

"And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulcher."—Matt. xxvii. 61.

There is a sepulcher in every garden. We are all of us in this life seeking for beauty and seeking for joy, following the blind instincts of our nature, every one of which was made to point up to something higher than that which the present realizes. We are often, almost without aim, without any true guidance, seeking to plant this life so that it shall be to us what a garden is. And we seek out the fairest flowers, and will have none but the best fruits. Striving against the noxious weed, striving against the stingy soil, striving against the inequalities of the season, still these are our hope. They who build a home and surround themselves with all the sweet enjoyments of social life are but planting a garden. The scholar has his garden. The statesman, too, has a fancied Eden with fruit and flower. The humble, and those that stand high, are all of them seeking to clothe the barren experiences of this world with buds that blossom, blossoms that shall bear fruit. No man sees the sepulcher among his flowers. . . . It is the hope and expectation of men, the world over (and it makes no difference what their civilization is, what their culture, or what their teaching), that they shall plant their garden, and have flowers

without thorns, summer without a winter, a garden without a rock, a rock without a sepulcher!

It makes very little difference that we see other men's delusions. Nay, we stand upon the wall of our particular experience, as upon the walls of a garden, to moralize upon the follies of other men. And when they have their hands pierced in plucking their best fruits, when disappointments come to their plantings, we wonder that they should be so blind as to expect that this world could have joys without sorrows, or sunshine without storms. We carry instructions to them, and comfort them with the talk that this life is short and full of affliction; we speak to them of the wreaths to be worn by those who bear sorrows; and yet we go as fondly and expectantly to our dream of hope as ever.

And thus men live as they have lived, every man making his life a garden planted; every man saying, "Flowers! flowers! flowers!" and when they come, every man saying, "They shall abide; they shall blossom in an endless summer." And we go round and round the secret place, the central place—we go round and round the point where in every man's experience there is a sepulcher—and we heed it not, and will not know it.

But, in spite of all this care and painstaking, there is no garden in the world, let it be as beautiful as it may, that has not in the midst of it a sepulcher. . . . There is no man that is sure of anything except of dying and living again. We see on every side such revelations, such changes, such surprises, such unexpected happenings and events, that it is not mere poetical moralizing to say that no man is certain of anything except death, to be succeeded by life.

A plow is coming from the far end of a long field, and a daisy stands nodding, and full of dew-dimples. That furrow is sure to strike the daisy. It casts its shadow as gaily, and exhales its gentle breath as freely, and stands as simple, and radiant, and expectant as ever; and yet that crushing furrow, which is turning and turning others in its course, is drawing near, and in a moment it whirls the heedless flower with sudden reversal under the sod!

And as is the daisy, with no power of thought, so are ten thousand thinking sentient flowers of life, blossoming in places of peril and yet thinking that no furrow of disaster is running in towards them—that no iron plow of trouble is about to overturn them.

When, then, our sorrow comes, when we are in the uninstructed surprise of our trouble, when we first discover this sepulcher in our garden, we sit, as these women sat, over against the sepulcher, seeing, in our grief, nothing else but that. How strangely stupid is grief! How it neither learns nor knows, nor wishes to learn nor know! Grief is like the stamping of invisible ink. Great and glorious things are written with it, but they do not come out till they are brought out. It is not until heat has been applied to it, or until some chemical substance has been laid upon it, that that which was invisible begins to come forth in letter, and sentence, and meaning. In the first instance we see in life only death—we see in change destruction. When the sisters sat over against the door of the sepulcher, did they see the two thousand years that have passed triumphing away? Did they see anything but this: "Our Christ is gone"? And yet your Christ and my Christ came from their loss; myriad, myriad mourning

hearts have had resurrection in the midst of their grief; and yet the sorrowful watchers looked at the seed-form of this result and saw nothing. What they regarded as the end of life was the very preparation for coronation; for Christ was silent that he might live again in tenfold power. They saw it not. They looked on the rock, and it was rock. They looked upon the stone door, and it was the stone door that estopped all their hope and expectation. They mourned, and wept, and went away, and came again, drawn by their hearts, to the sepulcher. Still it was a sepulcher, unprophetic, voiceless, lusterless.

So with us. Every man sits over against the sepulcher in his garden, in the first instance, and says, "It is grief; it is woe; it is immedicable trouble. I see no benefit in it. I will take no comfort from it." And yet, right in our deepest and worst mishaps, often and often, our Christ is lying, waiting for resurrection. Where our death seems to be, there our Saviour is. Where the end of hope is, there is the brightest beginning of fruition. Where the darkness is thickest, there the bright, beaming light that never is to set is about to emerge.

When the whole experience is consummated, then we find that a garden is not disfigured by a sepulcher. Our joys are made better if there be a sorrow in the midst of them, and our sorrows are made bright by the joys that God had planted around about them. The flowers may not be pleasing to us, they may not be such as we are fond of plucking, but they are heart-flowers. Love, hope, faith, joy, peace—these are flowers which are planted around about every grave that is sunk in a Christian heart.

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## THE USE AND ABUSE OF PROPERTY. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I WANT to talk to you of the attitude that should properly be observed by legislators, by executive officers, toward wealth, and the attitude that should be observed in return by men of means, and especially by corporations, toward the body politic and toward their fellow-citizens.

I utterly distrust the man of whom it is continually said: "Oh, he's a good fellow, but, of course, in politics, he plays politics." It is about as bad for a man to profess, and for those that listen to him by their plaudits to insist upon his professing something which they know he cannot live up to, as it is for him to go below what he ought to do, because if he gets into the habit of lying to himself and to his audience as to what he intends to do, it is certain to eat away his moral fibre.

He won't be able then to stand up to what he knows ought to be done. The temptation of the average politician is to promise everything to the reformers and then to do everything for the organization. I think I can say that, whatever I have promised on the stump or off the stump, either expressly or impliedly, to either organization or reformers, I have kept my promise; and I should keep it just as much if the reformers disapproved, and vice versa.

A public man is bound to represent his constituents, but he is no less bound to cease to represent them when, on a great moral question, he feels that they are taking the wrong side. Let him go out of politics rather than stay in at the cost of doing what his own conscience forbids him to do.

I think that there is no one problem that is so difficult to deal with as the problem of how to do justice to the wealth, either in the hands of the individual or the corporation, on the one hand, or, on the other, how to see that that wealth in return is used for the benefit of the whole community. The tendency is for men to range themselves in two extreme camps, each taking a position that in the long run would be almost equally fatal to the community.

Oh, if I could only impress upon you, if I only had the eloquence and the power of enforcing conviction upon you, to make you understand the two sides of the question—not understand it, you may do that in theory now, but to make you realize it—the two sides, that the rich man who buys a privilege from a Board of Aldermen for a railway which he represents, the rich man who gets a privilege through the Legislature by bribery and corruption for any corporation, that man is committing an offence against the community which it is possible may some day have to be condoned for in blood and destruction, not by him, not by his sons, but by you and your sons. If I could only make you understand that on one side, and make you understand on the other—make the mass of our people, make the mass of our voters understand, on the other—that the worst thing they can do is to choose a representative who shall say, “I am against corporations; I am against capital,” and not a man who shall say, “I stand by the Ten Commandments: I stand by doing equal justice to the man of means and the man without means; I stand by saying that no man shall be stolen from and that no man shall steal from any one else; I stand by saying that the corporations shall not be



blackmailed on the one side and that the corporations shall not acquire any improper power by corruption on the other; that the corporations shall pay their full share of the public burdens, and that when they do so they shall be protected in their rights exactly as any one else is protected!" In other words, if I could only make our people realize that their one hope and one safety in dealing with this problem is to send into our public bodies men who shall be honest, who shall realize their obligations, not their obligations to the rich man and the poor man, but between the honest man and the dishonest man!

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THE IMPEACHMENT OF MR. HASTINGS. By  
EDMUND BURKE.

**I**N the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties, that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise.

We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject—offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both of which extremities they touch.

My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office.

My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves by various merits, by great civil and military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun.

My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great

Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved; and, if it should so happen, that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen; if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones,—may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My Lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity; it often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to

bear testimony in its favor. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its Constitution, even to its fall; the Parliament of Paris, my Lords,—WAS; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream! It fell pierced by the sword of the Comte de Mirabeau. And yet that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. When he pronounced the death sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered—a great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body!

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But, if you stand, and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted Nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice!

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THE IMPEACHMENT OF MR. HASTINGS. By  
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

I TRUST your Lordships will not believe that, because something is necessary to retrieve the British character, we call for an example to be made, without due and solid proof of the guilt of the person whom we pursue:—no, my Lords, we know well that it is the glory of this Constitution, that not the general fame or character of any man—not the weight or power of any prosecutor—no plea of moral or political expediency—not even the secret consciousness of guilt, which may live in the bosom of the Judge, can justify any British Court in passing any sentence, to touch a hair of the head, or an atom, in any respect, of the property, of the fame, of the liberty of the poorest or meanest subject that breathes the air of this just and free land. We know, my Lords, that there can be no legal guilt without legal proof, and that the rule which defines the evidence is as much the law of the land as that which creates the crime. It is upon that ground we mean to stand.

Major Scott comes to your bar—describes the shortness of time—represents Mr. Hastings as it were contracting for a character—putting his memory into commission—making departments for his conscience. A number of friends meet together, and he, knowing (no doubt) that the accusation of the Commons had been drawn up by a Committee, thought it necessary, as a point of punctilio, to answer it by a Committee also. One furnishes the raw material of fact, the second spins the argument, and the third twines up the conclusion, while Mr. Hastings, with a master's eye, is cheering and looking over this loom. He says to

one, "You have got my good faith in your hands—you, my veracity to manage. Mr. Shore, I hope you will make me a good financier—Mr. Middleton, you have my humanity in commission." When it is done, he brings it to the House of Commons, and says, "I was equal to the task. I knew the difficulties, but I scorn them: here is the truth, and if the truth will convict me, I am content myself to be the channel of it!" His friends hold up their heads, and say, "What noble magnanimity! This must be the effect of conscious and real innocence." Well, it is so received, it is so argued upon—but it fails of its effect.

Then says Mr. Hastings: "That my defence! no, mere journeyman-work—good enough for the Commons, but not fit for your Lordships' consideration." He then calls upon his Counsel to save him: "I fear none of my accusers' witnesses—I know some of them well—I know the weakness of their memory, and the strength of their attachment—I fear no testimony but my own—save me from the peril of my own panegyric—preserve me from that, and I shall be safe." Then is this plea brought to your Lordships' bar, and Major Scott gravely asserts,—that Mr. Hastings did, at the bar of the House of Commons, vouch for facts of which he was ignorant, and for arguments which he had never read.

After such an attempt, we certainly are left in doubt to decide, to which set of his friends Mr. Hastings is the least obliged, those who assisted him in making his defence, or those who advised him to deny it.

I am perfectly convinced that there is one idea, which must arise in your Lordships' minds as a subject of wonder,—how a person of Mr. Hastings' reputed

abilities can furnish such matter of accusation against himself. He knows that truth must convict him, and concludes, *à converso*, that falsehood will acquit him; forgetting that there must be some connection, some system, some coöperation, or, otherwise, his host of falsities fall without an enemy, self-discomfited and destroyed. But of this he never seems to have had the slightest apprehension. He falls to work, an artificer of fraud, against all the rules of architecture;—he lays his ornamental work first, and his massy foundation at the top of it; and thus his whole building tumbles upon his head. Other people look well to their ground, choose their position, and watch whether they are likely to be surprised there; but he, as if in the ostentation of his heart, builds upon a precipice, and encamps upon a mine, from choice. He seems to have no one actuating principle, but a steady, persevering resolution not to speak the truth or to tell the fact.

It is impossible almost to treat conduct of this kind with perfect seriousness; yet I am aware that it ought to be more seriously accounted for—because I am sure it has been a sort of paradox, which must have struck your Lordships, how any person having so many motives to conceal—having so many reasons to dread detection—should yet go to work so clumsily upon the subject. It is possible, indeed, that it may raise this doubt—whether such a person is of sound mind enough to be a proper object of punishment; or at least it may give a kind of confused notion that the guilt cannot be of so deep and black a grain, over which such a thin veil was thrown, and so little trouble taken to avoid detection. I am aware that, to account for this seeming paradox, historians, poets, and even philosophers—



at least of ancient times—have adopted the superstitious solution of the vulgar, and said that the gods deprive men of reason whom they devote to destruction or to punishment. But to unassuming or unprejudiced reason, there is no need to resort to any supposed supernatural interference; for the solution will be found in the eternal rules that formed the mind of man, and gave a quality and nature to every passion that inhabits in it.

An honourable friend of mine, who is now, I believe, near me, has told you that Prudence, the first of virtues, never can be used in the cause of vice. But I should doubt whether we can read the history of a Philip of Macedon, a Cæsar, or a Cromwell, without confessing, that there have been evil purposes, baneful to the peace and to the rights of men, conducted—if I may not say, with prudence or with wisdom—yet with awful craft and most successful and commanding subtlety. If, however, I might make a distinction, I should say that it is the proud attempt to mix a variety of lordly crimes, that unsettles the prudence of the mind, and breeds this distraction of the brain. One master-passion, domineering in the breast, may win the faculties of the understanding to advance its purpose, and to direct to that object everything that thought or human knowledge can effect; but, to succeed, it must maintain a solitary despotism in the mind—each rival profligacy must stand aloof, or wait in abject vassalage upon its throne. For, the Power, that has not forbade the entrance of evil passions into man's mind, has, at least, forbade their union;—if they meet they defeat their object, and their conquest, or their attempt at it, is tumult. To turn to the Virtues

—how different the decree! Formed to connect, to blend, to associate, and to coöperate; bearing the same course, with kindred energies and harmonious sympathy, each perfect in its own lovely sphere, each moving in its wider or more contracted orbit, with different, but centering powers, guided by the same influence of reason, and endeavouring at the same blessed end—the happiness of the individual, the harmony of the species, and the glory of the Creator. In the Vices, on the other hand, it is the discord that insures the defeat—each clamorous to be heard in its own barbarous language; each claims the exclusive cunning of the brain; each thwarts and reproaches the other; and even while their fell rage assails with common hate the peace and virtue of the world, the civil war among their own tumultuous legions defeats the purpose of the foul conspiracy. These are the Furies of the mind, my Lords, that unsettle the understanding; these are the Furies, that destroy the virtue, Prudence,—while the distracted brain and shivered intellect proclaim the tumult that is within, and bear their testimonies, from the mouth of God himself, to the foul condition of the heart.

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THE NEW SOUTH. By HENRY W. GRADY.

I.

"**T**HERE was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of Union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin F. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood, and the traditions of my people. I would not, if I could, dim the glory they won in peace and war, or by word or deed take aught from the splendor and grace of their civilization, never equaled, and perhaps never to be equaled in its chivalric strength and grace. There is a New South, not through protest against the old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself, and to the consideration of which I hasten, lest it become the Old South before I get to it. Age does not endow all things with strength and virtue, nor are all new things to be despised. The shoemaker who put over his door, "John Smith's shop, founded 1760," was more than matched by his young rival across the street who hung out this sign: "Bill Jones. Established 1886. No old stock kept in this shop."

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war,

they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war? An army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find?—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone; without money, credit, employment, material training; and besides all

this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and the fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. . . . I want to say to General Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is kind of careless about fire—that from the ashes he left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But in all this what have we accomplished? What is the sum of our work? We have found that in the general summary the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have learned that the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cot-

ton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to four per cent., and are floating four per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to the southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out our latchstring to you and yours.

We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." We have established thrift in the city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comforts to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any downeaster that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valley of Vermont.

Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence, or compel on the field by their swords.

## THE NEW SOUTH

## II

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had a part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents, or progressed in honor and equity toward the solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South; none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws, and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demands that they should have this. Our future, our very existence, depends upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, your victory was assured; for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail; while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in the sight of advancing civilization. Had

Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what did not pay—sold their slaves to our fathers, not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it.

The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion.

Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South with the North protest against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as the law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us, or by frank opponents. Faith will be



kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he "determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle"—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has been, loyal to the Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken.

Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and its feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rupture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect Democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plan-

tation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

## THE NEW SOUTH

### III

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his

soldier's death. To the feet of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty Hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of the war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, which with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness, in its white peace and prosperity, to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate

itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not—if she accepts with frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all, united now, and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment

" 'Those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,  
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks  
March all one way.' "

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE Puritans are the patriarchs of liberty; they opened a new world on the earth; they opened a new path for the human conscience; they created a new society. Yet, when England tried to subdue them and they conquered, the republic triumphed and slavery remained. Washington could only emancipate his slaves. Franklin said that the Virginians could not invoke the name of God, retaining slavery. Jay said that all the prayers America sent up to Heaven for the preservation of liberty while slavery continued, were mere blasphemies. Mason mourned over the payment his descendants must make for this great crime of their fathers. Jefferson traced the line where the black wave of slavery should be stayed.

Nevertheless, slavery increased continually. I beg that you will pause a moment to consider the man who cleansed this terrible stain which obscured the stars of the American banner. I beg that you will pause a moment, for his immortal name has been invoked for the perpetuation of slavery. Ah! the past century has not, the century to come will not have, a figure so grand, because as evil disappears so disappears heroism also.

I have often contemplated and described his life. Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime; growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to Heaven; a boatman at eight years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast and

tranquil waters of the Mississippi; later, a woodman, with axe and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of Nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples, he fought for the country, and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the Presidency of the Republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when the slaveholders uttered their war cry and the slaves their groans of despair—the wood-cutter, the boatman, the son of the great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him, England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two millions of men, gathers a half million of horses, sends his artillery 1,200 miles in a week, from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee; fights more than six hundred battles; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar; and, after having emancipated 3,000,000 slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies in the very moment of victory—like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work! Sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God his benediction!

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AFTER-DINNER SPEECH. Re-uniting the Hearts  
and Hands of England and America. By SIR  
HENRY LYTTON BULWER.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN, if it be true; that I have been so fortunate as to contribute in any way to the friendly relations which at present exist between the two countries, it is simply because I have taken a plain downright course for effecting this object. The fact of it is, gentlemen, that, according to old customs, when any causes for difference, however slight, existed between our two governments, down sat Her Majesty's Representative at his desk, and down sat the United States Secretary of State at his desk, and each penned to the other very pithy and pertinent despatches, showing the great motives for grievance there were on both sides, and then those despatches were carefully circulated throughout both countries; but when there were only causes for mutual good-will and satisfaction, no one thought it worth while to take notice of so simple a fact, nor to state to the English and American public what strong reasons, both in sentiment and interest, there existed, for their maintaining the closest and most friendly relations with each other. This was the old school of diplomacy, gentlemen; but I am of the new school—and my theory and practice are just the reverse of what I have been describing. I am for keeping as quiet as possible all those small differences which must occasionally take place between any two great States, having vast and complicated interests; but which differences are always easy of adjustment when they are not aggravated by unfriendly and untimely discussion. And I am for making as public

as possible, on all occasions, those great points of union that must connect two nations, which not only, as my honorable friend Mr. Lawrence has said, have one origin, and speak one language, but which also transact their greatest amount of business with each other. Why, gentlemen, in what possible manner can difficulties of serious character arise between two nations thus situated, except through mutual prejudices, which, having been suffered to grow up, will be apt, until eradicated, to create a wrong impression as to the real policy and feelings of the one and the other? My endeavors, then, gentlemen, have been to remove all such prejudices; ay, and to replace them by sympathies. For this purpose, as my friend Mr. Walker justly said, I have addressed myself not merely to the American mind, but to the American heart. For this purpose, I have thought it essential, not merely to correspond formally with your State department, but also to have frank and free communication with your noble and intelligent people. For this purpose, I have mixed with your public men, studied your institutions, taken an interest in your affairs, partaken of your festivities, conformed to your habits, and always been willing, not only to eat a good dinner with you, but to make a bad speech after one. Gentlemen, I should be quite satisfied to take, as my reward for these efforts, the eloquent and far more than deserved encomium which has been passed upon me by the distinguished gentleman who proposed the toast I am responding to. But my mission had also another reward—another result—which, if I am not wearying you, I will state as being not only interesting to our two communities, but to the world at large; I mean a



treaty by which Great Britain and the United States, without infringing on the rights of the humblest individual or the smallest State, have agreed, on one condition, to protect the construction and guarantee the security when constructed, of any canal or railway which may open a passage across Central America, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. And what was that one condition on which our two governments thus insisted? Why, that they should not, either separately or conjointly, possess one single privilege or advantage, with respect to such canal or railway, which should not be offered, on equal terms, to every other nation on the face of the globe. Gentlemen, I do confess that I am proud that such a treaty as this should have been entered into by the United States and Great Britain; and I will also add that I have a humble pride in stating that one of the signatures attached to that convention is the name of the individual who has now the honour of addressing you. Gentlemen, I lay a great stress upon this fact, because I felt when I signed that instrument to which I am referring, that I laid the foundation stone of a great and equitable alliance between our two countries;—an alliance which should not have for its object the wronging or despoiling, but the benefiting and protecting the rest of mankind; and surely, gentlemen, if such an union were ever required, it is at this moment;—for at this moment the world is, as it were, violently vibrating between two extremes, and appears of necessity to demand some regulating influence, to moderate and steady its oscillations;—and where, gentlemen, can such an influence be better found than in the cordial union of Great Britain and the United States?

It is true that you live under a Republic, and we under a Monarchy; but what of that? The foundations of both societies are law and religion. The purpose of both governments is liberty and order. The more you love your Republic, gentlemen, the more you detest those principles of confusion and division, which would destroy it. The more we love our Monarchy, the more we cherish and cling to those principles of equity and freedom which preserve it. In this, indeed, lies the great moral strength of our close connexion. Hand in hand, we can stand together, alike opposed to the anarchist, who calls himself the friend of the People, and to the absolutist, who calls himself the friend of the Throne. Long, then, gentlemen, let us thus stand together, the champions of peace between nations, of conciliation between opinions—and if, notwithstanding our example and our efforts, the trumpet of war should sound, and that war to which it calls us should be a war of opinion, why, still let us stand together. Our friends, in that day of conflict, shall be chosen from the most wise, the most moderate, and the most just; nor, whilst we plant the red-cross of England by the side of the stars and stripes of America, do I for one instant doubt but that we shall leave recollections to our posterity worthy of those which we have inherited from our ancestors.

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MORAL FORCE OF PUBLIC OPINION. By  
DANIEL WEBSTER.

**I**T may be asked, perhaps, Supposing all this to be true, what can we do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations? No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for us? If we will not endanger our own peace, if we will neither furnish armies nor navies to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within our power?

Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, a great change has taken place in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels

Vital in every part . . . . .  
Cannot, but by annihilating, die.

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No

matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscations, and execution sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exaltation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

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THE INDEPENDENT SPIRIT OF THE PURITANS. From "Speeches by Henry Cabot Lodge." Reprinted with permission. By HENRY CABOT LODGE.

WE need the Puritan spirit in certain elements of our society. The number of men to whom inherited fortune brings education and command of time without effort on their part is ever increasing. Do they avail themselves fully of their opportunities, or are they too apt to pass their days in a vain search for distractions and a mournful regret that this country is not some other country? I am happy to believe that this is the very worst country in the world for an idler. But to the man with health, wealth, education, and unlimited command of time,—in other words, to the man who owes most to his country,—here are better opportunities and higher duties than anywhere else. I am not going to make the familiar plea that young men of education and wealth ought to perform their obvious duties as citizens. There has been plenty of sound argument and good advice offered on that score, and the proposition is well understood.

But this is not all. In this question lie deeper meanings. There is a very real danger that the growth of wealth here may end by producing a class grounded on mere money, and thence class feeling, a thing noxious, deadly, and utterly wrong in this country. It lies with the men of whom I have spoken to strangle this serpent at its birth. They cannot do this, however, unless they are in full sympathy with the American people and with American ideas; and to this sympathy they can never come by living in Europe, by mimicking foreign habits, by haunting well-appointed clubs,

or by studying our public affairs in the columns of a Saturday Review, home-made or imported. They must go to work. Philanthropy and public affairs need such men, because they can give what others cannot spare—time and money. There is a great field in politics. Before they enter it, let them take to themselves not only the high and self-respecting spirit of the Puritan, but also his fighting qualities, his dogged persistence, and another attribute for which he was not so conspicuous,—plenty of good nature. They will need all these weapons, for it is no primrose path. They must be prepared to meet not only the usual abuse, but also much and serious prejudice. They must not mind defeats and hard work. If their conception of duty differs from that of their accustomed friends and allies, they must not be surprised if some of those very friends mete out to them the harshest measure and deal them the sharpest blows.

Yet if they hold fast to two principles,—I care not under what party banner they serve,—if they will fearlessly do what in their own eyes and before their own conscience is right and brave and honorable; if, like the Puritans, they will do the work which comes to their hands with all their might, they will win the best success. They will win the regard and confidence of large bodies of their fellow-citizens, of those men by whose strong hands and active brains the republic is ever being raised higher, and this regard and confidence are the best and most valuable possessions that any American can ever hope to have. Let such men, then, go into politics, because they can give their time and energy to it, because they can do work worth

doing, and, above all, because they will thus become truer and better Americans.

I believe, Mr. President, that I am coming very close to what is called "Americanism," but of "Americanism" of the right sort we cannot have too much. Mere vamping and boasting become a nation as little as a man. But honest, outspoken pride and faith in our country are infinitely better and more to be respected than the cultivated reserve which sets it down as ill-bred and in bad taste ever to refer to our country except by way of depreciation, criticism, or general negation. The Puritans did great work in the world because they believed most fervently in their cause, their country, and themselves. It is the same to-day. Without belief of this sort nothing worth doing is ever done.

We have a right to be proud of our vast material success, our national power and dignity, our advancing civilization, carrying freedom and education in its train. Most of all may we be proud of the magnanimity displayed by the American people at the close of the civil war, a noble generosity unparalleled in the history of nations. But to count our wealth and tell our numbers and rehearse our great deeds simply to boast of them is useless enough. We have a right to do it only when we listen to the solemn undertone which brings the message of great responsibilities,—responsibilities far greater than the ordinary political and financial issues which are sure to find, sooner or later, a right settlement. Social questions are the questions of the present and the future for the American people. The race for wealth has opened a broad gap between rich and poor. There are thousands at

your gates toiling from sunrise to sunset to keep body and soul together, and the struggle is a hard and bitter one. The idle, the worthless, and the criminal form but a small element of the community; but there is a vast body of honest, God-fearing working men and women whose yoke is not easy and whose burden is far from light.

The destiny of the republic is in the welfare of its working men and women. We cannot push their troubles and cares into the background, and trust that all will come right in the end. Let us look to it that differences and inequalities of condition do not widen into ruin. It is most true that these differences cannot be rooted out, but they can be modified, and a great deal can be done to secure to every man the share of well-being and happiness to which his honesty, thrift, and ability entitle him. Legislation cannot change humanity nor alter the decrees of nature, but it can help the solution of these grave problems.

Practical measures are plentiful enough: the hours of labor; emigration from our over-crowded cities to the lands of the West—economical and energetic municipal governments; proper building laws; the rigid prevention of adulteration in the great staples of food; wise regulation of the railroads and other great corporations; the extirpation of race and class in politics; above all, every effort to secure to labor its fair and full share of the profits earned by the combination of labor and capital. Here are matters of great pith and moment, more important, more essential, more pressing, than any others. They must be met; they cannot be shirked or evaded.

The past is across the water; the future is here in



our keeping. We can do all that can be done to solve the social problems and fulfil the hopes of mankind. Failure would be a disaster unequaled in history. The first step to success is pride of country, simple, honest, frank, and ever present, and this is the Americanism that I would have. If we have this pride and faith we shall appreciate our mighty responsibilities. Then if we live up to them we shall keep the words "an American citizen" what they now are,—the noblest title any man can bear.

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COPYRIGHT. By THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD  
MACAULAY.

THE advantages arising from a system of copyright are obvious. It is desirable that we should have a supply of good books: we cannot have such a supply unless men of letters are liberally remunerated; and the least objectionable way of remunerating them is by means of copyright. You cannot depend for literary instruction and amusement on the leisure of men occupied in the pursuits of active life. Such men may occasionally produce compositions of great merit. But you must not look to such men for works which require deep meditation and long research. Works of that kind you can expect only from persons who make literature the business of their lives. Of these persons few will be found among the rich and the noble. The rich and the noble are not impelled to intellectual exertion by necessity. They may be impelled to intellectual exertion by the desire of distinguishing themselves, or by the desire of benefiting the community. But it is generally within these walls that they seek to signalize themselves and to serve their fellow creatures. Both their ambition and their public spirit, in a country like this, naturally take a political turn. It is, then, on men whose profession is literature, and whose private means are not ample, that you must rely for a supply of valuable books. Such men must be remunerated for their literary labour. And there are only two ways in which they can be remunerated. One of these ways is patronage; the other is copyright.

There have been times in which men of letters looked, not to the public, but to the government, or to a few great men, for the reward of their exertions. It

was thus in the time of Mæcenæ and Pollio at Rome, of the Medici at Florence, of Lewis the Fourteenth in France, of Lord Halifax and Lord Oxford in this country. Now, Sir, I well know that there are cases in which it is fit and graceful, nay, in which it is a sacred duty to reward the merits or to relieve the distresses of men of genius by the exercise of this species of liberality. But these cases are exceptions. I can conceive no system more fatal to the integrity and independence of literary men than one under which they should be taught to look for their daily bread to the favour of ministers and nobles.

We have, then, only one resource left. We must betake ourselves to copyright, be the inconveniences of copyright what they may. Those inconveniences, in truth, are neither few nor small. Copyright is monopoly, and produces all the effects which the general voice of mankind attributes to monopoly. My honourable and learned friend talks very contemptuously of those who are led away by the theory that monopoly makes things dear. That monopoly makes things dear is certainly a theory, as all the great truths which have been established by the experience of all ages and nations, and which are taken for granted in all reasonings, may be said to be theories. It is a theory in the same sense in which it is a theory that day and night follow each other, that lead is heavier than water, that bread nourishes, that arsenic poisons, that alcohol intoxicates. If, as my honourable and learned friend seems to think, the whole world is in the wrong on this point, if the real effect of monopoly is to make articles good and cheap, why does he stop short in his career of change? Why does he limit the

operation of so salutary a principle to sixty years? Why does he consent to anything short of a perpetuity?

A monopoly of sixty years produces twice as much evil as a monopoly of thirty years, and thrice as much evil as a monopoly of twenty years. But it is by no means the fact that a posthumous monopoly of sixty years gives to an author thrice as much pleasure and thrice as strong a motive as a posthumous monopoly of twenty years.

Now, this is the sort of boon which my honourable and learned friend holds out to authors. Considered as a boon to them, it is a mere nullity; but, considered as an impost on the public, it is no nullity, but a very serious and pernicious reality. I will take an example. Dr. Johnson died fifty-six years ago. If the law were what my honourable and learned friend wishes to make it, somebody would now have the monopoly of Dr. Johnson's works. Who that somebody would be it is impossible to say; but we may venture to guess. I guess, then, that it would have been some bookseller, who was the assign of another bookseller, who was the grandson of a third bookseller, who had bought the copyright from Black Frank, the doctor's servant and residuary legatee, in 1785 or 1786. Now, would the knowledge that this copyright would exist in 1841 have been a source of gratification to Johnson? Would it have stimulated his exertions? Would it have once drawn him out of his bed before noon? Would it have once cheered him under a fit of the spleen? Would it have induced him to give us one more allegory, one more life of a poet, one more imitation of Juvenal? I firmly believe not.

But is the difference nothing to us? I can buy

Rasselas for sixpence; I might have had to give five shillings for it. I can buy the Dictionary, the entire genuine Dictionary, for two guineas, perhaps for less; I might have had to give five or six guineas for it. Do I grudge this to a man like Dr. Johnson? Not at all. Show me that the prospect of this boon roused him to any vigorous effort, or sustained his spirits under depressing circumstances, and I am quite willing to pay the price of such an object, heavy as that price is. But what I do complain of is that my circumstances are to be worse, and Johnson's none the better; that I am to give five pounds for what to him was not worth a farthing.

My honourable and learned friend dwells on the claims of the posterity of great writers. Undoubtedly, Sir, it would be very pleasing to see a descendant of Shakespeare living in opulence on the fruits of his great ancestor's genius. A house maintained in splendour by such a patrimony would be a more interesting and striking object than Blenheim is to us, or than Strathfieldsaye will be to our children. But, unhappily, it is scarcely possible that, under any system, such a thing can come to pass.

If, Sir, I wished to find a strong and perfect illustration of the effects which I anticipate from long copyright, I should select,—my honourable and learned friend will be surprised,—I should select the case of Milton's granddaughter. As often as this bill has been under discussion, the fate of Milton's granddaughter has been brought forward by the advocates of monopoly. My honourable and learned friend has repeatedly told the story with great eloquence and effect. He has dilated on the sufferings, on the abject

poverty, of this ill-fated woman, the last of an illustrious race. He tells us that, in the extremity of her distress, Garrick gave her a benefit, that Johnson wrote a prologue, and that the public contributed some hundreds of pounds. Was it fit, he asks, that she should receive, in this eleemosynary form, a small portion of what was in truth a debt? Why, he asks, instead of obtaining a pittance from charity, did she not live in comfort and luxury on the proceeds of the sale of her ancestor's works? But, Sir, will my honourable and learned friend tell me that this event, which he has so often and so pathetically described, was caused by the shortness of the term of copyright? Why, at that time, the duration of copyright was longer than even he, at present, proposes to make it. The monopoly lasted not sixty years, but forever. At the time at which Milton's granddaughter asked charity, Milton's works were the exclusive property of a bookseller. Within a few months of the day on which the benefit was given at Garrick's theatre, the holder of the copyright of *Paradise Lost*,—I think it was Tonson,—applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction against a bookseller, who had published a cheap edition of the great epic poem, and obtained the injunction. The representation of *Comus* was, if I remember rightly, in 1750; the injunction in 1752. Here, then, is a perfect illustration of the effect of long copyright. Milton's works are the property of a single publisher. Everybody who wants them must buy them at Tonson's shop, and at Tonson's price. Whoever attempts to undersell Tonson is harassed with legal proceedings. Thousands who would gladly possess a copy of *Paradise Lost* must forego that great

enjoyment. And what, in the meantime, is the situation of the only person for whom we can suppose that the author, protected at such a cost to the public, was at all interested? She is reduced to utter destitution. Milton's works are under a monopoly. Milton's granddaughter is starving. The reader is pillaged; but the writer's family is not enriched. Society is taxed doubly. It has to give an exorbitant price for the poems; and it has at the same time to give alms to the only surviving descendant of the poet.

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AMERICAN COURAGE. Printed for the first time, with permission. Copyright, 1899, by Herbert S. Stone & Company. By SHERMAN HOAR.

ONE of the best of those paintings which have made the name of Edouard Détaillé famous is called "The Salute to the Wounded." In the painting one sees a country road in France, along which are marching some wounded Prussian prisoners under an escort of French cuirassiers. A French officer of high rank and his staff are seated upon their horses by the roadside, and are in the act of saluting their wounded enemies, who are passing before them. The picture always has had an attraction for me, because it shows that strong patriotic feeling which led the French painters at the time of the Franco-Prussian war to find, even in the incidents of a struggle fraught with so much shame and disaster for their nation, opportunities to paint nothing that did not put in evidence the best qualities of their national character.

Here in the United States there is no lack of that admiration for courageous self-sacrifice which the French painter has put so faithfully into his picture; but I sometimes feel that we fail to find in the devotion, the self-denial, and the sacrifice of those who have given themselves to make and maintain our country, all the inspiration that should be derived from them, or that would be got out of them by the men of France had those qualities been displayed by their countrymen.

I fear we undervalue the devotion to country which comes from a contemplation of what has been done and suffered in her name. I feel that we teach those who are to make or mar the future of this nation too



much of what has been done elsewhere, and too little of what has been done here. Courage is the characteristic of no one land or time. The world's history is full of it, and the lessons it teaches. American courage, however, is of this nation; it is ours, and if the finest national spirit is worth the creating; if patriotism is still a quality to be engendered in our youth; if love of country is still to be a strong power for good, those acts of devotion and of heroic personal sacrifice with which our history is filled, are worthy of earnest study, of continued contemplation, and of perpetual consideration.

“Let him, who will, sing deeds done well across the sea,  
Here, lovely Land, men bravely live and die for Thee.”

The particular example I desire to speak about is of that splendid quality of courage which dares everything not for self or country, but for an enemy. It is of that kind which is called into existence not by dreams of glory, or by love of land, but by the highest human desire; the desire to mitigate suffering in those who are against us.

In the afternoon of the day after the battle of Fredericksburg, General Kershaw of the Confederate army was sitting in his quarters when suddenly a young South Carolinian named Kirkland entered, and, after the usual salutations, said: “General, I can’t stand this.” The general, thinking the statement a little abrupt, asked what it was he could not stand, and Kirkland replied: “Those poor fellows out yonder have been crying for water all day, and I have come to you to ask if I may go and give them some.” The “poor fellows” were Union soldiers who lay wounded

between the Union and Confederate lines. To get to them Kirkland must go beyond the protection of the breastworks and expose himself to a fire from the Union sharpshooters, who, so far during that day, had made the raising above the Confederate works of so much as a head an act of extreme danger. General Kershaw at first refused to allow Kirkland to go on his errand, but at last, as the lad persisted in his request, declined to forbid him, leaving the responsibility for action with the boy himself. Kirkland, in perfect delight, rushed from the general's quarters to the front, where he gathered all the canteens he could carry, filled them with water, and going over the breastworks, started to give relief to his wounded enemies. No sooner was he in the open field than our sharpshooters, supposing he was going to plunder their comrades, began to fire at him. For some minutes he went about doing good under circumstances of most imminent personal danger. Soon, however, those to whom he was taking the water recognized the character of his undertaking. All over the field men sat up and called to him, and those too hurt to raise themselves, held up their hands and beckoned to him. Soon our sharpshooters, who luckily had not hit him, saw that he was indeed an Angel of Mercy, and stopped their fire, and two armies looked with admiration at the young man's pluck and loving kindness. With a beautiful tenderness, Kirkland went about his work, giving of the water to all, and here and there placing a knapsack pillow under some poor wounded fellow's head, or putting in a more comfortable position some shattered leg or arm. Then he went back to his own lines and the fighting went on. Tell me of a

more exalted example of personal courage and self-denial than that of that Confederate soldier, or one which more clearly deserves the name of Christian fortitude. In that terrible War of the Rebellion, Kirkland gave up his life for a mistaken cause in the battle of Chickamauga, but I cannot help thanking God that, in our reunited country, we are joint heirs with the men from the South in the glory and inspiration that come from such heroic deeds as his.

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THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TREATY. By  
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE Central American Treaty was fully ratified on the 4th of July, 1850, but took effect from its date, April 19, 1850. It recites the purpose of the parties, namely, to consolidate amicable relations, by setting forth and fixing their mutual views and intentions concerning any interoceanic canal that may be constructed by the way of the river San Juan and either one or both of the Lakes of Nicaragua or Managua. It was a great treaty, sublime in its conception, generous in its spirit, and beneficent in its purposes. The two rival members of the British family, after long and angry alienation, met, not within the territory of either, but on that foreign and narrow isthmus which, while it unites North and South America, divides the vigorous Atlantic States of Europe and America from the immature American States and the decayed Asiatic nations which on the opposite coasts overlook the broad Pacific, the last remaining one of the barriers which nature had erected to hinder the restoration of the unity of the human race. How were they changed since they had last met in conflict! The elder had grown richer, stronger, and more imperial than ever before. The younger had reached a higher and more palmy state than any one of years so few had ever before attained. They are no longer unequal, but each was dominant, although in a separate sphere. The one, by the presence of its mercantile marine and its armed navy, kept the nations of the East in their places; the other, by the mere influence of its opinions and its laws, was supreme among the newer nations of the West. They

met on that important strait, not to contend together for dominion over it, nor yet to combine together to seize and divide an exclusive dominion there, but to make it free to each other, and equally free to all mankind. They met in the presence of the feeble and contentious republics which the influence of their own institutions had perhaps too soon organized out of the ruins of Spanish despotism in America, not to overthrow and subjugate those republics, and seize the domains which they could not hold, but to fortify them, and guarantee their possessions to them forever. It is not the present, but the future, that stamps upon human transactions their true and lasting character. Higher than the fame of Agincourt, of Saratoga, of Waterloo, or of Buena Vista, shall be the glory of that conjunction of Great Britain and America on the heights that command the repose of the world. The truce they made there was not effected without mutual self-denial, acquired under the discipline of free government. Great Britain repressed a constitutional ambition that had long convulsed the world. The United States subdued one that nature prompted, and the voice of mankind applauded and encouraged. Let not that sacred truce be broken, and these friendly Powers engage in deadly strife and discord, and violence be thus let loose, to arrest the progress of the nations. Better for the pride of each, that the white cliffs that garrison the coast of England sink into a black and pestilential morass, and that Niagara lose forever its deep-toned voice, and ooze through a vulgar channel to the sea, than that the great and sonorous concord thus established between them be rudely broken. I counsel you, Senators and statesmen

of the United States, by all the motives that are born in the love of such a land as ours, in such an age as this—I counsel the Senators and statesmen of Great Britain, by all the motives that greatness and ambition like her own will not permit to be inactive—to preserve and maintain, at all costs and hazards, and through all discontents and jealousies, this great treaty. Let this political rainbow stand, stretching from the skies downwards on either side to the horizon, a pledge that the nations shall not again be overwhelmed by any after-coming deluge of human passions.

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A MONUMENT TO SHAKSPERE. By VICTOR HUGO.

**I**N truth, a monument to Shakspere, cui bono? The statue that he has made for himself is worth more, with all England for a pedestal. Shakspere has no need of a pyramid; he has his work.

What do you suppose marble could do for him? What can bronze do where there is glory? Malachite and alabaster are of no avail; jasper, serpentine, basalt, red porphyry, such as that at the Invalides, granite, Paros and Carrara, are of no use,—genius is genius without them. Even if all the stones had a part in it, would they make that man an inch greater? What vault shall be more indestructible than this: “The Winter’s Tale,” “The Tempest,” “The Merry Wives of Windsor,” “The Two Gentlemen of Verona,” “Julius Cæsar,” “Coriolanus”? What monument more grandiose than “Lear,” more wild than “The Merchant of Venice,” more dazzling than “Romeo and Juliet,” more amazing than “Richard III.”? What moon could throw on that building a light more mysterious than “The Midsummer Night’s Dream”? What capital, were it even London, could produce around it a rumour so gigantic as the tumultuous soul of “Macbeth”? What frame-work of cedar or of oak will last as long as “Othello”? What bronze will be bronze as much as “Hamlet”? No construction of lime, of rock, of iron and of cement, is worth the breath,—the deep breath of genius, which is the breathing of God through man. A head in which is an idea,—such is the summit; heaps of stone and brick would be useless efforts. What edifice equals a thought? Babel is below Isaiah; Cheops is less than Homer; the Coliseum is

inferior to Juvenal; the Giralda of Seville is dwarfish by the side of Cervantes; St. Peter of Rome does not reach to the ankle of Dante. How could you manage to build a tower as high as that name: Shakspeare?

Ah, add something, if you can, to a mind!

Suppose a monument. Suppose it splendid; suppose it sublime,—a triumphal arch, an obelisk, a circus with a pedestal in the centre, a cathedral. No people is more illustrious, more noble, more magnificent, and more magnanimous than the English people. Couple these two ideas, England and Shakspeare, and make an edifice arise therefrom. Such a nation celebrating such a man, it will be superb. Imagine the monument, imagine the inauguration. The Peers are there, the Commons give their adherence, the bishops officiate, the princes join the procession, the queen is present. The virtuous woman in whom the English people, royalist as we know, see and venerate their actual personification,—this worthy mother, this noble widow, comes, with the deep respect which is called for, to incline material majesty before ideal majesty; the Queen of England salutes Shakspeare. The homage of Victoria repairs the disdain of Elizabeth. As for Elizabeth, she is probably there also, sculptured somewhere on the surbase, with Henry VIII., her father, and James I., her successor,—pygmies beneath the poet. The cannon booms, the curtain falls, they uncover the statue, which seems to say, “At length!” and which has grown in the shade during three hundred years,—three centuries; the growth of a colossus; an immensity. All the York, Cumberland, Pitt, and Peel bronzes have been made use of, in order to produce this statue; the public places have been disen-



cumbered of a heap of uncalled-for metal-castings; in this lofty figure have been amalgamated all kinds of Henrys and Edwards; the various Williams and the numerous Georges have been melted, the Achilles in Hyde Park has made the great toe. This is fine; behold Shakspeare almost as great as a Pharaoh or a Sesostris. Bells, drums, trumpets, applause, hurrahs.

What then?

It is honourable for England, indifferent to Shakspeare.

What is the salutation of royalty, of aristocracy, of the army, and even of the English populace, ignorant yet to this moment, like nearly all other nations,—what is the salutation of all these groups variously enlightened to him who has the eternal acclamation, with its reverberation, of all ages and all men? What orison of the Bishop of London or of the Archbishop of Canterbury is worth the cry of a woman before Desdemona, of a mother before Arthur, of a soul before Hamlet?

And thus, when universal outcry demands from England a monument to Shakspeare, it is not for the sake of Shakspeare, it is for the sake of England.

There are cases in which the repayment of a debt is of greater import to the debtor than to the creditor.

A monument is an example. The lofty head of a great man is a light. Crowds, like the waves, require beacons above them. It is good that the passer-by should know that there are great men. People may not have time to read; they are forced to see. People pass by that way, and stumble against the pedestal; they are almost obliged to raise the head and to glance a little at the inscription. Men escape a book;

they cannot escape the statue. One day, on the bridge of Rouen, before the beautiful statue due to David d'Angers, a peasant mounted on an ass said to me: "Do you know Pierre Corneille?" "Yes," I replied. "So do I," he rejoined. "And do you know 'The Cid'?" I resumed. "No," said he.

To him, Corneille was the statue.

This beginning in the knowledge of great men is necessary to the people. The monument incites them to know more of the man. They desire to learn to read in order to know what this bronze means. A statue is an elbow-thrust to ignorance.

There is then, in the execution of such monuments, popular utility as well as national justice.

To perform what is useful at the same time as what is just, that will at the end certainly tempt England. She is the debtor of Shakspeare. To leave such a debt in abeyance is not a good attitude for the pride of a people. It is a point of morality that nations should be good payers in matters of gratitude. Enthusiasm is probity. When a man is a glory in the face of his nation, that nation which does not perceive the fact astounds the human race around.

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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: Its Causes and Its Results. By JOHN P. CHIDWICK.

I KNOW that your attendance here to-night is not given to me alone, nor to me principally, but rather to me as I represent those men in whose honor you have gathered, and over whose consecrated remains it was my duty to read the last, but consoling, offices of our holy religion.

Sometimes I have thought it rather incongruous that I, a priest, should speak triumphantly of war. I have thought that people might think it inconsistent with the mission of a priest, which is to foster peace among men and to establish it between man and God. The priest is unworthy of the Master who does not breathe peace with every breath of his nostrils. How, then, do I justify my words glorifying war?

After all has been said that can be said of the horrors of war, it still remains that there are certain circumstances under which war is not only justifiable, but absolutely necessary. There are times when a people have been crushed in all of the rights of a nation which God has given to them; when all measures of redress for their wrongs have been spurned and contemned. Beyond that they see the gleam of freedom. Then it is that they are prompted to bare their breasts to the lightning and place their reliance, through God, in the argument of force. No nation can see its people bow their heads in shame before the rest of the people of the world. The nation's honor is the nation's soul: it is the nation's spirit and must be kept alive.

In that war through which we have just passed did we not have the freedom of an oppressed nation at stake? Did we not have the honor of the flag and the

blood of the martyr who had been doing his duty for God and humanity? But not until divine providence took the course of events into its own hands, and brought upon us that calamity, that sacrifice, through whose lurid light we could read plainly the lesson of unhappy Cuba—not until then did we rise up in might to vindicate them, and to assert our honor before God and the world.

It was not idle curiosity that brought this audience here. It was fond recollection. And thus it is that I am willing to speak to audiences, not to satisfy curiosity, but a living love. I thank God that our people preserve this love in their hearts now, after a year of great history in the land!

Notwithstanding her admiration, her joy over unexpected results; notwithstanding her sorrow over the sacrifices that have been demanded, thank God, America has not forgotten the early heroes of our cause, whose deaths she well regards as the first chapter in the Spanish-American war! In their name, and with all my heart, I thank you for this remembrance, and pray that it will sink deeper into your hearts and the hearts of all our people!

First, why was the Maine sent to Havana? Our people had suffered insult and oppression for three years, 400,000 people had died under Spanish rule. The hatred of American people was deep in the breasts of the Spaniards. Were we going to fly and admit ourselves cowards? No, thank God. We had a nation that responded to our consul general's request. That was why the Maine was sent to protect the Americans, and if we did lose her and the poor men that went down with her, we maintained our honor. I have no

patience with those people who say we forced the war. Other nations would have sent their ships to Havana at once, and demanded satisfaction at the muzzle of their guns. We are not a nation of murderers. Our principles were not those of greed, but those of God. It has been said that we are not a united nation; that because we have different faiths, and come from different races, we do not stand together. When, however, the word came, they found us shoulder to shoulder and back to back, and there was no one found wanting. Our patriotism had been slumbering for thirty years, and it awoke like a volcano.

Cursed be the miscreant who dares to stain the stars and stripes of our flag with religious or political animosity. Let not sectarian jealousy find place in the breast of any one. Let us keep together as we always have, Americans every one, and ready at all times to uphold the national honor. Already we see other nations looking to us for aid. We see one nation stretching out its hand to us for an alliance, not an alliance of the stronger to the weaker, but as equal to equal.

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## THE CONSOLATIONS OF LITERATURE. By RUFUS CHOATE.

I COME to add the final reason why the working man—by whom I mean the whole brotherhood of industry—should set on mental culture and that knowledge which is wisdom a value so high—only not supreme—subordinate alone to the exercises and hopes of religion itself. And that is, that therein he shall so surely find rest from labor; succor under its burdens; forgetfulness of its cares; composure in its annoyances. It is not always that the busy day is followed by the peaceful night. It is not always that fatigue wins sleep. Often some vexation outside of the toil that has exhausted the frame; some loss in a bargain; some loss by an insolvency; some unforeseen rise or fall of prices; some triumph of a mean or fraudulent competitor; “the law’s delay, the proud man’s contumely, the insolence of office, or some one of the spurns that patient merit from the unworthy takes”—some self-reproach, perhaps—follow you within the door; chill the fireside; sow the pillow with thorns; and the dark care is lost in the last waking thought, and haunts the vivid dream. Happy, then, is he who has laid up in youth, and has held fast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of reading. True balm of hurt minds; of surer and more healthful charm than “poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world”—by that single taste, by that single capacity, he may bound in a moment into the still regions of delightful studies, and be at rest. He recalls the annoyance that pursues him; reflects that he has done all that might become a man to avoid or bear it; he indulges in one good long, human sigh, picks up the volume where the

mark kept his place, and in about the same time that it takes the Mohammedan in the Spectator to put his head in the bucket of water and raise it out, he finds himself exploring the arrow-marked ruins of Nineveh with Layard; or worshipping at the spring-head of the stupendous Missouri with Clarke and Lewis; or watching with Columbus for the sublime moment of the rising of the curtain from before the great mystery of the sea; or looking reverentially on while Socrates—the discourse of immortality ended—refuses the offer of escape, and takes in his hand the poison, to die in obedience to the unrighteous sentence of the law; or, perhaps, it is in the contemplation of some vast spectacle or phenomenon of Nature that he has found his quick peace—the renewed exploration of one of her great laws—or some glimpse opened by the pencil of St. Pierre, or Humboldt, or Châteaubriand, or Wilson, of the “blessedness and glory of her own deep, calm, and mighty existence.”

Let the case of a busy lawyer testify to the priceless value of the love of reading. He comes home, his temples throbbing, his nerves shattered, from a trial of a week; surprised and alarmed by the charge of the judge, and pale with anxiety about the verdict of the next morning, not at all satisfied with what he has done himself, though he does not yet see how he could improve it; recalling with dread and self-disparagement, if not with envy, the brilliant effort of his antagonist, and tormenting himself with the vain wish that he could have replied to it—and altogether a very miserable subject, and in as unfavorable a condition to accept comfort from wife and children as poor Christian in the first three pages of the Pilgrim's Progress.

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With a superhuman effort he opens his book, and in a twinkling of an eye he is looking into the full "orb of Homeric or Miltonic song," or he stands in the crowd breathless, yet swayed as forests or the sea by winds—hearing and to judge the Pleadings for the Crown; or the philosophy which soothed Cicero or Boethius in their afflictions, in exile, in prison, and the contemplation of death, breathes over his petty cares like the sweet south; or Pope or Horace laugh him into good humor, or he walks with Æneas and the Sibyl in the mild light of the world of the laurelled dead—and the court-house is as completely forgotten as the dream of a preadamite life. Well may he prize that endeared charm, so effectual and safe, without which the brain had long ago been chilled by paralysis, or set on fire by insanity!

To these uses, and these enjoyments; to mental culture, and knowledge, and morality—the guide, the grace, the solace of labor on all its fields, we dedicate this charity! May it bless you in all your successions; and may the admirable giver, George Peabody, survive to see that the debt which he recognizes to the future is completely discharged; survive to enjoy in the gratitude, and love, and honor of this generation, the honor, and love, and gratitude with which the latest will assuredly cherish his name, and partake and transmit his benefaction.



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THE FORCE BILL. By JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

IT is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. The law must be enforced! The imperial edict must be executed! It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lion's den, and the three Innocents into the fiery furnace. Under the same sophistry the bloody edicts of Nero and Caligula were executed. The law must be enforced. Yes, the act imposing the "tea-tax must be executed." This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration to that mad career which for ever separated us from the British crown. Under a similar sophistry, that "religion must be protected," how many massacres have been perpetrated? and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake? What! acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional? Will you collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent except his government, and this only to the extent of its legitimate wants; to take more is robbery, and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder. Yes: to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without a regard to the fact

whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional.

In the same spirit we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force! Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure—this harmonious aggregate of States, produced by the joint consent of all—can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be certain destruction to this Federal Union. No, no. You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Force may, indeed, hold the parts together, but such union would be the bond between master and slave—a union of exaction on one side and of unqualified obedience on the other. That obedience which, we are told by the Senator from Pennsylvania, is the Union! Yes, exaction on the side of the master; for this very bill is intended to collect what can be no longer called taxes—the voluntary contribution of a free people—but tribute—tribute to be collected under the mouths of the cannon! Your custom-house is already transferred to a garrison, and that garrison with its batteries turned, not against the enemy of your country, but on subjects (I will not say citizens), on whom you propose to levy contributions. Has reason fled from our borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force. I tell you plainly that the bill, should it pass, cannot be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute-book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat, it will not be executed; it will rouse the dormant spirit of the people, and open their eyes to the ap-

proach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure, on the part of the Government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration.

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SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.  
By DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great name. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans, all,—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my

own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven; if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame,—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past: let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder, they went through the Revolution: hand in hand, they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth—unnatural to such soils—of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is,—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history,—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall, at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, on the very spot of its origin!

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AT THE UNVEILING OF THE GRAY MEMORIAL. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I HAVE been asked to say a few words, but they must be very few, as the train is waiting for me that takes me back to keep an engagement. Mr. Gosse has told you he has been present at many memorial unveilings, and the newspapers inform me that I also have been present at the unveiling of perhaps too many. But never have I been present on any occasion with more pleasure than on this. You have now, in the words which Lord Houghton quoted, and which I would extend in a wider sense than he did, a beautiful memorial to Gray in permanent form. We also, thanks to Mr. Gosse, possess a photograph of this memorial in permanent form. But we have in our hearts and memories, I think, a memorial to the man quite as true and quite as permanent—that is, permanent for us. Very few words are fitting on an occasion which commemorates the one of the English poets who has written less and pleased more perhaps than any other. There is a certain appropriateness in my speaking here to-day. I come here to speak simply as the representative of several countrymen and countrywomen of mine who have renewed that affirmation, which I like always to renew, of the unity of our English race by giving something more solid than words in commemoration of the poet they loved. And I think there is another claim which I perhaps have for speaking here to-day, and that is that the most picturesque anecdote relative to the life of Gray—perhaps the most picturesque related of the life of any poet, certainly of any English poet, belongs to the Western Hemisphere; I mean the anecdote which

connects the name of Wolfe with that of Gray. Nothing could have been more picturesque than the surroundings of that saying of Wolfe's—of that English hero—and nothing could have been more momentous than the action and the consequence that followed from it, and which made the United States, which I have lately represented, possible. That, I think, gives me a certain right also to speak here.

I know that sometimes criticisms are made upon Gray. I think I have often heard him called by some of our juniors "commonplace." Upon my word, I think it a compliment. I think it shows a certain generality of application in what Gray has done, for if there is one thing more than another—I say this to the young men whom I see seated around both sides of the hall—which insures the lead in life, it is the commonplace. I have to measure my poets, my authors, by their lasting power, and I find Gray has a great deal of it. He not only pleases my youth and my age, but he pleases other people's youth and age; and I cannot help thinking this is a proof that he touches on human nature at a great many periods and at a great many levels, and, perhaps, that is as high a compliment as can be paid to the poet. There is, I admit, a certain commonplaceness of sentiment in his most famous poem, but I think there is also a certain commonplaceness of sentiment in some verses that have been famous for more than 3,000 years. I think that when Homer saw somebody smiling through her tears he said, on the whole, a commonplace thing, but it touched our feelings for a great many centuries; and I think that in the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" Gray has expressed a simple sentiment, and as long as



there are young men and middle-aged men, Gray's poem will continue to be read and loved as in the days when it was written. There is a Spanish proverb which rebukes those people who ask something better than bread. Let those who ask for something better get something better than what Gray produced. For my own part, I ask nothing better. He was, perhaps, the greatest artist in words that English literature has possessed. In conclusion, let me say one word for myself. This will probably be the last occasion on which I shall have the opportunity of addressing Englishmen in public; and I wish to express my heartfelt gratitude for the kindness which has surrounded me both in my official and private life, and to say that while I came here as a far-off cousin, I feel you are sending me away as something like a brother.

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By LEWIS CASS.

**M**R. PRESIDENT, we had a short discussion the other day upon the subject of the oft-debated Monroe Doctrine. I propose very briefly to re-examine it; and I shall do so with the more confidence, because I have just refreshed my recollection by a conversation with the person, who, of all living men, has the most right to speak authoritatively upon this matter. I refer to Mr. Rush, whose name is well and favorably known to the whole country, which he has served with honor and ability in various high capacities, at home and abroad, and who was our Minister in England, when this doctrine was first broached.

What, sir, is the Monroe Doctrine? Let Mr. Monroe answer the question. In his annual message to Congress, in 1823, he announced his views upon two important subjects. They are as follows, and are to be found in different parts of the message:

“1. That it was impossible for the Allied Powers to extend their political system to any part of America, without endangering our peace and happiness, and equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interference with indifference.

“2. That the occasion had been judged proper for asserting, as a principle, in which the rights and interests of the United States were involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they had assumed and maintained, were henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power.”

The honorable Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Hale), in the remarks he made upon this subject a few days ago, referred to the views expressed by Mr.

Calhoun, in the Senate, in relation to this doctrine, and maintained that no general principle of action was laid down by Mr. Monroe, but that his efforts were limited to the preservation of the independent States of Spanish origin from the grasp of the Holy Alliance, as the union of various despotic powers to put down popular demonstrations was called. The unholy alliance would have been its proper designation.

There is no doubt, sir, but that the threatening aspect of affairs in relation to these Spanish States, and the known project to bring them under the dominion of some Bourbon prince, was the prominent cause which led Mr. Monroe to interpose upon that occasion. Circumstances do not create principles. They call them into action. Circumstances occurred which directed the attention of the American Government to an approaching crisis, and it then investigated, not only its line of action, but the ground upon which that action could be justified, and the result was this well-known declaration. In our position it is one of the great elements of our strength, and of our means of self-defense. It is perpetual, as well in its obligations as in the security it brings with it. It interfered with no existing rights, but looked to the future, with a view to guard that from danger.

Mr. Monroe promulgated what is known through the world as his doctrine—the American doctrine of American self-preservation. It is now sought to degrade it to a mere temporary expedient, living while the Holy Alliance lived, and dying with the death of that unprincipled league. Now, sir, Mr. Monroe is the best expositor of his own views. Hear him. In his annual message of 1824, when the danger from

the Holy Alliance had passed away, he said, renewing his recommendation, that we had no concern with European wars, but "with regard to our neighbors our situation is different. It is impossible for the European Governments to interfere in their concerns, especially in those alluded to, which are vital, without affecting us."

But, sir, we have another witness to introduce, whom no American can hear without respect and gratitude, the writer of the Declaration of Independence, the patriarch of the Democratic faith, the statesman and patriot, second only to Washington in the estimation of his countrymen. Mr. Monroe, during his whole Presidency, was in the habit of the most confidential communication with Mr. Jefferson upon all questions of serious concern. He consulted him upon this subject, and here follows the answer, dated October 24, 1823. Never were sentiments sounder in themselves, or more beautifully expressed:

"The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass, and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time. And never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe; the last is

laboring to become the domicile of despotism—our endeavor should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom.”

And now there are those who would mar the magnificent figure of Mr. Jefferson by converting his ocean of time into a mere duck pond, and his fundamental maxim, never “to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs,” into the historical recollection of a temporary project to save our neighboring States from a blow aimed at the time at their safety and all danger from which passed away as suddenly as it had arisen.

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MY RELIGION. From "My Religion." Copyright, 1885, by Thomas T. Crowell & Company. Reprinted with permission. By COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

I BELIEVE now that my true welfare, and that of others, is possible only when I labor not for myself but for another, and that I must not refuse to labor for another, but to give with joy that of which he has need. This faith has changed my estimate of what is right and important, and wrong and despicable. What once seemed to me right and important—riches, proprietary rights, the point of honor, the maintenance of personal dignity and personal privileges—have now become to me wrong and despicable. Labor for others, poverty, humility, the renunciation of property and of personal privileges, have become in my eyes right and important.

When, now, in a moment of forgetfulness, I yield to the impulse to resort to violence, for the defence of my person or property, or of the persons or property of others, I can no longer deliberately make use of this snare for my own destruction and the destruction of others. I can no longer acquire property. I can no longer resort to force in any form for my own defence or the defence of another. I can no longer co-operate with any power whose object is the defence of men and their property by violence. I can no longer act in a judicial capacity, or clothe myself with any authority, or take part in the exercise of any jurisdiction whatever. I can no longer encourage others in the support of tribunals, or in the exercise of authoritative administration.

I know now that the distinction I once made between my own people and those of other countries is destruc-

tive of my welfare; but, more than this, I now know the snare that led me into this evil, and I can no longer, as I did once, walk deliberately and calmly into this snare. I know now that this snare consists in the erroneous belief that my welfare is dependent only upon the welfare of my countrymen, and not upon the welfare of all mankind. I know now that my fellowship with others cannot be shut off by a frontier, or by a government decree which decides that I belong to some particular political organization. I know now that all men are everywhere brothers and equals. When I think now of all the evil that I have done, that I have endured, and that I have seen about me, arising from national enmities, I see clearly that it is all due to that gross imposture called patriotism,—love for one's native land. When I think now of my education, I see how these hateful feelings were grafted in my mind. I understand now the meaning of the words:

“Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father that is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.”

I understand now that true welfare is possible for me only on condition that I recognize my fellowship with the whole world. I believe this, and the belief has changed my estimate of what is right and wrong, important and despicable. What once seemed to me right and important—love of country, love for those of my own race, for the organization called the State, services rendered at the expense of the welfare of other men, military exploits—now seem to me detestable and pitiable. What once seemed to me shameful

and wrong—renunciation of nationality, and the cultivation of cosmopolitanism—now seem to me right and important. When, now, in a moment of forgetfulness, I sustain a Russian in preference to a foreigner, and desire the success of Russia or of the Russian people, I can no longer in lucid moments allow myself to be controlled by illusions so destructive to my welfare and the welfare of others. I can no longer recognize states or peoples; I can no longer take part in any difference between peoples or states, or any discussion between them either verbal or written, much less in any service in behalf of any particular state. I can no longer co-operate with measures maintained by divisions between states,—the collection of custom duties, taxes, the manufacture of arms and projectiles, or any act favoring armaments, military service, and, for a stronger reason, wars,—neither can I encourage others to take any part in them.

I once thought that if a foreign invasion occurred, or even if evil-minded persons attacked me, and I did not defend myself, I should be robbed and beaten and tortured and killed with those whom I felt bound to protect, and this possibility troubled me. But this that once troubled me now seems desirable and in conformity with the truth. I know now that the foreign enemy and the malefactors or brigands are all men like myself; that, like myself, they love good and hate evil; that they live as I live, on the borders of death; and that, with me, they seek for salvation, and will find it in the doctrine of Jesus.

“But hither come the enemy,—Germans, Turks, savages; if you do not make war on them, they will exterminate you!” They will do nothing of the sort.



If there were a society of Christian men that did evil to none and gave of their labor for the good of others, such a society would have no enemies to kill or to torture them. The foreigners would take only what the members of this society voluntarily gave, making no distinction between Russians, or Turks, or Germans. But when Christians live in the midst of a non-Christian society which defends itself by force of arm, and calls upon the Christians to join in waging war, then the Christians have an opportunity for revealing the truth to them who know it not. A Christian knowing the truth bears witness of the truth before others, and this testimony can be made manifest only by example. He must renounce war and do good to all men, whether they are foreigners or compatriots.

Men are united by error into a compact mass. The prevailing power of evil is the cohesive force that binds them together. The reasonable activity of humanity is to destroy the cohesive power of evil. Revolutions are attempts to shatter the power of evil by violence. Men think that by hammering upon the mass they will be able to break it in fragments, but they only make it more dense and impermeable than it was before. External violence is of no avail. The disruptive movement must come from within when molecule releases its hold upon molecule and the whole mass falls into disintegration. Error is the force that binds men together; truth alone can set them free. Now truth is truth only when it is in action, and then only can it be transmitted from man to man. Only truth in action, by introducing light into the conscience of each individual, can dissolve the homogeneity of error, and detach men one by one from its bonds.

This work has been going on for eighteen hundred years. It began when the commandments of Jesus were first given to humanity, and it will not cease till, as Jesus said, "all things be accomplished."

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WAR. Copyright, Lee & Shepard. Reprinted with permission. By CHARLES SUMNER.

**I**N EED not dwell now on the waste and cruelty of war. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor-lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters—of fathers, brothers, and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of those fair fields, where nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes—or, perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista—amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature—on the Sabbath of peace—we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions

which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

"Nearer comes the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?"

"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,  
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sister, for them all!"

Horror-struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy, but truthful answer comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations.

The scene changes. Far away on the distant pathway of the ocean two ships approach each other, with white canvas broadly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions, and in their well compacted sides, while they look in dimensions like floating happy islands of the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances of comfort, hives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travellers shall meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the mast-head shall give the signal of fellowship; the happy sailors shall cluster in the rigging, and even on the yard-arms, to look each other in the face, while the exhilarating voices of both crews shall mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable. It is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies. The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides

spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They, who had escaped "the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks"—who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave—whom the hurricane had spared—in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their immitigable war—now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On their decks, reddened with blood, the murders of St. Bartholomew and of the Sicilian Vespers, with the fires of Smithfield, seem to break forth anew, and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha. ¶ At length these vessels—such pageants of the sea—once so stately—so proudly built—but now rudely shattered by cannon-balls—with shivered masts and ragged sails—exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose temporary lull of peace is now their only safety. In amazement at this strange unnatural contest—away from country and home—where there is no country or home to defend—we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the melancholy but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations.

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JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. By ELMER HEWITT  
CAPEN.

NO account of John Boyle O'Reilly would be complete that failed to recognize his religious character. In this he occupied a peculiar place among literary men in an age that is sometimes called agnostic and irreverent. His religion was an ever present reality, pervading his whole being, not as is often the case, even with church members, something to be kept in the background of one's life and to be apologized for to his friends. Wherever he went, he walked, consciously and with reverent steps, in the great temple of the ever-living and omnipresent God. The spiritual element of the universe no more needed demonstration than the air or the sunlight. His faith was so lofty and clear that he could affirm with St. Paul, "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." With every fibre of his being he was a Roman Catholic. Why should he not be? Not only was he born and reared in the Catholic Church, so that her traditions and history were interwoven with every thread of his conscious being, but she touched him gently and with irresistible force on the better and more sensitive side of his nature by her artistic creations, her stately and gorgeous ritual, her noble and devoted priesthood, her orderly and powerful administration, her countless and inexhaustible philanthropies, her vast and world-wide fellowship and communion, and her clear and unwavering answer to all the deeper questions of the soul.

Yet I am constrained to say that he was more than a Catholic. No single name, however venerable and

comprehensive; no label, however broadly and carefully phrased, could adequately describe that subtle and elastic quality of soul which we call his religion. By a strange and unerring instinct his mind, with the swiftness of light, seized the inherent and essential truth which forever defines the relation between the human soul and God. He saw that the quality of men's faith is not determined by the form in which it is expressed. Oh, how he tried to overcome and destroy the false issue which for a quarter of a millennium England had been trying to raise between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland! Living in constant daily fellowship with the sons of Pilgrims and Puritans—men who came hither hating the Papacy as the instrument of Satan—he saw the serenity and beauty of their piety, and that they were the very elect of God for the more perfect establishment of His kingdom among men.

He perceived that there is more than one way into the heavenly presence. The poor heathen mother pressing her babe for a moment to her breast in agonized affection before she casts it to the crocodiles to appease the vengeance of her deity, the minister of a Protestant conventicle preaching in harsh and strident tones a divisive gospel, and the indifferent, yet gently charitable sceptic, can all present an offering that

May rise

To heaven and find acceptance there,

no less than he whose petition is borne upward on clouds of incense that float from censers swung by priestly hands before cathedral altars. This clear-eyed, tender, transcendent and all-comprehending faith

was the solvent in which provincialism, prejudice, bigotry and vindictiveness vanished utterly and forever.

Such in my poor and fragmentary speech was the man whose monument we have reared—the broadest-minded and most accomplished Irishman since Edmund Burke, one of the few rare and transparent souls to whom, out of all the races, the last half of the nineteenth century has decreed an immortality of fame. We place him here in our great Valhalla. The venerable Puritan founders of this glorious commonwealth, the mighty leaders of the revolutionary epoch, the soldiers whose blood moistened and rendered sacred forever the soil of Bunker Hill, the matchless orators and heroes of the anti-slavery reform, the nameless hosts who with the first echoes of Sumter's guns grasped their muskets and marched to the defence of the republic, must all lie a little closer in their graves to make room for this lover of mankind.

Here we set his memorial in the public square, embellished with all the grace and beauty that art can bestow. Let those who go swarming past it day after day, fleeing from the dust and turmoil of the city, seeking the fields and woods beyond, turn their eyes hither, and recall the happy-hearted, sunny soul, to whom the song of birds and the voice of running waters were ever like angels' voices speaking of paradise. Let the disheartened reformer pause here for a moment and hear him say, as it were out of the open heavens:—

I know  
That when God gives us the clearest light,  
He does not touch our eyes with love, but sorrow.

Let the hunted fugitive, speaking in an alien tongue,



or our English speech with an alien accent, set down his knapsack beside these stones, and, remembering the welcome which America gave to this stranger, be assured that here there is room for honest work and patriotic effort whether men are native to the soil or foreign-born. Let him who would serve his country by pen, or speech, or sword, look at these symbols in bronze, and find his patriotism renewed. Let the children of the poor, as they behold this monument, be reminded that it is neither wealth nor station, but honorable service that secures for men under the Stars and Stripes affection and renown. Let the high-bred youth of the great city, who may be tempted to regard with scorn the poor and lowly, pause and listen before this noble pile, and he will learn the lesson which the rich must learn for safety:—

That the bluest blood is putrid blood,  
That the people's blood is red.

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Reprinted with permission. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THERE goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,—as unfit for any handiwork or public labor, as a penknife for an axe. The so-called “practical men” sneer at speculative men, as if because they speculate or see, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy,—who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day,—are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and, indeed, there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it, he is not yet man. Without it, thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind.

Of course, he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions, has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action, and transplant an oak into a flower-pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like those Savoyards, who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen, for all Europe, went out one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the

last of their pine trees. Authors we have, in numbers, who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers, to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labors; in town,—in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and cope-stones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the workyard made.

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is, that it is a resource. That great principle of Undulation in nature, that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and as yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of Polarity—these “fits of easy transmission and reflection,” as Newton called them, are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks; now acts; and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended, and books are a

weariness,—he has always the resource to live. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truth? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those “far from fame,” who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him, that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled savage nature, out of terrible Druids and Berserkirs, come at last Alfred and Shakespeare.

I hear therefore with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labor to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

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JEWISH DISABILITIES. By THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY. .

SIR, it is amusing to compare the manner in which the question of Catholic emancipation was argued formerly by some gentlemen with the manner in which the question of Jew emancipation is argued by the same gentlemen now. When the question was about Catholic emancipation, the cry was, "See how restless, how versatile, how encroaching, how insinuating, is the spirit of the Church of Rome. See how her priests compass earth and sea to make one proselyte, how indefatigably they toil, how attentively they study the weak and strong parts of every character, how skilfully they employ literature, arts, sciences, as engines for the propagation of their faith. You find them in every region and under every disguise, collating manuscripts in the Bodleian, fixing telescopes in the Observatory of Pekin, teaching the use of the plough and the spinning wheel to the savages of Paraguay. Will you give power to the members of a Church so busy, so aggressive, so insatiable?" Well, now the question is about people who never try to seduce any stranger to join them, and who do not wish anybody to be of their faith who is not also of their blood. And now you exclaim, "Will you give power to the members of a sect which remains sullenly apart from other sects, which does not invite, nay, which hardly even admits, neophytes?"

Another charge has been brought against the Jews, not by my honourable friend, the Member for the University of Oxford,—he has too much learning and too much good feeling to make such a charge,—but by the honourable Member for Oldham, who has, I am

sorry to see, quitted his place. The honourable Member for Oldham tells us that the Jews are naturally a mean race, a sordid race, a money-getting race; that they are averse to all honourable callings; that they neither sow nor reap; that they have neither flocks nor herds; that usury is the only pursuit for which they are fit; that they are destitute of all elevated and amiable sentiments. Such, sir, has in every age been the reasoning of bigots. They never fail to plead in justification of persecution the vices which persecution has engendered. England has been to the Jews less than half a country; and we revile them because they do not feel for England more than a half patriotism. We treat them as slaves, and wonder that they do not regard us as brethren. We drive them to mean occupations, and then reproach them for not embracing honourable professions. We long forbade them to possess land; and we complain that they chiefly occupy themselves in trade. We shut them out from all the paths of ambition; and then we despise them for taking refuge in avarice. During many ages we have, in all our dealings with them, abused our immense superiority of force; and then we are disgusted because they have recourse to that cunning which is the natural and universal defence of the weak against the violence of the strong. But were they always a mere money-changing, money-getting, money-hoarding race? Nobody knows better than my honourable friend, the Member for the University of Oxford, that there is nothing in their national character which unfits them for the highest duties of citizens. He knows that, in the infancy of civilization, when our island was as savage as New Guinea, when letters and

arts were still unknown to Athens, when scarcely a thatched hut stood on what was afterwards the site of Rome, this contemned people had their fenced cities and cedar palaces, their splendid Temple, their fleets of merchant ships, their schools of sacred learning, their great statesmen and soldiers, their natural philosophers, their historians and their poets. What nation ever contended more manfully against overwhelming odds for its independence and religion? What nation ever, in its last agonies, gave such signal proofs of what may be accomplished by a brave despair? And if, in the course of many centuries, the oppressed descendants of warriors and sages have degenerated from the qualities of their fathers, if, while excluded from the blessings of law, and bowed down under the yoke of slavery, they have contracted some of the vices of outlaws and of slaves, shall we consider this as matter of reproach to them? Shall we not rather consider it as matter of shame and remorse to ourselves? Let us do justice to them. Let us open to them the door of the House of Commons. Let us open to them every career in which ability and energy can be displayed. Till we have done this, let us not presume to say that there is no genius among the countrymen of Isaiah, no heroism among the descendants of the Maccabees.

Sir, in supporting the motion of my honourable friend, I am, I firmly believe, supporting the honour and the interests of the Christian religion. I should think that I insulted that religion if I said that it cannot stand unaided by intolerant laws. Without such laws it was established, and without such laws it may be maintained. It triumphed over the superstitions of

the most refined and of the most savage nations, over the graceful mythology of Greece and the bloody idolatry of the northern forests. It prevailed over the power and policy of the Roman empire. It tamed the barbarians by whom that empire was overthrown. But all these victories were gained not by the help of intolerance, but in spite of the opposition of intolerance. The whole history of Christianity proves that she has little indeed to fear from persecution as a foe, but much to fear from persecution as an ally. May she long continue to bless our country with her benignant influence, strong in her sublime philosophy, strong in her spotless morality, strong in those internal and external evidences to which the most powerful and comprehensive of human intellects have yielded assent, the last solace of those who have outlived every earthly hope, the last restraint of those who are raised above every earthly fear! But let not us, mistaking her character and her interests, fight the battle of truth with the weapons of error, and endeavour to support by oppression that religion which first taught the human race the great lesson of universal charity.



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## JUSTICE FOR DREYFUS. By EMILE ZOLA.

FOR nearly eleven months I have been away from France. During eleven months have I imposed upon myself the most complete exile, the most obscure retreat, the most absolute silence. I was like one voluntarily dead, lying in the secret grave, in expectation of truth and justice. And to-day, truth having conquered, justice reigning at last, I am re-born, I return, and once more take my place upon French soil. To-day is it not a shining evidence that our lengthy campaign, to my advisers, to my friends and to myself, has been nothing but a disinterested struggle to cause to flow from facts the greatest possible amount of light? If we have wished to gain time, if we have opposed proceeding to proceeding, it is because we had charge of the truth as we have charge of a soul; it is because we did not wish to see the feeble glimmer extinguished within our hands, when it was growing day by day. It was like a small, sacred lamp, which was being carried through the tempest, and which had to be defended against the fury of the crowd, maddened by lying. We had but one tactic—to remain masters of our affair, to prolong it so long as possible that it might provoke events to happen, to draw from it, in one word, what we had promised ourselves of decisive truths. And we have never given a thought to ourselves, we have never acted but for the triumph of right, ready to pay with our liberty and life.

Let the situation be remembered which was created for me, in Versailles last July. It was a strangling without words. And I did not want to be thus strangled; it did not suit me to be thus executed dur-

ing the absence of Parliament, amidst the passions of the street. It was our will to reach October, with the hope that truth would have still advanced, that justice would then have to be done. Besides, it must not be forgotten what underhand work was being carried on all this time. All we could expect from the examinations opened against Commander Esterhazy and against Colonel Picquart. One and the other were in prison, we were not ignorant of the fact that shining lights must perforce flow from these inquests, if they were held loyally; and, without, nevertheless, foreseeing the confession, then the suicide of Colonel Henry, we were reckoning upon the inevitable events which one day or another would enlighten the whole monstrous affair in its true and sinister aspect. Therefore is not our desire to gain time explained? Were we not justified in using every legal means of choosing our hour in the best interests of Justice? Was it not to conquer, to temporize, in the most painful and most holy of struggles? And these reasons were so powerful that I departed, resigned, announcing my return in October, with the certitude to thereby be a good worker for the cause and to assure its triumph.

But what I am not saying to-day, what I shall tell of some day, is the anguish of heart, the bitterness of this sacrifice. It must not be forgotten that I am neither a polemist, nor a politician, seeking benefits from disturbances. I am a free writer who has had but one passion in his life, that of truth. During nearly forty years I have served my country by means of my pen, with all my courage, with all I possessed of strength to work, and good faith. And I swear to you, there is a fearful sorrow, to go away alone, one dark night, to

see afar the lights of France growing dim, when one has simply wished for her honour, her grandeur in matters of justice among nations. And those who think that I went away to escape prison, and perhaps to live abroad in luxury with Jewish gold, are sorry people who inspire me with a little disgust and a great deal of contempt. I was to have returned in October. We had resolved to temporize until the reopening of the Houses, while reckoning upon the unforeseen event which was for us, in the course of things, the certain event. And did not that unforeseen event not even await October, but burst forth already at the end of August, with the confession and the suicide of Colonel Henry?

On the very next day I desired to return. For me, the revision was imposing itself, Dreyfus's innocence had immediately to be recognized. I had besides never asked for anything but the revision; my rôle must perforce end, so soon as the Cour de Cassation should convene, and I was ready to withdraw. As to my trial, it was no longer anything, in my sight, than a pure formality, since the document produced by the Generals de Pellieux, Gonse and Boisdeffre, and upon which the jury had convicted me, was a forgery from which its author had just taken refuge in death. And I was therefore preparing to return, when my friends from Paris, my counsel, all those who had remained in the battle, wrote me letters full of anxiety. The situation remained serious. Far from being assured, the revision remained uncertain. M. Brisson, the head of the cabinet, was meeting with ever-increasing obstacles, betrayed by every one, not being able to dispose of a simple police official. So that my return,

in the midst of over-excited passions, would appear as a pretext for new acts of violence, a danger, one more embarrassment for the ministry, in its already so very difficult task. And, desirous not to complicate the situation, I had to submit, I consented to be patient still.

Now that the good work is accomplished, I wish for neither applause nor recompense even if it is estimated that I may have been one of its useful workers. I have had no merit whatever, the cause was so beautiful, so humane! It is Truth which has conquered, and it could not have been otherwise. From the first, I had the certainty thereof; I have walked in a straight path, which diminishes my courage. It was quite simple. I should like to have it said of me, as only homage, that I have been neither foolish nor wicked. Besides, I already have my recompense, that of thinking of the innocent man whom I shall have helped to pull from the tomb, where alive, during more than four years, he has been agonizing. Ah! I must confess, the thought of seeing him free, to grasp his hands, agitates me with an extraordinary emotion, which fills my eyes with happy tears. That minute will suffice to pay for all my worries. My friends and myself, we shall have done a good action, for which the brave hearts of France will remember us in gratitude. And what more can you wish for, a family who will love us, a woman and children who will bless us, a man who will owe it to us to have incarnated within him the triumph of right and the solidarity of mankind?

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ADDRESS TO THE ASSEMBLY OF NOBLESSE.  
By HONORÉ, Comte de Mirabeau.

WHAT have I done that was so criminal? I have wished that my Order were wise enough to give to-day what will infallibly be wrested from it to-morrow; that it should receive the merit and glory of sanctioning the assemblage of the Three Orders, which all Provence loudly demands. This is the crime of your "enemy of peace!" Or rather, I have ventured to believe that the people might be in the right. Ah, doubtless, a patrician soiled with such a thought deserves vengeance! But I am still guiltier than you think; for it is my belief that the people which complains is always in the right; that its indefatigable patience invariably waits the uttermost excesses of oppression, before it can determine on resisting; that it never resists long enough to obtain complete redress; and does not sufficiently know that to strike its enemies into terror and submission, it has only to stand still; that the most innocent as the most invincible of all powers is the power of refusing to do. I believe after this manner; punish the enemy of peace!

But you, ministers of a God of peace, who are ordained to bless and not to curse, and yet have launched your anathema on me, without even the attempt at enlightening me, at reasoning with me! And you "friends of peace," who denounce to the people, with all vehemence of hatred, the one defender it has yet found, out of its own ranks; —who, to bring about concord, are filling capital and province with placards calculated to arm the rural districts against the towns, if your deeds did not refute your writings; —who, to prepare ways of conciliation, protest against

the royal Regulation for convoking the States-General, because it grants the people as many deputies as both the other orders, and against all that the coming National Assembly shall do, unless its laws secure the triumph of your pretensions, the eternity of your privileges! Disinterested "friends of peace!" I have appealed to your honour, and summon you to state what expressions of mine have offended against either the respect we owe to the royal authority or to the nation's right? Nobles of Provence, Europe is attentive; weigh well your answer. Men of God, beware; God hears you!

And if you do not answer, but keep silence, shutting yourselves up in the vague declamations you have hurled at me, then allow me to add one word.

In all countries, in all times, aristocrats have implacably persecuted the people's friends; and if, by some singular combination of fortune, there chanced to arise such a one in their own circle, it was he above all whom they struck at, eager to inspire wider terror by the elevation of their victim. Thus perished the last of the Gracchi by the hands of the patricians; but, being struck with the mortal stab, he flung dust towards Heaven, and called on the Avenging Deities; and from this dust sprang Marius,—Marius not so illustrious for exterminating the Cimbri as for overturning in Rome the tyranny of the Noblesse!

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THE REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT. By  
JONATHAN MAYHEW.

WE have never known so quick and general a transition from the depth of sorrow to the height of joy, as on this occasion; nor, indeed, so great and universal a flow of either, on any other occasion whatever. It is very true, we have heretofore seen times of great adversity. We have known seasons of drought, dearth and spreading mortal diseases; the pestilence walking in darkness, and the destruction wasting at noonday. We have seen wide devastations made by fire; and amazing tempests, the heavens on flame, the winds and the waves roaring. We have known repeated earthquakes, threatening us with speedy destruction. We have been under great apprehensions by reason of formidable fleets of an enemy on our coasts, menacing fire and sword to all our maritime towns. We have known times when the French and Savage armies made terrible havoc on our frontiers, carrying all before them for a while; when we were not without fear, that some capital towns in the colonies would fall into their merciless hands. Such times as these we have known; at some of which almost every "face gathered paleness," and the knees of all but the good and brave waxed feeble. But never have we known a season of such universal consternation and anxiety among people of all ranks and ages, in these colonies, as was occasioned by that parliamentary procedure, which threatened us and our posterity with perpetual bondage and slavery. For they, as we generally suppose, are really slaves to all intents and purposes, who are obliged to labor and toil only for the benefit of others; or, which comes to the

same thing, the fruit of whose labor and industry may be lawfully taken from them without their consent, and they justly punished if they refuse to surrender it on demand, or apply it to other purposes than those which their masters, of their mere grace and pleasure, see fit to allow. Nor are there many American understandings acute enough to distinguish any material difference between their being done by a single person, under the title of an absolute monarch, and done by a far-distant legislature consisting of many persons, in which they are not represented; and the members whereof, instead of feeling, and sharing equally with them in the burden thus imposed, are eased of their own in proportion to the greatness and weight of it. It may be questioned whether the ancient Greeks or Romans, or any other nation in which slavery was allowed, carried their idea of it much farther than this. So that our late apprehensions, and universal consternation, on account of ourselves and posterity, were far, very far indeed, from being groundless. For what is there in this world more wretched, than for those who were born free, and have a right to continue so, to be made slaves themselves, and to think of leaving a race of slaves behind them; even though it be to masters, confessedly the most humane and generous in the world? Or what wonder is it, if after groaning with a low voice for a while to no purpose, we at length groaned so loudly as to be heard more than three thousand miles; and to be pitied throughout Europe, wherever it is not hazardous to mention even the name of liberty, unless it be to reproach it, as only another name for sedition, faction or rebellion?



The repeal, the repeal, has at once, in a good measure, restored things to order, and composed our minds by removing the chief ground of our fears. The course of justice between man and man is no longer obstructed; commerce lifts up her head, adorned with golden tresses, pearls, and precious stones. All things that went on right before are returning gradually to their former course; those that did not we have reason to hope will go on better now; almost every person you meet wears the smiles of contentment and joy; and even our slaves rejoice as though they had received their manumission. Indeed, all the lovers of liberty in Europe, in the world, have reason to rejoice; the cause is, in some measure, common to them and us. Blessed revolution! glorious change! How great are our obligations for it to the Supreme Governor of the world! He hath given us beauty for ashes, and the oil of gladness for the spirit of heaviness. He hath turned our groans into songs, our mourning into dancing. He hath put off our sackcloth, and girded us with gladness, to the end that our tongues, our glory may sing praises to him.

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THE SECRET OF MURDER. By DANIEL WEBSTER.

**H**E has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! Gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either

from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read; it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

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THE OLD GRUDGE AGAINST ENGLAND. By  
RUFUS CHOATE.

NO, sir, we are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half-naked, half-civilized, half-blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on her radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die—let her remember the wrongs of days long past; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them: but shall America, young, free, and prosperous, just setting out on the highway of Heaven, “decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy”—shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp-act, and the tax, and the firing of the Leopard on the Chesapeake in time of peace? No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times, No! We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we look on France. We look on them from our new world, not unrenowned, yet a new world still; and the blood mounts to our cheeks, our eyes swim, our voices are stifled with the consciousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep, but there is no hatred at all—no hatred; all for

honor, nothing for hate. We have, we can have, no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

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ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE  
STATUE OF RUFUS CHOATE. Reprinted with  
permission. By JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

I DEEM it a very great honor to have been invited by the Suffolk Bar Association to take part on this occasion in honor of him who still stands as one of the most brilliant ornaments of the American Bar in its annals of two centuries. Bearing his name and lineage, and owing to him, as I do, more than to any other man or men—to his example and inspiration, to his sympathy and helping hand—whatever success has attended my own professional efforts, I could not refuse the invitation to come here to-day to the dedication of this statue, which shall stand for centuries to come, and convey to the generations who knew him not some idea of the figure and the features of Rufus Choate. Neither bronze nor marble can do him justice. Not Rembrandt himself could reproduce the man as we knew and loved him—for until he lay upon his death-bed he was all action, the “noble, divine, godlike action” of the orator—and the still life of art could never really represent him as he was.

It is forty years since he strode these ancient streets with his majestic step—forty years since the marvellous music of his voice was heard by the living ear—and those of us who, as students and youthful disciples, followed his footsteps, and listened to his eloquence, and almost worshipped his presence, whose ideal and idol he was, are already many years older than he lived to be; but there must be a few still living, and present here to-day, who were in the admiring crowds that hung with rapture on his lips—in the courts of justice, in the densely packed assembly, in the Senate,

in the Constitutional Convention, or in Faneuil Hall consecrated to Freedom—and who can still recall, among life's most cherished memories, the tones of that matchless voice, that pallid face illuminated with rare intelligence, the flashing glance of his dark eye, and the light of his bewitching smile. But, in a decade or two more, these lingering witnesses of his glory and his triumphs will have passed on, and to the next generation he will be but a name and a statue, enshrined in fame's temple with Cicero and Burke, with Otis and Hamilton and Webster, with Pinkney and Wirt, whose words and thoughts he loved to study and to master.

Many a noted orator, many a great lawyer, has been lost in oblivion in forty years after the grave closed over him, but I venture to believe that the Bar of Suffolk, ay, the whole Bar of America, and the people of Massachusetts, have kept the memory of no other man alive and green so long, so vividly and so lovingly, as that of Rufus Choate. Many of his characteristic utterances have become proverbial, and the flashes of his wit, the play of his fancy and the gorgeous pictures of his imagination are the constant themes of reminiscence, wherever American lawyers assemble for social converse.

How it was that such an exotic nature, so ardent and tropical in all its manifestations, so truly southern and Italian in its impulses, and at the same time so robust and sturdy in its strength, could have been produced upon the bleak and barren soil of our northern cape, and nurtured under the chilling blasts of its east winds, is a mystery insoluble. Truly, "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." In

one of his speeches in the Senate, he draws the distinction between "the cool and slow New England men, and the mercurial children of the sun, who sat down side by side in the presence of Washington, to form our more perfect union." If ever there was a mercurial child of the sun it was himself most happily described. I am one of those who believe that the stuff that a man is made of has more to do with his career than any education or environment. The greatness that is achieved, or is thrust upon some men, dwindles before that of him who is born great. His horoscope was propitious. The stars in their courses fought for him. The birthmark of genius, distinct and ineffaceable, was on his brow. He came of a long line of pious and devout ancestors, whose living was as plain as their thinking was high. It was from father and mother that he derived the flame of intellect, the glow of spirit and the beauty of temperament that were so unique.

His splendid and blazing intellect, fed and enriched by constant study of the best thoughts of the great minds of the race, his all-persuasive eloquence, his teeming and radiant imagination, whirling his hearers along with it, and sometimes overpowering himself, his brilliant and sportive fancy, lighting up the most arid subjects with the glow of sunrise, his prodigious and never-failing memory, and his playful wit, always bursting forth with irresistible impulse, have been the subject of scores of essays and criticisms, all struggling with the vain effort to describe and crystallize the fascinating and magical charm of his speech and his influence.

But the occasion and the place remind me that



here to-day we have chiefly to do with him as a lawyer and the advocate, and all that I shall presume very briefly to suggest is what this statue will mean to the coming generations of lawyers and citizens.

And first, and far above his splendid talents and his triumphant eloquence, I would place the character of the man—pure, honest, delivered absolutely from all the temptations of sordid and mercenary things, aspiring daily to what was higher and better, loathing all that was vulgar and of low repute, simple as a child, and tender and sympathetic as a woman. Emerson most truly says that character is far above intellect, and this man's character surpassed even his exalted intellect, and, controlling all his great endowments, made the consummate beauty of his life. I know of no greater tribute ever paid to a successful lawyer, than that which he received from Chief Justice Shaw—himself an august and serene personality, absolutely familiar with his daily walk and conversation—in his account of the effort that was made to induce Mr. Choate to give up his active and exhausting practice, and to take the place of Professor in the Harvard Law School, made vacant by the death of Mr. Justice Story—an effort of which the Chief Justice, as a member of the corporation of Harvard, was the principal promoter. After referring to him then, in 1847, as "the leader of the Bar in every department of forensic eloquence," and dwelling upon the great advantages which would accrue to the school from the profound legal learning which he possessed, he said: "In the case of Mr. Choate, it was considered quite indispensable that he should reside in Cambridge, on account of the influence which his genial manners, his habitual

presence, and the force of his character, would be likely to exert over the young men, drawn from every part of the United States to listen to his instructions."

What richer tribute could there be to personal and professional worth, than such words from such lips? He was the fit man to mould the characters of the youth, not of the city or the State only, but of the whole nation. So let the statue stand as notice to all who seek to enter here, that the first requisite of all true renown in our noble profession—renown not for a day or a life only, but for generations—is Character.

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FUNERAL ORATION BY THE DEAD BODY  
OF HAMILTON. By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

IF on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavor to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility, which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to repress my own; and yet, I fear, that, instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a wailing friend.

Students of Columbia—he was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades, when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal, and so brilliant his service, that we heard his name before we knew his person. It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world!

The penetrating eye of Washington soon perceived the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men he was selected as an Aid, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in, the most important scenes of our Revolution.

Shortly after the war, your favor—no, your discernment—called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at Philadelphia; he there assisted in forming that constitution, which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defence, and the source of our prosperity.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the

finances, Washington sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and above all, he sought for sterling, incorruptible integrity. All these he found in Hamilton. The system then adopted, has been the subject of much animadversion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered that nothing human is perfect. Recollect the circumstances of the moment—recollect the conflict of opinion—and, above all, remember that the minister of a Republic must bend to the will of the people. The administration which Washington formed was one of the most efficient, one of the best that any country was ever blest with. And the result was a rapid advance in power and prosperity, of which there is no example in any other age or nation. The part which Hamilton bore is universally known.

Brethren of the Cincinnati—there lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public services, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar—you have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable and with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principle of justice.

Fellow-citizens—you have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen—you know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving

your dearest interests as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend. I charge you to protect his fame. It is all he has left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favor. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion, ask, would Hamilton have done this thing?

You all know how he perished. On this last scene I cannot, I must not dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice—for his voice you will hear no more—let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now, ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave.

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## THE MEN AND DEEDS OF THE REVOLUTION. By EDWARD EVERETT.

**O**FTEN as it has been repeated, it will bear another repetition; it never ought to be omitted in the history of constitutional liberty; it ought especially to be repeated this day;—the various addresses, petitions, and appeals, the correspondence, the resolutions, the legislative and popular debates, from 1764 to the declaration of independence, present a maturity of political wisdom, a strength of argument, a gravity of style, a manly eloquence, and a moral courage, of which unquestionably the modern world affords no other example. This meed of praise, substantially accorded at the time by Lord Chatham in the British Parliament, may well be repeated by us. For most of the venerated men to whom it is paid, it is but a pious tribute to departed worth. The Lees and the Henrys, Otis, Quincy, Warren, and Samuel Adams, the men who spoke those words of thrilling power, which raised and directed the storm of resistance, and rang like the voice of fate across the Atlantic, are beyond the reach of our praise. To most of them it was granted to witness some of the fruits of their labors—such fruits as revolutions do not often bear. Others departed at an untimely hour, or nobly fell in the onset; too soon for this country, too soon for everything but their own undying fame. But all are not gone; some still survive among us, to hail the jubilee of the independence they declared. Go back, fellow-citizens, to that day when Jefferson and Adams composed the sub-committee who reported the Declaration of Independence. Think of the mingled sensations of that proud but anxious day, compared with the joy of this. What

reward, what crown, what treasure, could the world and all its kingdoms afford, compared with the honor and happiness of having been united in that commission, and living to see its most wavering hopes turned into glorious reality! Venerable men, you have outlived the dark days which followed your more than heroic deed; you have outlived your own strenuous contention, who should stand first among the people whose liberty you had vindicated! You have lived to bear to each other the respect which the nation bears to you both; and each has been so happy as to exchange the honorable name of the leader of a party for that more honorable one, the Father of his Country. While this, our tribute of respect, on the jubilee of our independence, is paid to the grey hairs of the venerable survivor in our neighborhood, let it not less heartily be sped to him, whose hand traced the lines of that sacred charter, which, to the end of time, has made this day illustrious. And is an empty profession of respect all that we owe to the man who can show the original draught of the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America, in his own handwriting? Ought not a title-deed like this to become the acquisition of the nation? Ought it not to be laid up in the public archives? Ought not the price at which it is bought to be a provision for the ease and comfort of the old age of him who drew it? Ought not he who, at the age of thirty, declared the independence of his country, at the age of eighty, to be secured by his country in the enjoyment of his own?

Nor would we, on the return of this eventful day, forget the men who, when the conflict of council was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not,

by faintly endeavouring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to draw this picture, in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph. But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war, as well as the cabinet, are seen, in fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war! With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive; and command us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves!



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VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.  
By HENRY CLAY.

FROM 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theatre, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life it does not become me to speak; history, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and the most impartial judges.

I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character: and though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it in general with composure, waiting as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence, for the ultimate triumph of justice and of truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open and fully known, would, by the inscrutable dispensations of his providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

But I have not meanwhile been unsustained. Everywhere throughout the extent of this great continent I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful, and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity

and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to them for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what can I say at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the state whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber?

I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky now nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence.

In the course of a long and arduous public service, especially during the last eleven years in which I have held a seat in the Senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate, and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions alike honestly entertained, as to the best course to be adopted for the public welfare, I may have often inadvertently and unintentionally, in moments of excited debate, made use of language that has been offensive, and susceptible of injurious interpretation towards my brother Senators. If there be any here who retain wounded feelings of injury or dis

satisfaction produced on such occasions, I beg to assure them that I now offer the most ample apology for any departure on my part from the established rules of parliamentary decorum and courtesy. On the other hand, I assure Senators, one and all, without exception and without reserve, that I retire from this chamber without carrying with me a single feeling of resentment or dissatisfaction to the Senate or any one of its members.

In retiring, as I am about to do, forever, from the Senate, suffer me to express my heartfelt wishes that all the great and patriotic objects of the wise framers of our constitution may be fulfilled; that the high destiny designed for it may be fully answered; and that its deliberations, now and hereafter, may eventuate in securing the prosperity of our beloved country, in maintaining its rights and honor abroad, and upholding its interests at home. I retire, I know, at a period of infinite distress and embarrassment. I wish I could take my leave of you under more favorable auspices; but, without meaning at this time to say whether on any or on whom reproaches for the sad condition of the country should fall, I appeal to the Senate and to the world to bear testimony to my earnest and continued exertions to avert it, and to the truth that no blame can justly attach to me.

May the most precious blessings of heaven rest upon the whole Senate and each member of it, and may the labors of every one redound to the benefit of the nation and the advancement of his own fame and renown. And when you shall retire to the bosom of your constituents, may you receive that most cheering and

gratifying of all human rewards—their cordial greeting of “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

And now, Mr. President, and Senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell.

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ULYSSES S. GRANT. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

IT was one of the most picturesque moments in the history of Rome when, after the battle of Cannae was lost and the Roman army almost annihilated—while Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, was measuring by bushels the gold rings of the slain Roman knights—the whole people of the city went out to greet with honor their defeated general Terentius Varro, and to bear him a vote of thanks from the senate for “not having despaired of the republic.”

The vast obsequies celebrated all over the land to-day are not in honor of a defeated general, but of a victorious one; yet the ground of gratitude is the same as in that Roman pageant. Our civil war, like that between Rome and Carthage, began in defeat and was transformed into victory, because he whom we celebrate did not despair of the republic. From the time when his successes at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg first turned the tide of adversity, until the day when he received Lee's surrender, it was to him we looked. Nor was this all. There was in all this something more than mere generalship. Generalship is undoubtedly a special gift, almost amounting to genius—a man is born to it, as he is for poetry, or chess-playing, or commerce; and as in those other vocations, so in this, his success in one direction does not prove him equally strong in all. There are many ways in which General Grant does not rank with the greatest of the sons of men. He was wanting in many of the gifts and even tastes which raise man to his highest; he did not greatly care for poetry, philosophy, music, painting, sculpture, natural science. The one art for which he

had a genius is one that must be fleeting and perishable, compared to these; for the human race must in its progress outgrow war. But a remarkable personal quality never can be ignored; if not shown in one way it will be shown in another; and this personal quality Grant had. Let us analyze some of its aspects.

He was great, in the first place, through the mere scale of his work. His number of troops, the vast area of his operations, surpassed what the world had before seen. When he took 15,000 prisoners at Fort Donelson, the capture was three times as large as when Burgoyne surrendered, in the only American battle thought important enough to be mentioned by Sir Edward Creasy in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." When, on July 4, 1863, he took Vicksburg, he received what was then claimed to be the greatest capture of men and armament since the invention of gunpowder, and perhaps since the beginning of recorded history. He captured 15 generals, 31,600 soldiers and 172 cannon. For victories less than this Julius Caesar was made dictator for ten years, and his statue was carried in processions with those of the immortal gods. Caesar at Pharsalia took but 24,000 prisoners; Napoleon at Ulm, 23,000; Hannibal at Cannae, but 20,000. Yet these in Grant's case were but special victories. How great, then, his power when at the head of the armies of the United States! Neither of these three great commanders ever directed the movements of a million men. The mere coarse estimate of numbers, therefore, is the first measure of Grant's fame.

But mere numbers are a subordinate matter. He surpassed his predecessors also in the dignity of the

object for which he fought. The three great generals of the world are usually enumerated—following Macaulay—as being Caesar, Cromwell and Napoleon. Two of these fought in wars of mere conquest, and the contests of the third were marred by a gloomy fanaticism, by cruelty and by selfishness. General Grant fought to restore a nation, that nation being the hope of the world. And he restored it. His work was as complete as it was important. Caesar died by violence; Napoleon died defeated; Cromwell's work crumbled to pieces when his hand was cold. Grant's career triumphed in its ending; it is at its height to-day. It was finely said by a Massachusetts statesman that we did not fight to bring our opponents to our feet, but only to our side. Grant to-day brings his opponents literally to his side, when they act as pall-bearers around his coffin.

The next thing remarkable about him was the spirit in which he fought. He belonged in his whole temperament to the Anglo-Saxon or Germanic type of generals, and not to the French or Latin type.

When we come to the mere executive qualities involved in fighting, we find that Grant habitually combined in action two things rarely brought together—quickness and perseverance. That could be said of him which Malcolm McLeod said of Charles Edward, the Pretender: "He is the bravest man, not to be rash, and the most cautious man, not to be a coward, that I ever saw." He did not have the visible and conspicuous dash of Sherman or Sheridan; he was rather the kind of man whom they needed to have behind them. But in quickness of apprehension and action, where this quality was needed, he was not their

inferior, if they were even his equals. He owed to it his first conspicuous victory at Fort Donelson. Looking at the knapsacks of the slain enemy, he discovered that they held three days' rations, and knew, therefore, that they were trying to get away. Under this stimulus he renewed the attack, and the day was won.

Moreover, it is to be noticed that he was, in all his action as a commander, essentially original—a man of initiative, not of routine. He was singularly free from the habit of depending on others.

And to crown all these qualities was added one more, that of personal modesty. When, at Hamburg, Germany, he was toasted as "the man who had saved the nation," he replied, "What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the country." He put down the pride of the German officers, the most self-sufficient military aristocracy of the world, by quietly disclaiming the assumption of being a soldier at all. He said to Bismarck: "I am more a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, though I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars—the Mexican as a young lieutenant, and later (mark the exquisite moderation of that "and later") "I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure." Such a remark from the greatest captain of the age disarmed even German criticism.

He told Bismarck, as we have seen, that he never entered on a war without regret or retired from it without pleasure. But he was destined to enter on just one more campaign—against pain and disease combined with sudden poverty. It was a formidable coalition. It is sometimes said that it is easier to die well than to



live well; but it is harder than either to grow old, knowing that one's great period of action is past, and weighed down with the double weight of hopeless financial failure and irremediable bodily pain. Either bankruptcy or physical torture has by itself crushed many a man morally and mentally; but Grant's greatest campaign was when he resisted them both. Upon such a campaign as this he might well, as he said, shrink from entering; but having been obliged to enter upon it, he was still Grant. Thousands of Americans have felt a sense of nearness to him and a sense of pride in him during the last few months such as they never felt before. He was already a hero in war to us. The last few months have made him a hero of peace, miles pacificus.

It has been already said that the supreme generals of the world were Caesar, Cromwell and Napoleon. Grant was behind all three of these in variety of cultivation and in many of the qualities that make a man's biography picturesque and fascinating. He may be said to have seemed a little prosaic, compared with any one of these. But in moral qualities he was above them all; more truthful, more unselfish, more simple, more humane. He fell short of Washington in this, that he was not equally great in war and statesmanship; but his qualities were within reach of all; his very defects were within reach of all; and he will long be with Washington and Lincoln the typical American in the public eyes. It is this typical quality after all that is most valuable. His fame rests upon the broadest and surest of all pedestals, as broad as common humanity. He seems greatest because he was no detached or ideal hero, but simply the representative of us all.

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ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY. By DANIEL WEBSTER.

UNBORN ages and visions of glory crowd upon my soul, the realization of all which, however, is in the hands and good pleasure of Almighty God, but, under his divine blessing, it will be dependent on the character and the virtues of ourselves, and of our posterity.

If classical history has been found to be, is now, and shall continue to be, the concomitant of free institutions, and of popular eloquence, what a field is opening to us for another Herodotus, another Thucydides, and another Livy! And let me say, gentlemen, that if we, and our posterity, shall be true to the Christian religion, if we and they shall live always in the fear of God, and shall respect his commandments, if we, and they, shall maintain just, moral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life, we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country; and if we maintain those institutions of government and that political union, exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations, we may be sure of one thing, that, while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the Historic Art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no Decline and Fall. It will go on prospering and to prosper. But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound

obscurity. Should that catastrophe happen, let it have no history. Let the horrible narrative never be written! Let its fate be like that of the lost books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read, or the missing Pleiad, of which no man can ever know more, than that it is lost, and lost forever!

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THE LEADERSHIP OF EDUCATED MEN.  
From "Orations and Addresses of George William  
Curtis." Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers. By  
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

EVERY educated man is aware of a profound popular distrust of the courage and sagacity of the educated class. Franklin and Lincoln are good enough for us, exclaims this jealous skepticism; as if Franklin and Lincoln did not laboriously repair by vigorous study the want of early opportunity. The scholar appealing to experience is proudly told to close his books, for what has America to do with experience? as if books were not the ever-burning lamps of accumulated wisdom. When Voltaire was insulted by the London mob, he turned at his door and complimented them upon the nobleness of their national character, their glorious constitution, and their love of liberty. The London mob did not feel the sarcasm. But when I hear that America may scorn experience because she is a law to herself, I remember that a few years ago a foreign observer came to the city of Washington, and said: "I did not fully comprehend your greatness until I saw your Congress. Then I felt that if you could stand that you could stand anything, and I understood the saying that God takes care of children, drunken men, and the United States."

The scholar is denounced as a coward. Humanity falls among thieves, we are told, and the college Levite, the educated Pharisee, pass by on the other side. Slavery undermines the Republic, but the clergy in America are the educated class, and the Church makes itself the bulwark of slavery. Strong drink slays its tens of thousands, but the educated

class leaves the gospel of temperance to be preached by the ignorant and the enthusiast, as the English Establishment left the preaching of regeneration to Methodist itinerants in fields and barns. Vast questions cast their shadows upon the future: the just relations of capital and labor; the distribution of land; the towering power of corporate wealth; reform in administrative methods; but the educated class, says the critic, instead of advancing to deal with them promptly, wisely, and courageously, and settling them as morning dissipates the night, without a shock, leaves them to be kindled to fury by demagogues, lifts a panic cry of communism, and sinks paralyzed with terror. It is the old accusation. Erasmus was the great pioneer of modern scholarship. But in the fierce contest of the Reformation Luther denounced him as a time-server and a coward. With the same feeling, Theodore Parker, the spiritual child of Luther, asked of Goethe, "Tell me, what did he ever do for the cause of man?" and when nothing remained for his country but the dread alternative of slavery or civil war, Parker exclaimed sadly of the class to which he belonged, "If our educated men had done their duty, we should not now be in the ghastly condition we bewail."

Gentlemen, we belong to the accused class. Its honor and dignity are very precious to us. Is this humiliating arraignment true? Does the educated class of America especially deserve this condemnation of political recreancy and moral cowardice? Faithless scholars, laggard colleges, bigoted pulpits, there may be; signal instances you may find of feebleness and pusillanimity. This has been always true.

But remember what Coleridge said to Washington Allston, "Never judge a work of art by its defects." The proper comment to make upon recreant scholars is that of Brummel's valet upon the tumbled cambric in his hands, "These are our failures." Luther, impatient of the milder spirit of Erasmus and Colet and Sir Thomas More, might well have called them our failures, because he was of their class, and while they counselled moderation, his fiery and impetuous soul sought to seize triple-crowned error and drag it from its throne. But Luther was no less a scholar, and stands equally with them for the scholarly class and the heroism of educated men. Even Erasmus said of him with friendly wit, "He has hit the Pope on the crown and the monks on the belly." If the cowed scholars of the Church rejected him, and universities under their control renounced and condemned him, yet Luther is justified in saying, as he sweeps his hand across them and speaks for himself and for the scholars who stood with him, "These are not our representatives; these are our failures."

But still further, it is educated citizenship which, while defining the rightful limitation of the power of the majority, is most loyal to its legitimate authority, and foremost always in rescuing it from the treachery of political peddlers and parasites. The rural statesmen who founded the Republic saw in vision a homogeneous and intelligent community, the peace and prosperity and intelligence of the State reflected in the virtue and wisdom of the government. But is this our actual America or a glimpse of Arcadia? Is this the United States or Plato's Republic or Harrington's Oceana or Sir Thomas More's Utopia? What are the

political maxims of the hour? In Rome, do as the Romans do. Fight fire with fire. Beat the devil with his own weapons. Take men as they are, and don't affect superior goodness. Beware of the politics of the moon and of Sunday-school statesmanship. This is our current political wisdom and the results are familiar. "This is a nasty State," cries the eager partisan, "and I hope we have done nasty work enough to carry it." "The conduct of the opposition," says another, "was infamous. They resorted to every kind of base and contemptible means, and, thank God, we have beaten them at their own game." The majority is overthrown by the political machinery intended to secure its will. The machinery is oiled by corruption and grinds the honest majority to powder. And it is educated citizenship, the wisdom and energy of men who are classed as prigs, pedants, and impracticables, which is first and most efficient in breaking the machinery and releasing the majority. It was this which rescued New York from Tweed, and which everywhere challenges and demolishes a Tweed tyranny by whatever name it may be known.

Take from the country at this moment the educated power, which is contemned as romantic and sentimental, and you would take from the army its general, from the ship its compass, from national action its moral mainspring. It is not the demagogue and the shouting rabble; it is the people heeding the word of the thinker and the lesson of experience, which secures the welfare of the American republic and enlarges human liberty.

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THE BETTER PART. Reprinted with permission.  
By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

**M**R. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen: On an important occasion in the life of the Master, when it fell to Him to pronounce judgment on two courses of action, these memorable words fell from His lips: "And Mary hath chosen the better part." This was the supreme test in the case of an individual. It is the highest test in the case of a race or nation. Let us apply this test to the American Negro.

In the life of our Republic, when he has had the opportunity to choose, has it been the better or worse part? When in the childhood of this nation the Negro was asked to submit to slavery or choose death and extinction, as did the aborigines, he chose the better part, that which perpetuated the race.

When in 1776 the Negro was asked to decide between British oppression and American independence, we find him choosing the better part, and Crispus Attucks, a Negro, was the first to shed his blood on State Street, Boston, that the white American might enjoy liberty forever, though his race remained in slavery.

When in 1814 at New Orleans the test of patriotism came again, we find the Negro choosing the better part, and Gen. Andrew Jackson himself testifying that no heart was more loyal and no arm more strong and useful in defence of righteousness.

When the long and memorable struggle came between union and separation, when he knew that victory on the one hand meant freedom, and defeat on the other his continued enslavement, with a full knowledge of the portentous meaning of it all, when the suggestion and the temptation came to burn the home



and massacre wife and children during the absence of the master in battle, and thus insure his liberty, we find him choosing the better part, and for four long years protecting and supporting the helpless, defenceless ones entrusted to his care.

When in 1863 the cause of the Union seemed to quiver in the balance, and there was doubt and distrust, the Negro was asked to come to the rescue in arms, and the valor displayed at Fort Wagner and Port Hudson and Fort Pillow, testify most eloquently again that the Negro chose the better part.

When, a few months ago, the safety and honor of the Republic were threatened by a foreign foe, when the wail and anguish of the oppressed from a distant isle reached his ears, we find the Negro forgetting his own wrongs, forgetting the laws and customs that discriminate against him in his own country, and again we find our black citizen choosing the better part. And if you would know how he deported himself in the field at Santiago, apply for answer to Shafter and Roosevelt and Wheeler. Let them tell how the Negro faced death and laid down his life in defence of honor and humanity, and when you have gotten the full story of the heroic conduct of the Negro in the Spanish-American war—heard it from the lips of Northern soldiers and Southern soldiers, from ex-abolitionist and ex-master, then decide within yourselves whether a race that is thus willing to die for its country should not be given the highest opportunity to live for its country.

In the midst of all the complaints of suffering in the camp and field, suffering from fever and hunger, where is the official or citizen that has heard a word of

complaint from the lips of a black soldier? The only request that has come from the Negro soldier has been that he might be permitted to replace the white soldier when heat and malaria began to decimate the ranks of the white regiment, and to occupy at the same time the post of greatest danger.

This country has been most fortunate in her victories. She has twice measured arms with England and has won. She has met the spirit of rebellion within her borders and was victorious. She has met the proud Spaniard and he lies prostrate at her feet. All this is well, it is magnificent. But there remains one other victory for Americans to win—a victory as far-reaching and important as any that has occupied our army and navy. We have succeeded in every conflict, except the effort to conquer ourselves in the blotting out of racial prejudices. We can celebrate the era of peace in no more effectual way than by a firm resolve on the part of Northern men and Southern men, black men and white men, that the trenches which we together dug around Santiago shall be the eternal burial place of all that which separates us in our business and civil relations. Let us be as generous in peace as we have been brave in battle. Until we thus conquer ourselves, I make no empty statement when I say that we shall have, especially in the Southern part of our country, a cancer gnawing at the heart of the Republic, that shall one day prove as dangerous as an attack from an army without or within.

In this presence and on this auspicious occasion, I want to present the deep gratitude of nearly ten millions of my people to our wise, patient and brave Chief Executive for the generous manner in which my race

has been recognized during this conflict. A recognition that has done more to blot out sectional and racial lines than any event since the dawn of our freedom.

I know how vain and impotent is all abstract talk on this subject. In your efforts to "rise on stepping stones of your dead selves," we of the black race shall not leave you unaided. We shall make the task easier for you by acquiring property, habits of thrift, economy, intelligence and character, by each making himself of individual worth in his own community. We shall aid you in this as we did a few days ago at El Caney and Santiago, when we helped you to hasten the peace we here celebrate. You know us; you are not afraid of us. When the crucial test comes, you are not ashamed of us. We have never betrayed or deceived you. You know that as it has been, so it will be. Whether in war or in peace, whether in slavery or in freedom, we have always been loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

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CORN LAWS. By THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD  
MACAULAY.

GENTLEMEN, both the capitalist and the labourer have been gainers, as they ought to have been gainers, by the diminution in the price of bread. But there is a third party, which ought not to have gained by that diminution, and yet has gained very greatly by it; and that party is Her Majesty's present government. It is for the interest of rulers that those whom they rule should be prosperous. But the prosperity which we have lately enjoyed was a prosperity for which we were not indebted to our rulers. It came in spite of them. It was produced by the cheapness of that which they had laboured to render dear. Under pretence of making us independent of foreign supply, they have established a system which makes us dependent in the worst possible way. As my valued friend, the Lord Provost, has justly said, there is a mutual dependence among nations of which we cannot get rid. That Providence has assigned different productions to different climates is a truth with which everybody is familiar. But this is not all. Even in the same climate different productions belong to different stages of civilization. As one latitude is favorable to the vine and another to the sugar-cane, so there is, in the same latitude, a state of society in which it is desirable that the industry of men should be almost entirely directed towards the cultivation of the earth, and another state of society in which it is desirable that a large part of the population should be employed in manufactures. No dependence can be conceived more natural, more salutary, more free from everything like degradation than the mutual dependence

which exists between a nation which has a boundless extent of fertile land, and a nation which has a boundless command of machinery; between a nation whose business is to turn deserts into corn fields, and a nation whose business is to increase tenfold by ingenious processes the value of the fleece and of the rude iron ore. Even if that dependence were less beneficial than it is, we must submit to it; for it is inevitable. Make what laws we will, we must be dependent on other countries for a large part of our food. That point was decided when England ceased to be an exporting country. For, gentlemen, it is demonstrable that none but a country which ordinarily exports food can be independent of foreign supplies. If a manufacturer determines to produce ten thousand pair of stockings, he will produce the ten thousand, and neither more nor less. But an agriculturist cannot determine that he will produce ten thousand quarters of corn, and neither more nor less. That he may be sure of having ten thousand quarters in a bad year, he must sow such a quantity of land that he will have much more than ten thousand in a good year. It is evident that, if our island does not in ordinary years produce many more quarters than we want, it will in bad years produce fewer quarters than we want. And it is equally evident that our cultivators will not produce more quarters of corn than we want, unless they can export the surplus at a profit. Nobody ventures to tell us that Great Britain can be ordinarily an exporting country. It follows that we must be dependent; and the only question is, Which is the best mode of dependence? That question is not difficult to answer. Go to Lancashire; see that multitude of cities, some of them

equal in size to the capitals of large kingdoms. Look at the warehouses, the machinery, the canals, the railways, the docks. See the stir of that hive of human beings busily employed in making, packing, conveying stuffs which are to be worn in Canada and Caffraria, in Chili and Java. You naturally ask, How is this immense population, collected on an area which will not yield food for one-tenth part of them, to be nourished? But change the scene. Go beyond the Ohio, and there you will see another species of industry equally extensive and equally flourishing. You will see the wilderness receding fast before the advancing tide of life and civilization, vast harvests waving round the black stumps of what a few months ago was a pathless forest, and cottages, barns, mills, rising amidst the haunts of the wolf and the bear. Here is more than enough corn to feed the artisans of our thickly peopled island; and most gladly would the grower of that corn exchange it for a Sheffield knife, a Birmingham spoon, a warm coat of Leeds woollen cloth, a light dress of Manchester cotton. But this exchange our rulers prohibit. They say to our manufacturing population, "You would willingly weave clothes for the people of America, and they would gladly sow wheat for you; but we prohibit this intercourse. We condemn both your looms and their ploughs to inaction. We will compel you to pay a high price for a stinted meal. We will compel those who would gladly be your purveyors and your customers to be your rivals. We will compel them to turn manufacturers in self-defence; and when, in close imitation of us, they impose high duties on British goods for the protection of their own produce, we will, in our speeches and despatches, express wonder and pity at their strange ignorance of political economy."

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THE IDEAL LAWYER. By JOHN W. GRIGGS.

GENTLEMEN of the graduating class of the Yale Law School: I commend to you the cultivation of a spirit that will enable you to take a healthy, sound, and cheerful view of the struggles and movements of society, of law, and of government, believing that their tendency is toward improvement, not deterioration. I would wish you to realize and appreciate the humane direction in which recent reforms of jurisprudence have been progressing, and to see to it that, so far as you can aid, the spirit of mercifulness shall not be suffered to decline. The further maintenance of the high authority and repute of our Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence as the foundation of our progress and prosperity and the safeguard of our liberties is intrusted to the bar. The world will judge of the system according to the manner in which its ministers administer it. Beyond his immediate duty to his client, the lawyer has a larger and wider sphere of duty to the State in illustrating, supporting, and maintaining the priceless value of that system of law and justice which is the heritage of the American people. As the character of the members of that profession is sound, patriotic and pure, so will legislation, the administration of public office and general public sentiment continue upon lines of justice, safety and conservatism.

So I urge you not to strive exclusively for the pecuniary rewards of your profession, but to look forward to a career of influence and usefulness that shall include your neighborhood, your State, your country, within its beneficent reach. For your example let me commend the ideal of the good lawyer—I do not say the great, but the good lawyer—an ideal that has been

realized in the life of every substantial city and court, especially in the older neighborhoods; a man of kindly and benignant disposition, friendly alike with his well-to-do and his poorer fellow-townsmen, acquainted with their habits and individual history, and with a pretty accurate notion of their opinions and prejudices as well as of their ways and means; genial and sociable, yet dignified and self-contained; of staid and comfortable appearance; in manner alert; in conversation always moderate and respectful; shrewd in his observations; wise, but with perennial humor and love of pleasantry; as a citizen always concerned and active in the interests of his town, his State and his country; not an agitator, nor a perpetual fault-finder, nor giving out the intimation that he is better or wiser than others; but ready to confer, to adjust, to agree, to get the best possible if not the utmost that is desirable; to him the people turn in local emergencies for guidance and counsel on their public affairs, even partisanship fearing not to trust to his honor and wisdom; so free from all cause of offence that there is no tongue to lay a word against his pure integrity—too dignified and respectful to tempt familiarity; too genial and generous to provoke envy or jealousy; revered by his brethren of the bar; helpful and kindly to the young; in manner suave and polite, with a fine courtliness of the old flavor—what Clarendon described in John Hampden as “a flowing courtesy toward all men”; successful, of course, in his practice, but caring less for its profits than for the forensic and intellectual delight which the study and practice of the law bring to him; he knows much of the old “learning in the law”—can tell you of fines, of double vouchers and



recoveries, of the "Rule in Shelly's Case"—though he keeps all these things in mind as collectors treasure their antiques and curios, more as objects of art and historical interest than of practical utility. His mind is grounded upon the broad and deep principles of jurisprudence rather than upon "wise saws and modern instances"; but over all is reflected the illumination of a strong common sense and a refined tactfulness. To his clients he is an object of confidence and real affection; the secure depository of family secrets, and the safe guide and counsellor in trouble and difficulty; composing, not stirring up strife, but when in actual trial strong, aggressive, confident; never quibbling or dissembling; respectful to witnesses, to jurors and to judge, as well as to his adversary.

In the judgment and feeling of the community there is something of the venerable and illustrious attached to his name; not for his learning in the law nor for his success as an advocate, nor for his usefulness to his fellow-citizens as a counsellor and guide, but for the benignant influence of his whole life and character; and when he dies to every mind there comes a suggestion of the epitaph that shall most fittingly preserve the estimate which the people have formed of him—"The just man and the counsellor."

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NAPOLEON THE LITTLE. By VICTOR HUGO.

I HAVE entered the lists with the actual ruler of Europe, for it is well for the world that I should exhibit the picture. Louis Bonaparte is the intoxication of triumph. He is the incarnation of merry yet savage despotism. He is the mad plenitude of power seeking for limits, but finding them not, neither in men nor facts. Louis Bonaparte holds France—*Urbem Romam habet*; and he who holds France holds the world. He is master of the votes, master of consciences, master of the people; he names his successor, does away with eternity, and places the future in a sealed envelope. His Senate, his Legislative Body, with lowered heads, creep behind him and lick his heels. He takes up or drops the bishops and cardinals; he tramples upon justice which curses him, and upon judges who worship him. Thirty eager newspaper correspondents inform the world that he has frowned, and every electric wire quivers if he raises his little finger. Around him is heard the clanking of the sabre and the roll of the drum. He is seated in the shadow of the eagles, begirt by ramparts and bayonets. Free people tremble and conceal their liberty lest he should rob them of it. The great American Republic even hesitates before him, and dares not withdraw her ambassador. Kings look at him with a smile from the midst of their armies, though their hearts be full of dread. Where will he begin? Belgium, Switzerland, or Piedmont?

Europe awaits his invasion. He is able to do as he wishes, and he dreams of impossibilities. Well, this master, this triumphant conqueror, this vanquisher, this dictator, this emperor, this all-powerful man, one

lonely man, robbed and ruined, dares to rise up and attack. Louis Napoleon has ten thousand cannons and five hundred thousand soldiers; I have but a pen and a bottle of ink. I am a mere nothing, a grain of dust, a shadow, an exile without a home, a vagrant without even a passport; but I have at my side two mighty auxiliaries,—God, who is invincible, and Truth, which is immortal.

Certainly Providence might have chosen a more illustrious champion for this duel to the death,—some stronger athlete; but what matters the man when it is the cause that fights?

However it may be, it is good for the world to gaze upon this spectacle. For what is it but intelligence striking against brute force? I have but one stone for my sling; but it is a good one, for its name is Justice!

I am attacking Louis Bonaparte when he is at the height and zenith of his power, at the hour when all bend before him. All the better; this is what suits me best.

Yes, I attack Louis Bonaparte; I attack him openly, before all the world. I attack him before God and man. I attack him boldly and recklessly for love of the people and for love of France. He is going to be an emperor. Let him be one; but let him remember that, though you may secure an empire, you cannot secure an easy conscience!

This is the man by whom France is governed! Governed, do I say?—possessed in supreme and sovereign sway! And every day, and every morning, by his decrees, by his messages, by all the incredible drivel which he parades in the “*Moniteur*,” this emigrant, who knows not France, teaches France her

lesson! and this ruffian tells France he has saved her! And from whom? From herself! Before him, Providence committed only follies; God was waiting for him to reduce everything to order; at last he has come! For thirty-six years there had been in France all sorts of pernicious things,—the tribune, a vociferous thing; the press, an obstreperous thing; thought, an insolent thing, and liberty, the most crying abuse of all. But he came, and for the tribune he has substituted the Senate; for the press, the censorship; for thought, imbecility; and for liberty, the sabre; and by the sabre and the Senate, by imbecility and censorship, France is saved. Saved, bravo! And from whom, I repeat? From herself. For what was this France of ours, if you please? A horde of marauders and thieves, of anarchists, assassins, and demagogues. She had to be manacled, had this mad woman, France; and it is Monsieur Bonaparte Louis who puts the handcuffs on her. Now she is in a dungeon, on a diet of bread and water, punished, humiliated, garotted, safely cared for. Be not disturbed; Monsieur Bonaparte, a policeman stationed at the Elysée, is answerable for her to Europe. He makes it his business to be so; this wretched France is in the strait-jacket, and if she stirs—Ah, what is this spectacle before our eyes? Is it a dream? Is it a nightmare? On one side a nation, the first of nations, and on the other, a man, the last of men; and this is what this man does to this nation. What! he tramples her under his feet, he laughs in her face, he mocks and taunts her, he disowns, insults, and flouts her! What! he says, “I alone am worthy of consideration!” What! in this land of France where none would dare to slap the face of his fellow,

this man can slap the face of the nation? Oh, the abominable shame of it all! Every time that Monsieur Bonaparte spits, every face must be wiped! And this can last! and you tell me it will last! No! No! by every drop in every vein, no! It shall not last! Ah, if this did last, it would be in very truth because there would no longer be a God in heaven, nor a France on earth!

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THE CUMBERLAND ROAD. By THOMAS CORWIN.

MR. SPEAKER, I have one word to say, before I sit down, to the gentleman from Kentucky. He spoke the other day in opposition to this bill. He did not deny that the Cumberland road might be useful; but, as he could obtain no money here to enable his people to build dams and make slack-water navigation on Green River, he would not help us to make a road on the northern side of the Ohio. And then the gentleman proceeded in a grave disquisition upon our constitutional powers to make roads and improve rivers. What says the Constitution? "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, among the several States, and with the Indian tribes." What is the gentleman's commentary? You have, says he, a clear and undoubted right to improve rivers, but not so of roads. And why, Mr. Speaker, why? Do you, sir, remember the reason for this distinction? It was this: "Providence," says the gentleman, "has marked out rivers as the proper channels and avenues of commerce." What a beautiful and exalted piety is here shedding its clear light upon the dark mysteries of constitutional law! And then how logical the conclusion! Thus runs the argument: Since it is not the will of God that commerce should be carried on on dry land, but only on the water, the powers over commerce, given in the Constitution by our pious ancestors, must be understood as limited by the Divine commands; and therefore, says he, you have power to remove sand-bars and islands, to make a channel which Providence has begun and left unfinished; but beware, he would say, "how you cut down a tree, or remove a

rock, on the dry land, to complete what Providence has begun there. You have no power by law to do this last; besides, it is impious, it is not the will of God."

Mr. Speaker, I know of no parallel to this charming philosophy, unless it is to be found in the sayings of Mause Hedrigg, an elderly Scotch lady, who figures in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. In one of her evangelical moods, she rebuked her son Cuddie for using a fan, or any work of art, to clean his barley. She said it was an awesome denial o' Providence not to wait his own time, when he would surely send wind to winnow the chaff out of the grain. In the same spirit of enlightened philosophy does the gentleman exhort us in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to cease our impious road-making, and wait the good time of Providence, who will, as he seems to think, surely send a river to run from Cumberland over the Alleghanies, across the Ohio, and so on, in its heaven-directed course, to St. Louis. Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kentucky is not the author of this theory. Our Atlantic brethren, especially of the South, have long held the same doctrine. They have long since discovered that our glorious Constitution was nothing more at last than a fish! made for the water, and which can only live in the water. According to their views, he is a goodly fish, of marvellous proper uses and functions while you keep him in the water; but the moment he touches dry land, lo! he suffocates and dies. The only difference between this school of constitutional lawyers and the gentleman from Kentucky is this: he believes that your Constitution is a fish that thrives in all waters, and especially in Green River slack-water;

whereas, his brethren of the South insist that he can only live in salt water. With them the doctrine is, wherever the tide ceases to flow, he dies. He can live and thrive in a little tide creek, which a thirsty mosquito would drink dry in a hot day; but place him on or under the majestic wave of the Mississippi, and in an instant he expires. Mr. Speaker, who can limit the range of science? What hand can stay the march of mind? Heretofore we have studied the science of law to help us in our understanding of the Constitution. Some have brought metaphysical learning to this aid. But now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, these labors are all ended. Ichthyology, sir, is the key to open all the doors that have hitherto barred our approaches to truth. According to this new school of philosophy, if you just teach coming generations the "nature of fish," those great problems in constitutional law that vexed and worried the giant intellects of Hamilton, Madison and Marshall are at once revealed and made plain to the dullest peasant in the land. Sir, if I appear to trifle with this grave subject, the fault is not mine; it arises from the singular nature and contrariant character of those arguments which I am most unwillingly compelled to combat.



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## RUSSIA THE ANTAGONIST OF THE UNITED STATES. By LOUIS KOSSUTH.

LADIES and Gentlemen: When, four years ago, the tidings of our struggle made the scarcely before known name of Hungary familiar to you, sympathy for a nobly defended noble cause moved your hearts to rejoice at our victories, to feel anxiety about our dangers.

You were far from anticipating that the issue of our struggle would become an opportunity for your country to take that position which Divine Providence has evidently assigned to you; I mean the position of a power, not restricted in its influence to the Western Hemisphere, but reaching across the earth. You had not thought that it is the struggle of Hungary which will call on you to fulfil the prophecy of Canning; who comprehended, that it is the destiny of the New World to redress the balance of power in the Old.

The universal importance of our contest has been but late revealed. It has been revealed by the interference of Russia, by our fall, and by its more threatening results.

And it is indeed your destiny. Russian diplomacy could never boast of a greater and more fatal victory than it had a right to boast, should it succeed to persuade the United States not to care about her—Russia accomplishing her aim to become the ruling power in Europe; the ruling power in Asia; the ruling power of the Mediterranean Sea. That would be indeed a great triumph to Russian diplomacy, greater than her triumph over Hungary; a triumph dreadful to all humanity, but to nobody more dreadful than to your own future.

You may perhaps believe that that triumph of diplomacy is impossible in America. But I am sorry to say, that it has a dangerous ally, in the propensity to believe, that the field of American policy is limited geographically; that there is a field for American, and there is a field for European policy, and that these fields are distinct, and that it is your interest to keep them distinct.

Gentlemen, I have often heard the remark, that if the United States do not care for the policy of the world, they will continue to grow internally, and will soon become the mightiest realm on earth, a Republic of a hundred millions of energetic freemen, strong enough to defy all the rest of the world, and to control the destinies of mankind. And surely this is your glorious lot; but only under the condition that no hostile combination, before you have in peace and in tranquillity grown so strong, arrests by craft and violence your giant-course; and this again is possible, only under the condition that Europe become free, and the league of despots become not sufficiently powerful to check the peaceful development of your strength. But Russia, too, the embodiment of the principle of despotism, is working hard for the development of her power. Whilst you grow internally, her able diplomacy has spread its nets all over the continent of Europe. There is scarcely a Prince there but feels honored to be an underling of the great Czar; the despots are all leagued against the freedom of the nations; and should the principle of absolutism consolidate its power, and lastingly keep down the nations, then it must, even by the instinct of self-preservation, try to check the further development of your Republic.

The despots are scheming to muzzle the English lion. You see already how they are preparing for this blow—that Russia may become mistress of Constantinople, by Constantinople mistress of the Mediterranean, and by the Mediterranean of three-quarters of the globe. Egypt, Macedonia, Asia-Minor, the country and early home of the cotton plant, are then the immediate provinces of Russia, a realm with twenty million serfs, subject to its policy and depending on its arbitrary will.

Here is a circumstance highly interesting to the United States. Constantinople is the key to Russia. To be preponderant, she knows it is necessary for her to be a maritime power. The Black Sea is only a lake, like Lake Leman; the Baltic is frozen five months in a year. These are all the seas she possesses. Constantinople is the key to the palace of the Czars. Russia is already omnipotent on the Continent; once master of the Mediterranean, it is not difficult to see that the power which already controls three-quarters of the world, will soon have the fourth quarter.

Whilst the victory of the nations of Europe would open to you the markets, till now closed to your products, the consolidation of despotism destroys your commerce unavoidably. If your wheat, your tobacco, your cotton, were excluded from Europe but for one year, there is no farm, no plantation, no banking-house, which would not feel the terrible shock of such a convulsion.

And hand-in-hand with the commercial restrictions you will then see an establishment of monarchies from Cape Horn to the Rio Grande del Norte. Cuba becomes a battery against the mouth of the Missis-

issippi; the Sandwich Islands a barrier to your commerce on the Pacific; Russian diplomacy will foster your domestic dissensions and rouse the South against the North, and the North against the South, the sea-coast against the inland States, and the inland States against the sea-coast, the Pacific interests against the Atlantic interests; and when discord paralyzes your forces, then comes at last the foreign interference, preceded by the declaration, that the European powers having, with your silent consent, inscribed into the code of international law the principle that every foreign power has the right to interfere in the domestic affairs of any nation when these become a dangerous example, and your example and your republican principles being dangerous to the absolutist powers, and your domestic dissensions dangerous to the order and tranquillity of Europe, therefore they consider it their "duty to interfere in America." And Europe being oppressed, you will have, single handed, to encounter the combined forces of the world. I say no more about this subject. America will remember then the poor exile, if it does not in time enter upon that course of policy which the intelligence of Massachusetts, together with the young instinct of Ohio, are the foremost to understand and to advance.

A man of your own State, a President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, with enlarged sagacity, accepted the Panama Mission, to consider the action of the Holy Alliance upon the interests of the South American Republics.

Now, I beg you to reflect, gentlemen, how South America is different from Europe, as respects your own country. Look at the thousand ties that bind you

to Europe. In Washington, a Senator from California, a generous friend of mine, told me he was thirty days by steamer from the seat of Government. Well, you speak of distance—just give me a good steamer and good sailors, and you will in twenty days see the flag of freedom raised in Hungary.

I remember that when one of your glorious Stars (Florida, I think it was) was about to be introduced, the question of discussion and objection became, that the distance was great. It was argued that the limits of the government would be extended so far, that its duties could not be properly attended to. The President answered, that the distance was not too great, if the seat of government could be reached in thirty days. So far you have extended your territory; and I am almost inclined to ask my poor Hungary to be accepted as a Star in your glorious galaxy. She might become a star in this immortal constellation, since she is not so far as thirty days off from you.

What little English I know, I learned from your Shakespeare, and I learned from him that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." Who knows what the future may bring forth? I trust in God that all nations will become free, and that they will be united for the internal interests of humanity, and in that galaxy of freedom I know what place the United States will have.

One word more. When John Quincy Adams assumed for the United States the place of a power on earth, he was objected to, because it was thought possible that that step might give offence to the Holy Alliance. His answer was in these memorable words:

"The United States must take counsel of their rights and duties, and not from their fears."

The Anglo-Saxon race represents constitutional governments. If it be united for these, we shall have what we want, Fair Play; and, relying "upon our God, the justness of our cause, iron wills, honest hearts and good swords," my people will strike once more for freedom, independence, and for Fatherland.

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EDWIN BOOTH. From "Commemorative Addresses by Parke Godwin." Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted with permission. By PARKE GODWIN.

LIKE a light in the skies he has now passed below the dews and damps of the horizon; but may we not say of him with our earliest of poets, that

"The soft mem'ry of his virtues yet  
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set"?

May we not say of him, as of the good Duncan, that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well," leaving behind him no rankling animosities, no unadjusted wrongs, no bitter remembrances, only sorrow and a grateful sense of his genius and goodness? In life, no doubt, he had his enemies—who has not?—but no one ever learned that fact from his own lips. There were those, perhaps, even of his own profession, who exaggerated his hereditary traits into personal faults, but it produced no bitter resentment in his heart. For thirty years that I knew him with more or less intimacy I never heard him speak an unkind word of any human being. Yet he was as unassuming as he was generous, and I may add that during that long interval I never heard him speak unduly of himself, or of himself at all save in connection with some project for the public good.

Affliction fell upon him,—the early death of his father—whom he loved and honored—the withering of that fair flower now "enskied and sainted," around whose being the tenderest fibres of his heart were strung—that great public calamity, which for a moment blotted his heaven of future hope and happi-

ness; but these misfortunes, while they may have deepened the lines of thought on his forehead, never galled his heart with a drop of despair or pessimism. Recovering with elastic spirit from every blow, he kept the even tenor of his way in the discharge of his duty, as he conceived it. The other day, in taking up his copy of "Macready's Reminiscences," I found near the close, where the veteran actor expresses dissatisfaction with his life, that Mr. Booth had penciled on the margin: "What would this man have? Blessed with education, with a loving family, with fame and fortune and the friendship of the great, he ought to have been supremely happy."

Mr. Booth was not supremely happy—few are; but he enjoyed life. He enjoyed it because he had discovered the true secret of tranquillity and content—the use of his faculties and his fortune, not as a means of self-indulgence or ostentation, but for the furtherance of general ends. Scarcely one of his more intimate friends but could tell you of some dark home brightened, of some decayed gentleman or gentlewoman raised to comfort and cheerfulness by his unseen but timely intervention. He had learned the deep wisdom of that epigram of Martial, which perhaps he had never read, which says that "what we possess and try to keep flies away, but what we give away remains a joyful possession forever." It was for this his friends not only admired him, but loved him; and it was for this the greater public mingled with its admiration of the artist its attachment to the man. For, strange as it may seem, this man who had passed his life in the expression of simulated sentiments was in his own life the sincerest and truest of men. This man, who, like



a nomad, had spent his days in wandering over the earth, prized above all things else the retirement and seclusion of the home; this conspicuous leader of a profession more than others exposed to temptation, preserved himself as pure as the wind-sifted snow of the mountains; and he, the popular idol, who had only to appear upon the boards to awaken round upon round of rapturous applause, dreaded notoriety, shunned the crowd, and loved to be alone with his own thoughts. How gentle he was there I cannot tell you—as gentle as the breeze that will not detach the delicate blossom from the stem; nor how strong he was in his adherence to duty—as strong as the oak that no blasts from the hills can pull up by its roots.

Therefore it was that a strong personal feeling pervaded his popularity. Recall those final days, when he was laid upon the couch of pain, and remember how eagerly we followed the bulletins, rejoicing when they were favorable and sorrowing when they were not so. Tried skill and devoted affection were gathered about that couch—the affections of life-long friends, and of one, the image of her who had long since gone to prepare his way; but neither skill nor affection could delay the death-hour, and when, on that sweet, soft day of June, as light and warmth were broadening over the earth, and the trees had put on a fuller and richer green, it was announced that his eyes were finally closed on all this brightness and beauty—how instinctively we exclaimed with Horatio, bending over the prostrate form of Hamlet, “Now cracks a noble heart!” and as the big tears flushed our eyes, how we added with him: “Good-night, sweet Prince! And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.” Indeed, may

we not repeat it here, "Good night, sweet Prince," and as we utter it may we not hear with our finer ears a responsive echo, floating with solemn softness, downward from the heights, "Good-night, dear friends, God bless you all; good-night!"

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INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I HAVE been exceedingly touched latterly by the kindness which I have received here in England from all classes, but never have I been more profoundly touched than by the deputation that has now waited upon me to express the kind wishes of the English Workingmen. I have twice had the pleasure of addressing workingmen since I have been in England, and I have been gratified to find that, among all the audiences to whom I have spoken, there were none more intelligent. They were exceedingly quick to catch all points and exceedingly agreeable to talk to.

You must not think that I have forgotten the part taken by the workingmen of England during our civil war—I won't say on behalf of the North, because now we are a united people—on the side of good order and freedom; and on the only occasion when I had an opportunity of saying so—that was when speaking to the provincial press in London—I alluded to the subject. I agree with you entirely on the importance of a good understanding and much more between England and the United States, and between the two chief branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. I think you exaggerate a good deal of my own merit in relation to anything of that sort, but I have always had a feeling about me that a war between the two countries would be a civil war, and I believe a cordial understanding between them to be absolutely essential, not only to the progress of reasonable liberty, but its preservation and its extension to other races.

It is a particular pleasure to me on another account to meet English workmen. I notice that, however

ardent they may be in their aspirations, and however theoretical on some points, they are always reasonable. The individual man may set the impossible before him as something to be obtained, but I think those communities of men have prospered the best who have aimed at what is possible. We see daily illustrations of that, and anybody who has studied the history of France would be convinced that, though England has a form of government not so free as that country, yet you have made a greater advance towards peace than France has done. I do not wish you to suppose that I am out of sympathy with what I call the French Revolution—although I consider it an enormous misfortune, which might have been prevented, and France saved from many evil consequences that followed—but the manner in which it took place we ought all to regard.

Since I have been in England I have done something, I trust, to promote a cordial feeling between this country and the United States. That has been my earnest desire always, and I hope I have to some extent succeeded. You will allow me to thank you warmly for your address, which I shall always feel to be among my most precious possessions, and I shall carry to the workmen on the other side of the Atlantic the message expressive of your sympathy and hope. I hope the occasion will not ever arise even for arbitration. I think if we can talk together face to face we shall be able to settle all differences. I am certain that the relations between the two countries are now of a most amicable and friendly kind, and I am sure that my successor is as strongly impressed as I could be with the necessity of strengthening those friendly rela-

tions. I trust the necessity for arbitration may never arise between us; I do not think it will.

You will again allow me to give you my most hearty and profound thanks for the kindness you have done me, and to wish you all manner of prosperity. I trust also that that reign of peace to which you allude may come soon and last long. I appreciate extremely what Mr. Cremer said as to your sympathy with the Northern States in the Civil War, with whom no one could help sympathizing if they went to the root of the matter. I believe in peace as strongly as any man can do, but I believe also that there are occasions when war is less disastrous than peace; that there are times when one must resort to what goes before all law, and what, indeed, forms the foundation of it—the law of the strongest; and that, as a general rule, the strongest deserve to get the best of the struggle. They say satirically that God is on the side of the strong battalions, but I think they are sometimes in the right, and my experience goes to prove that.

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THE TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL. From "Cambridge Sermons." Copyright, 1883. Reprinted with permission. By ALEXANDER McKENZIE.

WE stand among mysteries, are full of inquiries. A man's relation to God, a man's duty, the way of restoration to God which shall give him peace and assurance; a man's destiny and the way to make that destiny blessed—upon these themes the world has no clear voice, save where the gospel is preached. I wander from man to man with the serious thoughts which come to me, as I know that in a few years, at the most, I shall go hence. But no man tells me anything much better than I have thought out by myself. I stand among the open graves of your households, to hear you ask, "What is there beyond?" And all the schools are silent; the oracles are dumb. We utter our hope through our tears; the untaught centuries have added nothing to the human hopes. Knowledge was never so great as to-day; the pursuit of knowledge was never so vigorous; but all the study has not added a syllable which answers the questions which we must have answered; for whose answer we would be willing to deny ourselves much which men call knowledge.

This silence is significant when knowledge is so vast and is growing on every hand. Men are bringing the heavens down to the earth, and, walking along their streets, they are wakening the strong forces of forgotten generations, and their life flies through the air and swims through the seas as if it had not been dead for ages. Men are studying their own thoughts, and philosophy was never so venturesome, perhaps never so wise, as it is to-day. I can know almost anything that I want to know. Nothing is so distant in space

or so remote in time that I may not hope to know of it all which I need to know. With this knowledge rising about my feet, until I am half drowned with the mere names of the topics which it presents to me, I ask if there is nothing to be known of the things which are most important. I go through the libraries from shelf to shelf, from book to book, and they tell me almost everything but that which I must know. I press my inquiries and beg for a reply, and the wise men say, "We will teach you everything else; we will tell you what you sprung from; we will analyze your character; we will break the light into fragments and lay the stars as a glittering dust at your feet; but your duty you cannot know; your relation to God you cannot know; what comes after death you cannot know; the way of bringing peace to your conscience and righteousness to your life you cannot know." I say that we can know. In the name of growing, star-eyed science, we can know. In the name of fourteen hundred students in our university, we can know. In the name of our vast libraries, our bold search for truth, our accumulated, teeming, and overwhelming knowledge of everything else, we can know. I know that I can know. God, duty, life, destiny—I am sure that I can know them; and I find the knowledge in this gospel of God, which answers the questions with a voice that does not tremble; which gratifies this longing of the heart to whom these are the real, the practical things of life; and because the gospel comes to me doing what must be done, telling what I must know, supplementing all the growing knowledge of the world, it commends itself to my conscience in the sight of God. My conscience says that I can know my duty

and my destiny. The world says, "We cannot tell you your duty nor your destiny"; and my conscience smiles upon the revelation and glories in it.

In its rational method the gospel commends itself to the conscience. It addresses itself at once to the spirit. It recognizes the spiritual nature of man. That grand sentence, almost the grandest sentence in the Bible, which our Saviour uttered at the well of Samaria, when he said, "God is a spirit," finds its counterpart in another truth implied all through the Scriptures. It might be rendered in this way: Man is a spirit, and they that help him must help him in spirit and in truth. Some persons, claiming our respect, say, man is a spirit, and they that help him must build him a better house; they must give him a better social estate; they must provide a better government; they must invent a new kind of sepulchre. But the gospel is better; it goes directly to the spirit of man. That word "conscience" itself is a witness. What other system of religion clearly pronounces the word? What system of learning speaks the word "conscience" except as it takes it from the gospel? To the reason, to the affections, to the will—that is, to the man himself, Scripture appeals. It flashes no sword; it stretches out no sceptre; it paints no picture; it sings no song; it raises no glittering pageant which may delight and bewilder. It comes with the simple truth to the reason and heart of man. You may hear this truth of God in the stateliest cathedral with all its accompaniments of architecture and music. You may hear it in the camp of the soldier. The sailor may read it in his forecastle. The wrecked mariner may recall it upon the ocean rock. The prisoner may



remember it in the dungeon. The dying man may catch its words from the scroll at the foot of his bed. You may not have the book; you may recall but a single chapter, a single sentence of it; and that sentence, in its witness to God, and duty, and truth, and redemption, shall be enough to save a man into a righteous life and to give him a glorious hope.

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AFTER-DINNER SPEECH BEFORE THE HARVARD CLUB OF NEW YORK. By HENRY E. HOWLAND.

I FEEL the usual diffidence that should characterize the representative of a junior branch of the great family of which Harvard is the head, in appearing at your annual reunion; but, as the university from which I hail springs from your loins and you are responsible for its existence it is natural that I should feel the glow of family pride as you rehearse your achievements, and say as the little child did to her grandmother who had given a children's party: "Now, grandma, you must be very nice to us to-day, for if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandma at all."

There should be a proper amount of modesty in one called upon to address such an intelligent audience of educated men as I see before me, and I am conscious of it in the same sense as the patient who said to his physician: "I suffer a great deal from nervous dyspepsia, and I attribute it to the fact that I attend so many public dinners." "Ah, I see," said the doctor, "you are often called upon to speak, and the nervous apprehension upsets your digestion." "Not at all; my apprehension is entirely on account of the other speakers; I never say a thing;" and it is with some hesitation that I respond to your call, like the absent-minded deacon of convivial tendencies who was asked by his pastor at a prayer-meeting to lead in prayer, and he replied, remembering his experiences of the night before: "It isn't my lead; I dealt."

Following out that line of thought, there is a great deal that is attractive in a gathering of Harvard men.

They have such a winsome and a winning way with them.

Richest in endowments, foremost in progress, honored by the renown of a long line of distinguished sons, the university that claims you is worthy of the homage and respect which it receives from the educated men of America, wherever trained, and which it is my privilege to pay to her to-night, from the eldest daughter of her house, which seems to be in a condition of orphanage, for the head of that great family has taken himself away, and we are wandering about seeking a father, like the little boy who met a policeman in a crowd and said: "Please, sir; have you seen a man walking around without a little boy, 'cause I'se that little boy!"

The work accomplished by a university is the result of the combined labors of a large staff of educators, and, however important it may be that the direction should be under the guidance of a competent head, the result is due to the work of all and not to one alone, although the outside world is very apt to attribute the credit to the head of the family—like the little girl from town who was staying with some country cousins, and at breakfast one morning saw on the table a dish of honey, and regarding this as an opportunity to show her knowledge of country life, and with a desire to be polite and agreeable to her host, said smilingly as she looked at it: "Ah, I see you keep a bee!"

The study of the development of the human race by educational processes which change by necessity under changing conditions and environment, is one of the most interesting that we can engage in. The greatest men of this country, or any other, have not

always been made by the university, however it may be with the average. You cannot always tell by a man's degree what manner of a man he is likely to be.

But the value of a technical or academic training is apparent as time goes on, population increases, occupations multiply and compete, and the strife of life becomes more fierce and strenuous.

The leisure in which our fathers worked out their great problems of government, statesmanship and religion has been supplanted by an electric current which affects every phase of life, from the baby incubator to the electric chair, infusing an element of hurry into life and into its mental processes, with its trolleys, telephones, telegraphs, stenographers and typewriters, so that men live at such a rapid rate that before they get started they leave their brilliant futures behind them.

"It seems harder for men to be really great nowadays than it was years ago," said a student of history to a Western Senator. "That is true," he replied; "but I am inclined to think we get better paid for it now."

The Indian meal menu of our ancestors, or even Emerson's pie was a better basis for low living and high thinking than the elaborate one you have discussed this evening with unlimited confidence in the chef and in your own digestion. The diet of fish, which is a great nutriment for the development of the brain, has done a great deal for Massachusetts in the production of great men from 1620 to the present day, and receives the tribute of cultured Boston in the gilded codfish set up in the legislative halls of the Capitol of Massachusetts on Beacon Hill, and justifies the

answer of Artemas Ward to the youth who asked him the proper amount to eat for intellectual strength, and he replied: "I think in your case I would try a small-sized whale."

Many in these days seem to prefer notoriety to fame, because it runs along the line of least resistance. A man has to climb for fame, but he can get notoriety by an easy tumble. And others forget the one essential necessary to success, of personal effort, and, assuming there is a royal road to learning, are content with the distinction of a degree from a university, without caring for what it implies, and answer as the son did to his father who asked him: "Why don't you work, my son? If you only knew how much happiness work brings, you would begin at once." "Father, I am trying to lead a life of self-denial in which happiness cuts no figure; do not tempt me."

But notwithstanding all these tendencies, the level of mankind is raised at these fountains of learning, the tone is higher and the standards are continually advanced. The discipline and the training reaches and acts upon a willing and eager army of young recruits and works its salutary effect, like that upon a man who listened with rapt attention to a discourse from the pulpit and was congratulated upon his devotion, and asked if he was not impressed. "Yes," he replied, "for it is a mighty poor sermon that doesn't hit me somewhere."

However discouraging the action of our governing bodies through the obstruction and perverse action of an ignorant or corrupt majority or minority in them may be in the administration of great public affairs, the time at last comes when the nation arouses from its

lethargy, shakes off its torpor, shows the strain of its blood and follows its trained and intelligent leaders, like the man who, in a time of sore distress, after the ancient fashion, put ashes on his head, rent his garments, tore off his coat, his waistcoat, his shirt and his undershirt, and at last came to himself. At such times, by the universal voice of public opinion and amid hearty applause of the whole people, we welcome to public office and the highest responsible stations such men as Harvard has again given to the country, represented by two of her most distinguished sons, one of whom graces this board to-night and the other occupies the Governor's chair at Albany. Their promotion is our reward. It matters not to what family we belong—Harvard, Yale, Columbia, or Princeton—we are all of us one in our welcome to them, for they represent the university spirit and what it teaches—honor, high-mindedness, intelligence, truthfulness, unselfishness, courage and patriotism.

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## SECRET EXECUTIONS. By VICTOR HUGO.

AT Paris, we have come back to the time of secret executions; since July they no longer dare to decapitate in the town, for they are afraid. Here is what they do. They took lately from the Bicêtre prison a man, under sentence of death, named Desandrieux, I think; they put him into a sort of panier on two wheels, closed on every side, bolted and padlocked; then with a gendarme in front and another at the back, without noise or crowd, they proceeded to the deserted barrier of St. James. It was eight in the morning when they arrived, with but little light. There was a newly erected Guillotine, and for spectators, some dozens of little boys, grouped on the heaps of stones around the unexpected machine. Quickly they withdrew the man from the basket; and without giving him time to breathe, they furtively, secretly, shamefully, deprived him of life! And that is called a public and solemn act of high justice! Infamous derision! How, then, do the lawgivers understand the word civilization? To what point have we attained? Justice reduced to stratagems and frauds! The law reduced to expedient! Monstrous! A man condemned to death, it would seem, was greatly to be feared, since they put an end to him in this traitorous fashion!

Let us be just, however; the execution was not quite secret. In the morning, people hawked and sold, as usual, the sentence of death through the streets. It appears there are people who live by such sales. The crime of a hapless fellow-creature, his punishment, his torture, his agony, forms their stock in trade—a paper that they sell for a penny. Can one conceive

anything more hideous than this coin, verdigrised in blood?

Here are enough of facts; here are too many. Is not all this horrible? What can be alleged in favour of punishment by death?

I put this question seriously. I ask it that it may be answered; I ask it of Legislators, and not of literary gossips. I know there are people who take "the excellence of punishment by death" for the text of paradoxes, like any other theme; there are others who only advocate capital punishment because they hate so-and-so who attack it. It is for them almost a literary question, a question of persons, and proper names; these are the envious, who do not find more fault with good lawyers than with good artists. The Joseph Grippas are no more wanting to the Filangieri than the Torregiani to the Michael Angelos, and the Scuderias to the Corneilles.

It is not to these that I address myself, but to men of law, properly so called,—to logicians, to reasoners; to those who love the penalty of death for its beauty, its goodness, its grace!

Let them give their reasons.

Those who judge and condemn say that "punishment by death is necessary,—first, because it is requisite to remove from the social community a member which has already injured it, and might injure it again."

If this be all, perpetual imprisonment would suffice. What is the use of inflicting death? You argue that a prisoner may escape from gaol,—keep watch more strictly! If you do not believe in the solidity of iron bars, how do you venture to have menageries? Let



there be no executioner where the jailer can be sufficient.

They continue, "But society must avenge itself, society must punish."

Neither one nor the other; vengeance is an individual act, and punishment belongs to God. Society is between the two; punishment is above its power, retaliation beneath it. Society should not punish, to avenge itself; it should correct, to ameliorate others!

Their third and last reason remains, the theory of example. "We must make examples. By the sight of the fate inflicted on criminals, we must shock those who might otherwise be tempted to imitate them!"

Well, in the first place, I deny the power of the example. I deny that the sight of executions produces the desired effect. Far from edifying the common people, it demoralizes and ruins their feeling, injuring every virtue; proofs of this abound and would encumber my argument if I chose to cite them. I will allude to only one fact, amongst a thousand, because it is of recent occurrence. It happened only ten days back from the present moment; namely, on the 5th of March, the last day of the Carnival. At St. Pol, immediately after the execution of an incendiary named Louis Camus, a group of masqueraders came and danced round the still reeking scaffold!

Make, then, your fine examples! Shrove Tuesday will turn them into jest!

If, notwithstanding all experience, you still hold to the theory of example, then give us back the Sixteenth Century; be in reality formidable. Restore to us a variety of suffering; restore us the sworn torturers; restore us the gibbet, the wheel, the block, the rack,

the thumb-screw, the live-burial vault, the burning cauldron; restore us in the streets of Paris, as the most open shop among the rest, the hideous stall of the Executioner, constantly full of human flesh; give us back Montfauçon, its caves of bones, its beams, its crooks, its chains, its rows of skeletons; give us back, in its permanence and power, that gigantic outhouse of the Paris Executioner! This indeed would be wholesale example; this would be "punishment by death," well understood; this would be a system of execution in some proportion,—which, while it is horrible, is also terrible!

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THE DUTIES OF CHRISTIANITY. By LOUIS KOSSUTH.

O H! my people—thou heart of my heart, thou life of my life—to thee are bent the thoughts of my mind, and they will remain bent to thee, though all the world may frown.

Thou art oppressed, O my fatherland! because the principles of Christianity have not been executed in practice; because the duties of Christianity have not been fulfilled; because the precepts of Christianity have not been obeyed; because the law of Christianity did not control the policy of nations; because there are many impious governments to offend the law of Christ, but there was none to do the duties commanded by Christ.

Thou art fallen, O my country, because Christianity has yet to come; but it is not yet come—nowhere! Nowhere on earth! And with the sharp eye of misfortune piercing the dark veil of the future, and with the tongue of Cassandra relating what I see, I cry it out to high Heaven, and shout it out to the Earth—“Nations, proud of your momentary power; proud of your freedom; proud of your prosperity—your power is vain, your freedom is vain, your industry, your wealth, your prosperity are vain; all these will not save you from sharing the mournful fate of those old nations, not less powerful than you, not less free, not less prosperous than you—and still fallen, as you yourself will fall—all vanished as you will vanish, like a bubble thrown up from the deep! There is only the law of Christ, there are only the duties of Christianity, which can secure your future, by securing at the same time humanity.”

Duties must be fulfilled, else they are an idle word. And who would dispute that there is a positive duty in that law, "Love thy neighbour as thou lovest thyself. Do unto others as thou wouldst that others do unto thee." Now, if there are duties in that law comprised, who shall execute them, if free and powerful nations do not execute them? No government can meddle with the private relations of its millions of citizens so much as to enforce the positive virtue of Christian charity, in the thousand-fold complications of private life. That will be impossible; and our Saviour did not teach impossibilities. By commanding charity toward fellow-men in human relations, He commanded it also to governments.

Yes, gentlemen, as long as the principles of Christian morality are not carried up into the international relations—as long as the fragile wisdom of political exigencies overrules the doctrines of Christ, there is no freedom on earth firm, and the future of no nation sure. But let a powerful nation like yours raise Christian morality into its public conduct, that nation will have a future against which the very gates of hell itself will not prevail. The morality of its policy will react upon the morality of its individuals, and preserve it from domestic vice, which, without that prop, ever yet has attended too much prosperity, and ever yet was followed by a dreadful fall. The morality of its policy will support justice and freedom on earth, and thus augmenting the number of free nations, all acting upon the same principle, its very future will be placed under the guarantee of them all, and preserve it from foreign danger—which is better to prevent than to repel. And its future will be placed under the guar-

antee of the Almighty himself, who, true to His eternal decrees, proved, through the downfall of so many mighty nations, that He always punished the fathers in the coming generations; but alike bountiful as just, will not and cannot forsake those to whom He gave power to carry out His laws on earth, and who willingly answered His divine call. Power in itself never yet was sure. It is right which makes power firm; and it is community which makes right secure. The task of PETER'S apostolate is accomplished—the Churches are founded in the Christian world. The task of PAUL'S apostolate is accomplished—the abuses of fanaticism and intolerance are redressed. But the task of him whom the Saviour most loved, is not yet accomplished. The gospel of charity rules not yet the Christian world; and without charity, Christianity, you know, is “but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.”

Which is the nation to achieve that triumph of Christianity by protecting justice out of charity? Which shall do it if not yours? Whom the Lord has blessed above all, from whom He much expects, because He has given her much.

Ye Ministers of the Gospel, who devote your lives to expound the eternal truths of the book of life, remember my humble words, and remind those who, with pious hearts, listen to your sacred words, that half virtue is no virtue at all, and that there is no difference in the duties of charity between public and private life.

Ye Missionaries, who devote your lives to the propagation of Christianity, before you embark for the dangers of far, inhospitable shores, remind those

whom you leave, that the example of a nation exercising right and justice on earth by charity would be the mightiest propagandism of Christian religion.

Ye Patriots, loving your country's future, and anxious about her security, remember the admonitions of history—remember that the freedom, the power, and the prosperity in which your country glories, is no new apparition on earth; others also had it, and yet they are gone. The prudence with which your forefathers have founded this commonwealth, the courage with which you develop it, other nations also have shown, and still they are gone.

And ye ladies; ye fairest incarnation of the spirit of love, which vivifies the universe, remember my words. The heart of man is given into your tender hands. You mould it in its infancy. You imprint the lasting mark of character upon man's brow. You ennoble his youth; you soften the harshness of his manhood; you are the guardian angels of his hoary age. All your vocation is love, and your life is charity. The religion of charity wants your apostolate, and requires your aid. It is to you I appeal, and leave the sublime topic of my humble reflections to the meditations of your Christian hearts.

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THE NECESSITY OF OUTSIDE AGITATION.  
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sion. By WENDELL PHILLIPS.

**I**T is a singular fact that the freer a nation becomes, the more utterly democratic the form of its institutions, this outside agitation, this pressure of public opinion to direct political action, becomes more and more necessary. The general judgment is that the freest possible government produces the freest possible men and women—the most individual, the least servile to the judgment of others. But a moment's reflection will show any man that this is an unreasonable expectation, and that, on the contrary, entire equality and freedom in political forms almost inevitably tend to make the individual subside into the mass, and lose his identity in the general whole. Suppose we stood in England to-night. There is the nobility, and here is the Church. There is the trading class, and here is the literary. A broad gulf separates the four; and provided a member of either can conciliate his own section, he can afford, in a very large measure, to despise the judgment of the other three. He has, to some extent, a refuge and a breakwater against the tyranny of what we call public opinion. But in a country like ours, of absolute democratic equality, public opinion is not only omnipotent, it is omnipresent. There is no refuge from its tyranny; there is no hiding from its reach; and the result is that, if you take the old Greek lantern, and go about to seek among a hundred, you will find not one single American who really has not, or who does not fancy at least that he has something to gain or lose in his ambition, his social life, or his business, from the good opinion

and the votes of those about him. And the consequence is, that,—instead of being a mass of individuals, each one fearlessly blurting out his own convictions,—as a nation, compared with other nations, we are a mass of cowards. More than any other people, we are afraid of each other.

If you were a caucus to-night, Democratic or Republican, and I were your orator, none of you could get beyond the necessary and timid limitations of party. You not only would not demand, you would not allow me to utter, one word of what you really thought, and what I thought. You would demand of me—and my value as a caucus speaker would depend entirely on the adroitness and the vigilance with which I met the demand—that I should not utter one single word which would compromise the vote of next week. That is politics; so with the press. Seemingly independent, and sometimes really so, the press can afford only to mount the cresting wave, not go beyond it. The editor might as well shoot his reader with a bullet as with a new idea. He must hit the exact line of the opinion of the day. I am not finding fault with him; I am only describing him. Some three years ago I took to one of the freest of the Boston journals a letter, and by appropriate consideration induced its editor to print it. And as we glanced along its contents, and came to the concluding statement, he said: "Couldn't you omit that?" I said, "No; I wrote it for that; it is the gist of the statement." "Well," said he, "it is true; there is not a boy in the streets that does not know it is true; but I wish you could omit it."

I insisted; and the next morning, fairly and justly, he printed the whole. Side by side he put an article



of his own, in which he said, "We copy in the next column an article from Mr. Phillips, and we only regret the absurd and unfounded statement with which he concludes it." He had kept his promise by printing the article; he saved his reputation by printing the comment. And that, again, is the inevitable, the essential limitation of the press in a republican community. Our institutions, floating unanchored on the shifting surface of popular opinion, cannot afford to hold back, or to draw forward, a hated question, and compel a reluctant public to look at it and to consider it. Hence, as you see at once, the moment a large issue, twenty years ahead of its age, presents itself to the consideration of an empire or of a republic, just in proportion to the freedom of its institutions is the necessity of a platform outside of the press, of politics, and of its Church, whereon stand men with no candidate to elect, with no plan to carry, with no reputation to stake, with no object but the truth, no purpose but to tear the question open and let the light through it. So much in explanation of a word infinitely hated,—agitation and agitators,—but an element which the progress of modern government has developed more and more every day.

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WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION. From "Orations and After-Dinner Speeches." Copyright, The Cassell Publishing Company. Reprinted with permission. By CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

WE celebrate to-day the Centenary of our Nationality. One hundred years ago the United States began their existence. The powers of the government were assumed by the people of the Republic, and they became the sole source of authority. The solemn ceremonial of the first inauguration, the reverent oath of Washington, the acclaim of the multitude greeting their President, marked the most unique event of modern times in the development of free institutions.

No man ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams, Madison, and Jay, each represented some of the elements which formed the Union: Washington embodied them all. They fell at times under popular disapproval, were burned in effigy, were stoned; but he with unerring judgment was always the leader of the people. Milton said of Cromwell, that "war made him great, peace greater." The superiority of Washington's character and genius was more conspicuous in the formation of our government and in putting it on indestructible foundations, than in leading armies to victory and conquering the independence of his country. He inspired the movement for the Republic, was the President and dominant spirit of the Convention which framed its Constitution, and its President for eight years, and guided its course until satisfied that moving safely along the broad highway of time, it would be surely ascending toward the

first place among the nations of the world, the asylum of the oppressed, the home of the free.

We stand to-day upon the dividing line between the first and second century of constitutional government. There are no clouds overhead, and no convulsions under our feet. We reverently return thanks to Almighty God for the past, and with confident and hopeful promise march upon sure ground toward the future. The simple facts of these hundred years paralyze the imagination, and we contemplate the vast accumulations of the century with awe and pride. Our population has grown from four to sixty-five millions. Its center moving, westward five hundred miles since 1789, is eloquent with the founding of cities and the birth of States. New settlements, clearing the forests and subduing the prairies, and adding four millions to the few thousands of farms which were the support of Washington's Republic, create one of the great granaries of the world and open exhaustless reservoirs of national wealth.

The infant industries, which the first act of our administration sought to encourage, now give remunerative employment to more people than inhabited the Republic at the beginning of Washington's Presidency. The grand total of their annual output of seven thousand millions of dollars in value places the United States first among the manufacturing countries of the earth. One-half of all the railroads, and one-quarter of all the telegraph lines of the world within our borders, testify to the volume, variety, and value of an internal commerce which makes these States, if need be, independent and self-supporting. These hundred years of development under favorable polit-

ical conditions have brought the sum of our national wealth to a figure which is past the results of a thousand years for the mother land, herself otherwise the richest of modern empires.

During this generation a civil war of unequaled magnitude caused the expenditure and loss of eight thousand millions of dollars, and killed six hundred thousand and permanently disabled over a million young men; and yet the impetuous progress of the North and the marvelous industrial development of the new and free South have obliterated the evidences of destruction and made the war a memory, and have stimulated production until our annual surplus nearly equals that of England, France, and Germany combined. The teeming millions of Asia till the patient soil and work the shuttle and loom as their fathers have done for ages; modern Europe has felt the influence and received the benefit of the incalculable multiplication of force by inventive genius since the Napoleonic wars; and yet, only two hundred and sixty-nine years after the little band of Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, our people, numbering less than one-fifteenth of the inhabitants of the globe, do one-third of its mining, one-fourth of its manufacturing, one-fifth of its agriculture, and own one-sixth of its wealth.

No crisis has been too perilous for its powers, no evolution too rapid for its adaptation, and no expansion beyond its easy grasp and administration. It has assimilated diverse nationalities with warring traditions, customs, conditions, and languages, imbued them with its spirit, and won their passionate loyalty and love.

The flower of the youth of the nations of Continental Europe are conscripted from productive industries and drilling in camps. Vast armies stand in battle array along the frontiers, and a Kaiser's whim or a Minister's mistake may precipitate the most destructive war of modern times.

But for us no army exhausts our resources nor consumes our youth. Our navy must needs increase in order that the protecting flag may follow the expanding commerce which is to successfully compete in all the markets of the world. The sun of our destiny is still rising, and its rays illumine vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped, and which are to be the happy homes of millions of people.

The spirit of Washington fills the executive office. Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation. His life and character, conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations, will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and devotion to Union and liberty. With their inspiring past and splendid present, the people of these United States, heirs of a hundred years marvelously rich in all which adds to the glory and greatness of a nation, with an abiding trust in the stability and elasticity of their Constitution, and an abounding faith in themselves, hail the coming century with hope and joy.

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ADDRESS AT THE HARVARD ALUMNI  
DINNER. Reprinted with permission. By  
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It would in some measure relieve my embarrassment if I could, even in a slight degree, feel myself worthy of the great honor which you do me to-day. Why you have called me from the Black Belt of the South, from among my humble people, to share in the honors of this occasion, is not for me to explain; and yet it may not be inappropriate for me to suggest that it seems to me that one of the most vital questions that touch our American life is how to bring the strong, wealthy and learned into helpful touch with the poorest, most ignorant and humble, and at the same time make the one appreciate the vitalizing, strengthening influence of the other. How shall we make the mansions on yon Beacon Street feel and see the need of the spirits in the lowliest cabin in Alabama cotton fields or Louisiana sugar bottoms? This problem Harvard University is solving, not by bringing itself down, but by bringing the masses up.

If through me, an humble representative, seven millions of my people in the South might be permitted to send a message to Harvard—Harvard that offered up on death's altar young Shaw, and Russell, and Lowell, and scores of others, that we might have a free and united country, that message would be, "Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain. Tell them that by the way of the shop, the field, the skilled hand, habits of thrift and economy, by way of industrial school and college, we are coming. We are crawling up, working up, yea, bursting up. Often through oppression,

unjust discrimination and prejudice, but through them all we are coming up, and with proper habits, intelligence and property, there is no power on earth that can permanently stay our progress."

If my life in the past has meant anything in the lifting up of my people and the bringing about of better relations between your race and mine, I assure you from this day it will mean doubly more. In the economy of God there is but one standard by which an individual can succeed—there is but one for a race. This country demands that every race measure itself by the American standard. By it a race must rise or fall, succeed or fail, and in the last analysis mere sentiment counts for little. During the next half century and more, my race must continue passing through the severe American crucible. We are to be tested in our patience, our forbearance, our perseverance, our power to endure wrong, to withstand temptations, to economize, to acquire and use skill; our ability to compete, to succeed in commerce, to disregard the superficial for the real, the appearance for the substance, to be great and yet small, learned and yet simple, high and yet the servant of all. This, this is the passport to all that is best in the life of our Republic, and the Negro must possess it, or be debarred.

While we are thus being tested, I beg of you to remember that wherever our life touches yours, we help or hinder. Wherever your life touches ours, you make us stronger or weaker. No member of your race in any part of our country can harm the meanest member of mine, without the proudest and bluest blood in Massachusetts being degraded. When Mississippi commits crime, New England commits crime,

and in so much, lowers the standard of your civilization. There is no escape—man drags man down, or man lifts man up.

In working out our destiny, while the main burden and center of activity must be with us, we shall need, in a large measure in the years that are to come, as we have in the past, the help, the encouragement, the guidance that the strong can give the weak. Thus helped, we of both races in the South soon shall throw off the shackles of racial and sectional prejudice, and rise, as Harvard University has risen and as we all should rise, above the clouds of ignorance, narrowness and selfishness, into that atmosphere, that pure sunshine, where it will be our highest ambition to serve Man, our brother, regardless of race or previous condition.



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BULGARIAN HORRORS. By WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

SINCE the ominous declaration of Lord Beaconsfield on the status quo, or "as you were" policy, there has appeared a letter from Mr. Bourke, the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, which could not have been written without higher sanction. Of this letter, the positive part is null, the negative part important. It assures us of the indignation of the Government at the crimes committed by the Turks. It might as well assure us of their indignation at the crimes of Danton, or of Robespierre, or of Nana Sahib. Indignation is froth, except as it leads to action. This indignation has led, he says, to remonstrance. I say that mere remonstrance, in this case, is mockery. The only two things that are worth saying, the Under-Secretary does not say. The first of them would have been that, until these horrible outrages are redressed, and their authors punished, the British Government would withdraw from Turkey the moral and even material support we had been lending her against Europe. The other was, that after crimes of so vast a scale and so deep a dye, the British Government would no longer be a party to the maintenance of Turkish administration in Bulgaria. It is, then, the negative part of this letter that signifies. Mr. Bourke's words, viewing their date, are futile. But his silence is trumpet-tongued: it proclaims that even last week, on the 27th of August, the Government were still unconverted; and, warning us what we have to expect, it spurs the people of England onwards in the movement which is to redeem its compromised and endangered honor.

It would not be practicable, even if it were honorable, to disguise the real character of what we want from the Government. It is a change of attitude and policy, nothing less. We want them to undo and efface that too just impression, which, while keeping their own countrymen so much in the dark, they have succeeded in propagating throughout Europe, that we are the determined supporters of the Turk, and that, declaring his "integrity and independence" essential to "British interest," we have winked hard, and shall wink, if need be, harder still, according to the exigencies of the case, alike at his crimes and at his impotence. We want to place ourselves in harmony with the general sentiment of civilized mankind, instead of being any longer, as we seem to be, the Evil Genius which dogs, and mars, and baffles it. We want to make the Turk understand that, in conveying this impression by word and act to his mind, the British Government have misunderstood, and, therefore, have misrepresented, the sense of the British people.

But this change is dependent on an emphatic expression of the national sentiment, which is but beginning to be heard. It has grown from a whisper to a sound; it will grow from a sound to a peal. But what, until it shall vibrate with such force as to awaken the Administration? It is melancholy, but it is also true, that we, who upon this Eastern ground fought with Russia, and thought Austria slack, and Germany all but servile, have actually for months past been indebted, and are even now indebted, to all or some of these very Powers, possibly to Russia most among them, for having played the part which we think specially our own, in resistance to tyranny, in befriending the oppressed,

in laboring for the happiness of mankind. I say the time has come for us to emulate Russia by sharing in her good deeds, and to reserve our opposition until she shall visibly endeavor to turn them to evil account.

There is no reason to apprehend serious difficulty in the Councils of Europe on this subject. All the Powers, except ourselves, have already been working in this direction. Nor is there any ground to suppose that the Ottoman Government will tenaciously resist a scheme based on the intention to do all in its favor that its own misconduct, and the fearful crimes of its trusted agents, have left possible. To do this Government justice, a distinction must be drawn between what depends upon a decision to be taken at Constantinople once for all, and the permanent vitalizing force required for the discharge of the daily duties of administration all over its vast empire. The central agency at the capital, always under the eye of the representatives of the European Powers and in close contact with them, has acquired, and traditionally transmits, a good deal of the modes of European speech and thought. It is when they try to convey these influences to the provinces and the subordinate agents, who share little or none of that beneficial contact and supervision, that they, except here and there by some happy accident of personal virtue, habitually and miserably break down. The promises of a Turkish Ministry given simply to Europe are generally good; those given to its own subjects or concerning its own affairs are, without imputing absolute mendacity, of such tried and demonstrated worthlessness, that any Ambassador or any State, who should trust them, must come under suspicion of nothing less than fraud by wilful connivance.

But I return to, and I end with, that which is the Omega as well as the Alpha of this great and most mournful case. An old servant of the Crown and State, I entreat my countrymen, upon whom far more than perhaps any other people of Europe it depends, to require, and to insist, that our Government which has been working in one direction, shall work in the other, and shall apply all its vigor to concur with the other States of Europe, in obtaining the extinction of the Turkish executive power in Bulgaria. Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only possible manner, namely, by carrying off themselves. Their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yuzbachis, their Kaimakams and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned. This thorough riddance, this most blessed deliverance, is the only reparation we can make to the memory of those heaps on heaps of dead; to the violated purity alike of matron, of maiden, and of child; to the civilization which has been affronted and shamed; to the laws of God or, if you like, of Allah; to the moral sense of mankind at large. There is not a criminal in an European jail, there is not a cannibal in the South Sea Islands, whose indignation would not rise and overboil at the recital of that which has been done, which has too late been examined, but which remains unavenged; which has left behind all the foul and all the fierce passions that produced it, and which may again spring up in another murderous harvest, from the soil soaked and reeking with blood, and in the air tainted with every imaginable deed of crime and shame. That such things should be done once, is a damaging disgrace to

that portion of our race which did them; that a door should be left open for their ever-so-barely possible repetition would spread that shame over the whole. Better, we may justly tell the Sultan, almost any inconvenience, difficulty, or loss associated with Bulgaria,

“Than thou reseated in thy place of light,  
The mockery of thy people, and their bane.”

We may ransack the annals of the world, but I know not what research can furnish us with so portentous an example of the fiendish misuse of the powers established by God “for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the encouragement of them that do well.” No Government ever has so sinned; none has so proved itself incorrigible in sin, or which is the same, so impotent for reformation. If it be allowable that the Executive power of Turkey should renew at this great crisis, by permission or authority of Europe, the charter of its existence in Bulgaria, then there is not on record, since the beginnings of political society, a protest that man has lodged against intolerable misgovernment, or a stroke he has dealt at loathsome tyranny, that ought not henceforward to be branded as a crime.

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SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS. By ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it: all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it.

These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful

interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible, and prayed to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other.

It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged.

The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes.

"Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this

mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.



# Dramatic and Humorous Selections



## DRAMATIC AND HUMOROUS SELECTIONS

*"Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Scene Individable,  
or Poem Unlimited."*—SHAKSPERE.

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CHARLOTTE CORDAY. From "The French Revolution." By THOMAS CARLYLE.

**A**MID the dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? "She was a Republican before the revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure: "by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-dæmonic splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries! Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left,

signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday;—yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straight-way, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—the Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the

utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together.—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, despatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and “will put it in his power to do France a great service.” No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day,—when “M. Marat,” four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, “to dismount, and give up their arms, then;” and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has travelled;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven-pence-half-penny of ready money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment, in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman’s voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat,

recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, mon enfant. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. “Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,” croaks the eager People’s friend, clutching his tablets to write: Barbaroux, Pétion, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: Pétion, and Louvet, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer’s heart. “À moi, chère amie, Help, dear!” no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.



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WHEN ANGRY, COUNT A HUNDRED. Copyright, 1892, by The Century Company. Reprinted with permission. By E. CAVAZZA.

THE dining-room of a house on Fifth Avenue. Personages: the host, hostess, and guests, irreproachable in manner, unapproachable in costume, politely engaged in conversation—all but Mr. Alfred Ames and Miss Eva Rosewarne, who, seated side by side, regard in silence their respective bouquets, which lie upon the tablecloth.

Alfred (slightly embarrassed)—Miss Rosewarne, I hope you will believe me when I say that I'm not to blame for this. Until I read your name in the billet handed me as I came into the house, I had no idea that you were to be here. . . . Our short-lived romance was quite unknown to anybody but ourselves; Mrs. Leclerc supposed that she was doing me a great favor—kind hostess that she is—in giving me a place next to you at her table. . . . You took my arm silently. All the way downstairs I was trying to judge whether you were annoyed or indifferent at this unexpected meeting; but you gave no sign. I have not forgotten that, a fortnight ago, you said you would never speak to me again; and heaven defend me from expecting the impossible, that a woman should change her mind, or speak when she had resolved not to do so! I shall not ask you to talk to me,—I am afraid that you would not say anything kind if you should,—but I beg as a great favor, not to me, but to Mrs. Leclerc, who has done nothing to offend you, that you will appear to be on the ordinary terms of acquaintance with me.

Eva (regards him for an instant in silence, takes up

her bouquet, examines it, and lays it down upon the table again).

Alfred—I wish to spare you as much as possible. I will gladly do more than my share of the talking. In those other days, when we were friends, I never had much practice at that, but I dare say I can manage it. Ah! I have an idea—not a very brilliant one, perhaps; but it may serve. . . . This is it: I once heard of a man who, for some reason or other, had nothing to say one evening at table. So he turned to his neighbor and began to count one, two, three, four, with expression. Will you do that—for the sake of our hostess? It commits you to nothing. It surely isn't talking to me. What information can I get from hearing the numerals recited in the tones of polite society? . . . Once more, let me ask you to do so for the sake of Mrs. Leclerc.

Eva (assents by a bend of her golden head).

Alfred—Thank you—if I may presume so far. I am glad that I never vowed not to speak to you; it seems to me that there are so many things to be said. And since I expect to sail for Europe in a few days, to be gone indefinitely, perhaps, like any other condemned man, I may be allowed a few last words.

Eva—One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

Alfred—You know that I loved you with my whole heart——

Eva (with haste)—Eight, nine——

Alfred—And now, at this moment, trying to recall the beginning of the end, I cannot find any reason why you and I should be farther apart than if the Atlantic were already between us. . . .

Eva (pensively)—Ten, eleven, twelve.

Alfred—I did not ask you to explain to me in what way I displeased you, nor to divide your part from mine in the quarrel. You are still angry with me, but I shall always be grateful to you. For a few days I lived in Paradise; and it isn't every man who can say as much. It gives one, afterward,—there is a great deal of afterward in life, Miss Rosewarne,—an ideal with which to compare other things, and find them wanting. And if one absolutely must leave Paradise, 'tis at least more bearable to be evicted by Eve—pardon me, it was her name, you know, a great while before it was yours—than to be chased out of it by the serpent. There was no serpent in my Eden!

Eva (with a little cynicism)—Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen!

Alfred—Ah, you are right. Of course he was there, glittering with—orders of merit. Also, he waltzed like an angel of light—you told me so that evening at the Casino. But if you preferred Count von Waldberg to my humble self, you might at least have said so frankly. I would not have stood in the way of your happiness; and it would have spared me some examinations of conscience.

Eva (reproachfully)—Seventeen, eighteen.

Alfred—You were so good as to say that you—liked me, and I believed it. Now, you have taught me to disbelieve; I only wish that I could doubt the sincerity with which, when you gave back my ring, you told me that you hated me.

Eva (deprecatingly, but coldly)—Nineteen, twenty.

Alfred—Mrs. Leclerc is looking at us. Say something kind to me—for her sake!

Eva (cheerfully)—Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-

three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight!

Alfred—A thousand thanks. She is quite satisfied that we are enjoying ourselves.

Eva (with a shade of coquetry)—Twenty-nine, thirty?

Alfred—Oh, immensely—no—yet—that is to say, not precisely. However, I mean to improve my opportunity, such as it is. . . . Are you not glad that we are to have Italian opera this winter, instead of Wagner?

Eva (with astonishment)—Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three!

Alfred—Major Starr was listening to us just then. Now he is talking again. The usual thing, I believe, is to say that because you have disappointed me I shall lose faith in all women. It won't have that effect with me, I fancy, though I should have liked to believe in you too.

Eva (with bitterness) — Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six.

Alfred—I think that neither you nor I can ever forget those evenings on the river: it will be a dainty aquarelle in your mind; in mine the scene is an etching, every line inalterable. That sort of thing is bitten in with aquafortis, you know. . . . On the whole, you need not remember that occasion, Miss Rosewarne!

Eva (sadly)—Thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one.

Alfred—And in the morning, as I waited on the cliff for you to appear, I understood how the earth waits for the dawn to illuminate it, to give it new life. Well, I have had my day; it was bright, but the sunset came too soon.

Eva (dreamily)—Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four.

Alfred—The sea sang of you, the waves sparkled for you, all the sirens had given their magic to you, and their harping must have been like the sound of the sea-wind in your hair.

Eva (with an effort at mockery)—Forty-five, forty-six!

Alfred—Your criticism is deserved. My expressions do sound rather too lyric and high-flown. . . .

Eva (sarcastically)—Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty. . . .

Alfred—If you really think them so comic, let me go on. I dreamed of you—don't you like the present way of arranging the flowers low, so that one hasn't to peep this side and that of a mountain of roses?

Eva (with enthusiasm)—Fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six!

Alfred—Thank you again; for a briefer answer might have led Major Starr to suspect that my conversation failed to interest you. As I was saying, I dreamed of you and of you only. I still dream—

Eva (hurriedly)—Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight—

Alfred—Don't be disturbed. I quite understand that dreams are illusions. I am awake; very thoroughly.

Eva (softly) — Sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two.

Alfred—It is better to wake than to dream; but if one has no more pleasure in either—then best to sleep soundly.

Eva (puzzled, slightly alarmed) — Seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five? . . .

Alfred—As I said, I expect to sail in a few days for Europe; in any case, one of the firm would have to go there.

Eva (with resignation)—Seventy-six.

Alfred—I have tried again and again to retrace those parted ways, back to the path where, for a little while, we walked together. A dry and wearisome road it may have been for you. For me, as I have told you, it was the way of Paradise. I began to suspect the presence of the inconvenient third party of the legend of Eden at that Casino ball. You remember; the evening when you wore a gown of some sort of cloth which had the tint of a blush-rose, adorably fitted, hanging in smooth, heavy folds, trimmed with—trimmed with—well, I suppose it was tape——

Eva (with horror)—Seventy-seven!

Alfred—How stupid of me! Of course it wasn't tape. I used to be posted on the difference between tape and bombazine and lace and things in those other days when you were so good as to explain it to me. At all events, that was a delicious gown.

Eva (with conviction)—Seventy-eight, seventy-nine.

Alfred—You told me to come early to the Casino. . . . Great fun I was to have that evening! You let me take your program of dances; the trail of the serpent—pardon me, I should say the autograph of Count von Waldberg—was over it all.

Eva (deprecatingly)—Eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two.

Alfred—I know that. It's quite true that I had a poor little lancers, a quadrille, and the fag-end of a mazurka. But the waltz—our waltz, the "Garden of Sleep"—you danced with the Count.

Eva (protesting)—Eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five.

Alfred—Of course he asked for it. But you have a thousand pretty ways of saying no. You could have kept that waltz for me.

Eva (timidly)—Eighty-six, eighty-seven.

Alfred—Well, let that pass. I suggested, as considerably as I knew how, that you were giving rather too many dances to Count von Waldberg. You replied that those numbers were at your disposal when he took your card, and you chose to give them to him.

Eva (poignantly)—Eighty-eight!

Alfred—Reserved! If I had understood that! Now I dare not even hint my thanks for what—I did not have.

Eva (with recovered composure) — Eighty-nine, ninety.

Alfred—Is there anything more cruel than the sarcasm of a dance when one is unhappy? . . . And what do you think of this imported notion of a Théâtre Libre?

Eva (startled) — Ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three!

Alfred—Pardon the abrupt change of subject. But Mrs. Leclerc had a very curious look on her face.

Eva (acquiescent)—Ninety-four, ninety-five.

Alfred—If Count von Waldberg pleased you, there was certainly no reason that you should not like him. He's a very good fellow, I believe, and he dances remarkably well. As my rival, he was ex officio hateful—not upon personal grounds. Moreover, he has gone back to his own country, and rather suddenly. I like that about him; it's a case where the absent is in

the right. Then, too, I'm inclined to pity Von Waldberg; for one doesn't, by his own will, lose his chances of waltzing with Miss Rosewarne. You must have given him leave of absence. I begin to feel for the Count as a brother in misfortune.

Eva (reprovingly)—Ninety-six, ninety-seven.

Alfred—I accept the reproof. I have no right to guess at what may have taken place between yourself and Count von Waldberg. It was impertinent, but decidedly agreeable, that surmise of mine.

Eva (with increased coldness)—Ninety-eight.

Alfred—I'm always saying the wrong thing. . . . But this time it seems to me I must speak—and then forever after be silent.

Eva (mockingly)—Ninety-nine!

Alfred—That's a quotation from—from—in fact—something that I was interested, a while ago, to coach myself upon.

Eva (with marked indifference)—One hundred.

Alfred—You have reached the hundred. And you are still angry, I'm afraid. Ah! if by chance it seems to you that you have said anything which you would rather have left unsaid, or said differently,—we all do that sometimes, you know,—you could retract it by counting that same hundred backward, down to nothing again. Isn't that a pretty good scheme?

Eva (assenting)—Ninety-nine.

Alfred—I think, with a little economy, you can make that double back-action hundred last until Mrs. Leclerc begins to "collect eyes" for the exit of the women. You can be epigrammatic, staccato, like the French novelists. When you lisp in numbers, they needn't come too many at once. I know your intonations so



well that words are hardly needed to convey—or conceal—your meaning.

Eva—Ninety-eight.

Alfred—Quite so.

Eva—Ninety-seven.

Alfred—Perfectly.

Eva—Ninety-six.

Alfred—I'll take my affidavit to that. . . . This is capital. Mrs. Leclerc is sure that we are getting on famously.

Eva—Ninety-five, ninety-four—

Alfred—Take care; don't be a spendthrift of your numbers. You might—if you wouldn't mind doing it—smile at me now and then, instead of speaking. Only to save the numerals, of course. . . . Oh, this is a comedy that we are playing! But for me it is also a tragedy. . . . But just now it seems to me that my whole spirit is in revolution.

Eva—Ninety-three.

Alfred—Very much like "'93," as Victor Hugo has described it.

Eva—Ninety-two.

Alfred—I had built so many castles in air, and you were chatelaine of them all. Everything had a reason for existence. . . . But my life has ceased to be logical; in fact, it has gone all to pieces. I shall pick up the pieces, of course,—I'm not a whimpering boy,—and glue them, screw them, clamp them, tie them together, anyhow, provided they stick. But I don't pretend that the outfit will be as good as new, or as it was before it was broken up.

Eva (with remorse)—Ninety-one, ninety, eighty-nine, eighty-eight, eighty-seven, eighty-six.

Alfred—'Twas not your fault. You couldn't help it. I did not deserve you; only I loved you with all my soul, as—heaven help me! I love you, love you now!

Eva (in extreme agitation, very pale, rattles off the numbers down to sixteen, and stops there for want of breath).

Alfred—Poor beautiful child, do not be afraid. I will not offend in this way again. I only meant to tell you that amid the ruins of my fallen castle there blossoms an imperishable flower—my affection for you. . . . Now everything is ended. See, Mrs. Leclerc is looking around the table to rally her feminine troop.

Eva (counting desperately, and ending with the number three).

Alfred—And so, it is good-by—definitively. Because when we meet in future, if ever, it will be as mere acquaintances who have nothing to say to each other except the commonplaces of society. We, who were to have been united, must henceforward be——(he stops short, surprised by an emotion that chokes his voice of a man of the world).

Eva (boldly skipping a number)—One! (She recklessly drops her bouquet as she rises with the other women.)

Alfred (stoops to pick up her bouquet, kisses the hand of Eva under the table, and says in a rapturous undertone)—One forever!

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A SPEECH OF PROSPERO. From "The Tempest." By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

PROSPERO. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing  
lakes and groves;  
And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back—you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—  
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure'd vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music—which even now I do,—  
To work mine end upon their senses, that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

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OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE DUKE OF VENICE AND THE SENATORS. From "Othello, the Moor of Venice." By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

O THELLO. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her:  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace:  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—  
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—  
I won his daughter.

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,  
Still question'd me the story of my life  
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe

And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history;  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
    heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process:  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intently. I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;  
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me  
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;  
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

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MY LAST CHANCE. From "The Dolly Dialogues." Reprinted with the permission of the publishers, Messrs. Henry Holt & Company. By ANTHONY HOPE.

"**N**OW mind," said Mrs. Hilary Musgrave, impressively, "this is the last time I shall take any trouble about you. She's a very nice girl, quite pretty, and she'll have a lot of money. You can be very pleasant when you like——"

"This unsolicited testimonial——"

"Which isn't often—and if you don't do it this time I wash my hands of you. Why, how old are you?"

"Hush, Mrs. Hilary."

"You must be nearly——"

"It's false—false—false!"

"Come along," said Mrs. Hilary, and she added, over her shoulder, "she has a slight north-country accent."

"It might have been Scotch," said I.

"She plays the piano a good deal."

"It might have been the fiddle," said I.

"She's very fond of Browning."

"It might have been Ibsen," said I.

Mrs. Hilary, seeing that I was determined to look on the bright side, smiled graciously on me and introduced me to the young lady. She was decidedly good-looking, fresh and sincere of aspect, with large inquiring eyes—eyes which I felt would demand a little too much of me at breakfast—but then a large tea-urn puts that all right.

"Miss Sophia Milton—Mr. Carter," said Mrs. Hilary, and left us.

Well, we tried the theatres first; but as she had

only been to the Lyceum and I had only been to the Gaiety, we soon got to the end of that. Then we tried Art: she asked me what I thought of Degas: I evaded the question by criticising a drawing of a horse in last week's *Punch*—which she hadn't seen. Upon this she started literature. She said "Some Qualms and a Shiver" was the book of the season. I put my money on "The Queen of the Quorn." Dead stop again! And I saw Mrs. Hilary's eye upon me: there was wrath in her face. Something must be done.

A brilliant idea seized me. I had read that four-fifths of the culture of England were Conservative. I also was a Conservative. It was four to one on! I started politics. I could have whooped for joy when I elicited something particularly incisive about the ignorance of the masses.

"I do hope you agree with me," said Miss Milton. "The more one reads and thinks, the more one sees how fatally false a theory it is that the ignorant masses—people such as I have described—can ever rule a great Empire."

"The Empire wants gentlemen; that's what it wants," said I, nodding my head, and glancing triumphantly at Mrs. Hilary.

"Men and women," said she, "who are acquainted with the best that has been said and thought on all important subjects."

At the time I believed this observation to be original, but I have since been told that it was borrowed. I was delighted with it.

"Yes," said I, "and have got a stake in the country, you know, and know how to behave 'emselves in the House, don't you know?"

"What we have to do," pursued Miss Milton, "is to guide the voters. These poor rustics need to be informed——"

"Just so," I broke in. "They have to be told——"

"Of the real nature of the questions——"

"And which candidate to support."

"Or they must infallibly——" she exclaimed.

"Get their marching orders," I cried, in rapture. It was exactly what I always did on my small property.

"Oh, I didn't quite mean that," she said reproachfully.

"Oh, well, neither did I—quite," I responded adroitly. What was wrong with the girl now?

"But with the help of the League——" she went on.

"Do you belong?" I cried, more delighted than ever.

"Oh, yes!" said she. "I think it's a duty. I worked very hard at the last election. I spent days distributing packages of——"

Then I made, I'm sorry to say, a false step. I observed, interrupting:

"But it's ticklish work now, eh? Six months' 'hard' wouldn't be pleasant, would it?"

"What do you mean, Mr.—er—Carter?" she asked.

I was still blind. I believe I winked, and I'm sure I whispered, "Tea."

Miss Milton drew herself up very straight.

"I do not bribe," she said. "What I distribute is pamphlets."

Now, I suppose that "pamphlets" and "blankets" don't really sound much alike, but I was agitated.

"Quite right," said I. "Poor old things! They can't afford proper fuel."

She rose to her feet.



"I was not joking," she said, with horrible severity.

"Neither was I," I declared in humble apology.

"Didn't you say 'blankets'?"

"Pamphlets."

"Oh!"

There was a long pause. I glanced at Mrs. Hilary. Things had not fallen out as happily as they might, but I did not mean to give up yet.

"I see you're right," I said, still humbly. "To descend to such means as I had in mind is——"

"To throw away our true weapons," said she earnestly. (She sat down again—good sign.)

"What we really need——" I began.

"Is a reform of the upper classes," said she. "Let them give an example of duty, of self-denial, of frugality."

I was not to be caught out again.

"Just what I always say," I observed impressively.

"Let them put away their horse-racing, their betting, their luxurious living, their——"

"You're right, Miss Milton," said I.

"Let them set an example of morality."

"They should," I assented.

Miss Milton smiled.

"I thought we agreed really," said she.

"I'm sure we do," cried I; and I winked with my "off" eye at Mrs. Hilary as I sat down beside Miss Milton.

"Now I heard of a man the other day," said she, "who's nearly forty. He's got an estate in the country. He never goes there, except for a few days' shooting. He lives in town. He spends too much. He passes an absolutely vacant existence in a round of empty

gayety. He has by no means a good reputation. He dangles about, wasting his time and his money. Is that the sort of example——?"

"He's a traitor to his class," said I warmly.

"If you want him, you must look on a race-course, or at a tailor's, or in some fashionable woman's boudoir. And his estate looks after itself. He's too selfish to marry, too idle to work, too silly to think."

I began to be sorry for this man, in spite of his peccadilloes.

"I wonder if I've met him," said I. "I'm occasionally in town, when I can get time to run up. What's his name?"

"I don't think I heard—or I've forgotten. But he's got a place next to a friend of mine in the country, and she told me all about him. She's exactly the opposite sort of person—or she wouldn't be my friend."

"I should think not, Miss Milton," said I, admiringly.

"Oh, I should like to meet that man, and tell him what I think of him!" said she. "Such men as he is do more harm than a dozen agitators. So contemptible, too!"

"It's revolting to think of," said I.

"I'm so glad you——" began Miss Milton, quite confidentially; I pulled my chair a trifle closer, and cast an apparently careless glance towards Mrs. Hilary. Suddenly I heard a voice behind me.

"Eh, what? Upon my honor it is! Why, Carter, my boy, how are you? Eh, what? Miss Milton, too, I declare! Well, now, what a pity Annie didn't come!"

I disagreed. I hate Annie. But I was very glad to

see my friend and neighbor, Robert Dinnerly. He's a sensible man—his wife's a little prig.

"Oh, Mr. Dinnerly," cried Miss Milton, "how funny that you should come just now! I was just trying to remember the name of a man Mrs. Dinnerly told me about. I was telling Mr. Carter about him. You know him."

"Well, Miss Milton, perhaps I do. Describe him."

"I don't believe Annie ever told me his name, but she was talking about him at our house yesterday."

"But I wasn't there, Miss Milton."

"No," said Miss Milton, "but he's got the next place to yours in the country."

I positively leapt from my seat.

"Why, good gracious, Carter himself, you mean!" cried Dinnerly, laughing. "Well, that is a good 'un—ha-ha-ha!"

She turned a stony glare on me.

"Do you live next to Mr. Dinnerly in the country?" she asked.

I would have denied it if Dinnerly had not been there. As it was I blew my nose.

"I wonder," said Miss Milton, "what has become of Aunt Emily."

"Miss Milton," said I, "by a happy chance you have enjoyed a luxury. You have told the man what you think of him."

"Yes," said she; "and I have only to add that he is also a hypocrite."

Pleasant, wasn't it? Yet Mrs. Hilary says it was my fault! That's a woman all over!

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THE LAST SOLILOQUY OF FAUSTUS. From  
"Doctor Faustus." By CHRISTOPHER MAR-  
LOWE.

AH, Faustus,  
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!  
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,  
That time may cease, and midnight never come;  
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make  
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but  
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!  
O lente, lente, currite, noctis equi!  
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,  
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd!  
Oh, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—  
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!  
One drop would save my soul, half a drop! ah, my  
Christ!—

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!  
Yet will I call on Him: Oh, spare me, Lucifer!—  
Where is it now? 'tis gone! and see, where God  
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!  
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!

No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth:  
Earth, gape: Oh, no, it will not harbour me!  
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,  
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,  
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,  
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,  
That, when you vomit forth into the air,

My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,  
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

(The clock strikes the half-hour.)

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.

O God,

If Thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,  
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,  
Impose some end to my incessant pain;

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,  
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!

Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd

Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,

For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;

But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.

Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer

That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

(The clock strikes twelve.)

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

(Thunder and lightning.)

Oh, soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,

And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

[Enter Devils.]

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!

Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!

Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!

I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[Exeunt Devils with Faustus.]

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THE CHARIOT RACE. From "Electra." The  
Tale of The Attendant of Orestes. By SOPHOCLES.

ORESTES . . . He is dead. I will tell all as it happened. He then journeyed forth to those great games which Hellas counts her pride, to join the Delphic contests; and he heard the herald's voice, with loud and clear command, proclaim, as coming first, the chariot race: and so he entered radiant, every eye admiring as he passed. And in the race he equalled all the promise of his form in those his rounds, and so with noblest prize of conquest left the ground. And, summing up in fewest words what many scarce could tell, I know of none in strength and act like him; but one thing know, for having won the prize in all the five-fold forms of race which they, the umpires, had proclaimed for those that ran the ground's whole length and back, he then was hailed, proclaimed an Argive, and his name Orestes, his son who once led Hellas' glorious host, the mighty Agamemnon. So far well. But when a God will injure, none can 'scape, strong though he be. For lo! another day, when, as the sun was rising, came the race swift-footed, of the chariot and the horse, he entered there, with many charioteers; one an Achæan, one from Sparta, two from Libya, who with four-horsed chariots came, and he with these, with swift Thessalian mares, came as the fifth; a sixth with bright bay colts came from Ætolia; and the seventh was born in far Magnesia; and the eighth, by race an Ænian, with white horses, and the ninth from Athens came, the city built of God; last, a Bœotian, tenth in order, came, and made the list complete. And so they stood—when the appointed umpires fixed by lot, and placed the cars in

order; and with sound of brazen trump they started. Cheering all their steeds at once, they shook the reins, and then the course was filled with all the clash and din of rattling chariots, and the dust rose high; and all commingled, sparing not the goad, that each might pass his neighbour's axle-trees, and horses' hot, hard breathings; for their backs and chariot-wheels were white with foam, and still the breath of horses smote them; and he, come just where the last stone marks the course's goal, turning the corner sharp, and, letting go the right hand trace-horse, pulled the nearer in; and so at first the chariots keep their course; but then the unbroken colts the Ænian owned rush at full speed, and, turning headlong back, just as they closed their sixth round or their seventh, dash their heads right against the chariot wheels of those who came from Barkè. And from thence, from that one shock, each on the other crashed, they fell o'erturned, and Crissa's spacious plain was filled with wreck of chariots. Then the man from Athens, skilled and wily charioteer, seeing the mischief, turns his steed aside, at anchor rides, and leaves the whirling surge of man and horse thus raging. Last of all, keeping his steeds back, waiting for the end, Orestes came. And when he sees him left, his only rival, then, with shaken rein, urging his colts, he follows, and they twain drove onward, both together, by a head, now this, now that, their chariots gaining ground; and all the other rounds in safety passed. Upright in upright chariot still he stood, ill-starred one; then the left rein letting loose just as his horse was turning, unawares he strikes the furthest pillar, breaks the spokes right at his axle's centre, and slips down from out his chariot, and is dragged along,

with reins dissevered. And, when thus he fell, his colts tore headlong to the ground's mid-space: and when the host beheld him fallen thus from off the chariot, they bewailed him sore, so young, so noble, so unfortunate, now hurled upon the ground, and now his limbs to heaven exposing. Then the charioteers full hardly keeping back the rush of steeds, freed the poor corpse so bloody, that not one of all his friends would know him, and his body they burnt upon the pyre; and now they bear, the chosen of the Phokians that have come, in a poor urn of bronze, a mighty form reduced to these sad ashes, that for him may be a tomb within his fatherland. Such is my tale, full sad, I trow, to hear, but unto those who saw it as we saw, the greatest of all evils I have known.



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SPEECH OF THE GRAND RABBI, MOSES-  
BEN-HABIB, TO FERDINAND AND ISA-  
BELLA. From "Torquemada." By VICTOR  
HUGO.

THE Rabbi (on his knees)—  
Your highness of Castile,  
Of Aragon, our sovereign King and Queen!  
Your trembling subjects are in sore distress,  
And, praying first to God, we come to you,  
With naked feet and rope about our necks,  
And bring our groans and tears to you, O Kings!  
For we are lying in death's very shadow,  
A number of us are about to be  
Flung on the fagots, and for all the rest,  
Old men and women, exile is decreed.  
Your edicts, King and Queen, o'erwhelm us all.  
We weep, our fathers shudder in their graves.—  
You cause the mournful sepulchres to tremble.  
Be merciful. Our hearts are meek and true.  
Shut up within our little homes, we live  
Alone and humble. All our laws are plain,—  
So very simple that a little child  
Might set them down in writing. Never Jew  
Is seen to sing or laugh. We pay the tribute;  
We never ask how large the sum may be.  
We're trod upon while lying on the ground;  
We're like the garment of a murdered man.  
To God be glory! But must Israel  
Defenceless, driving ox and ass and dog  
Before him, flee, dispersed in every sense,  
With new-born suckling babes and children weaned?  
Must we ne'er be a people, wanderers ever?  
O King and Queen, do not let us be chased

With goad of pike, and God for you shall open  
Celestial gates. Have mercy on us. We  
Are dashed to earth. Shall we no longer see  
Our trees and fields of corn? Shall mothers have  
No longer milk within their breasts? The beasts  
Are in the forests, happy with their mates;  
The nests sleep calmly, couched beneath the leaves;  
The hind brings up her little ones in peace.  
Ah! let us also live within our caves,  
Beneath our squalid roofs. For there we dwell  
Almost like slaves within a convict pen,  
But near our fathers' graves. In mercy deign  
To suffer us to rest beneath your feet  
Which we have bathed with tears! Alas! the woe  
Of wandering along the distant ways!  
Then let us drink the waters of our streams,  
And live upon our fields, and prosperous days  
Shall wait upon your steps. Alas! we wring  
Our hands in desperation. Spare us, Kings,  
The agony of exile, and the dole  
Of stern, eternal, endless loneliness!  
Grant us our country, grant our native skies!  
The bread we eat with tears is bitter bread.  
Be not the wind, though we be but the dust.

(Pointing to the gold on the table.)

Behold our ransom. Deign to take it, Kings,  
And, oh! protect us. Look on our despair.  
Be angels o'er us, but not angels dark,  
But angels good and mild. The shadow cast  
By gloomy wings is not the same, O Kings,  
As that the white wing leaves. Recall your ban.  
We beg it in the name of those great kings,  
Your sacred ancestors, the lion-hearted,

And by the tombs of sovereigns august,  
Who shone serene in wisdom's light. We place  
Our hearts, O rulers of the human race,  
Our prayers, our sorrows in the little hands  
Of Joan, the Infanta, innocent  
And like unto the wildwood strawberry  
Where lights the bee. O King, O Queen, have mercy!

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AUNT HITTY TARBOX. From "Timothy's Quest." Copyright, 1890, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Reprinted with permission. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

AUNT HITTY, otherwise Mrs. Silas Tarbox, was as cheery and loquacious a person as you could find in a Sabbath day's journey. . . . She was in a cheerful mood as she reflected on her day's achievements at Mrs. Cummins'. Out of Dr. Jonathan Cummins' old cape coat she had carved a pair of brief trousers and a vest for Timothy; out of Mrs. Jonathan Cummins' waterproof a serviceable jacket; and out of Deacon Abijah Cummins' linen duster an additional coat and vest for warm days. The owners of these garments had been dead many years, but nothing was ever thrown away (and, for that matter, very little given away) at Mrs. Cummins'.

"I hope I shall relish my vittles to-night," said Aunt Hitty, as she poured her tea into her saucer, and set the cup in her little blue "cup-plate"; "but I've had the neuralgy so in my face that it's be'n more'n ten days sence I've be'n able to carry a knife to my mouth. . . . Your meat vittles is always so tasty, Miss Cummins. I was sayin' to Mis' Sawyer last week I think she lets her beef hang too long. It's dretful tender, but I don't b'lieve it's hullsome. For my part, as I've many a time said to Si, I like meat with some chaw to it. . . . Mis' Sawyer don't put half enough vittles on her table. She thinks it scares folks; it don't me a mite,—it makes me's hungry as a wolf. When I set a table for comp'ny, I pile on a hull lot, 'n' I find it kind o' discourages 'em. . . . Mis' Southwick's hevin' a reg'lar brash o' house-cleanin'. She's

too p'ison neat for any earthly use, that woman is. She's fixed clam-shell borders roun' all her garding beds, an' got enough left for a pile in one corner, where she's goin' to set her oleander kag. Then she's bought a haircloth chair and got a new three-ply carpet in her parlor, 'n' put the old one in the spare-room 'n' the back-entry. Her daughter's down here from New Haven. She's married into one of the first families o' Connecticut, Lobelia has, 'n' she puts on a good many airs. She's rigged out her mother's parlor with lace curtains 'n' one thing 'n' 'other, 'n' wants it called the drawin'-room. Did ye ever hear tell such foolishness? 'Drawin'-room!' 's' I to Si; 'what's it goin' to draw? Nothin' but flies, I guess likely!' . . . Mis' Pennell's got a new girl to help round the house,—one o' them pindlin' light-complected Smith girls, from the Swamp,—look's if they was nussed on bonny-clabber. She's so hombly I sh'd think 'twould make her back ache to carry her head round. She ain't very smart, neither. Her mother sent word she'd pick up 'n' do better when she got her growth. That made Mis' Pennell hoppin' mad. She said she didn't cal'late to pay a girl three shillin's a week for growin'. Mis' Pennell's be'n feelin' consid'able slim, or she wouldn't 'a' hired help; it's just like pullin' teeth for Deacon Pennell to pay out money for anything like that. He watches every mouthful the girl puts into her mouth, 'n' it's made him 'bout down sick to see her fleshin' up on his vittles. . . . They say he has her put the mornin' coffee-groun's to dry on the winder-sill, 'n' then has 'em scalt over for dinner; but there! I don't know's there's a mite o' truth in it, so I won't repeat it. They went to him to

git a subscription for the new hearse the other day. Land sakes! we need one bad enough. I thought for sure, at the last funeral we had, that they'd never git Mis' Strout to the graveyard safe and sound. I kep' a-thinkin' all the way how she'd 'a' took on, if she'd be'n alive. She was the most timersome woman 't ever was. She was a Thomson, 'n' all the Thomsons was scairt at their own shadders. Ivory Strout rid right behind the hearse, 'n' he says his heart was in his mouth the hull durin' time for fear 't would break down. He didn't git much comfort out the occasion, I guess! Wa'n't he mad he hed to ride in the same buggy with his mother-in-law! The minister planned it all out, 'n' wrote down the order o' the mourners, 'n' passeled him out with old Mis' Thomson. I was stan'in' close by, 'n' I heard him say he s'posed he could go that way if he must, but 'twould spile the hull blamed thing for him! . . . Well, as I was sayin', the Seleckmen went to Deacon Pennell to get a contribution towards buyin' the new hearse; an' do you know, he wouldn't give 'em a dollar? He told 'em he gave five dollars towards the other one, twenty years ago, 'n' hadn't never got a cent's worth o' use out of it. That's Deacon Pennell all over! As Si says, if the grace o' God wa'n't given to all of us without money 'n' without price, you wouldn't never hev ketched Deacon Pennell experiencin' religion! It's got to be a free gospel 'twould convict him o' sin, that's certain! I guess I've done as much work as I can do to-day, so I bid you good-evenin'."

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THE DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ. From "Cuba in War Time." Copyright, 1898, by Robert Howard Russell. Reprinted with permission. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

**A**DOLFO RODRIGUEZ was the only son of a Cuban farmer, who lives nine miles outside of Santa Clara, beyond the hills that surround that city to the north.

When the revolution broke out young Rodriguez joined the insurgents, leaving his father and mother and two sisters at the farm. He was taken, in December of 1896, by a force of the Guardia Civil, the corps d'élite of the Spanish army, and defended himself when they tried to capture him, wounding three of them with his machete.

He was tried by a military court for bearing arms against the government, and sentenced to be shot by a fusillade some morning, before sunrise. . . .

His execution took place the morning of the 19th of January, at a place a half-mile distant from the city, on the great plain that stretches from the forts out to the hills, beyond which Rodriguez had lived for nineteen years. At the time of his death he was twenty years old. . . .

There had been a full moon the night preceding the execution, and when the squad of soldiers marched out from town it was still shining brightly through the mists, although it was past five o'clock. . . . A line of tiny camp fires that the sentries had built during the night stretched between the forts at regular intervals and burned brightly.

But as the light grew stronger, and the moonlight faded, these were stamped out, and when the soldiers

came in force the moon was a white ball in the sky, without radiance, the fires had sunk to ashes, and the sun had not yet risen.

So, even when the men were formed into three sides of a hollow square, they were scarcely able to distinguish one another in the uncertain light of the morning.

There were about three hundred soldiers in the formation. They belonged to the Volunteers, and they deployed upon the plain with their band in front, playing a jaunty quickstep, while their officers galloped from one side to the other through the grass, seeking out a suitable place for the execution, while the band outside the line still played merrily. . . .

As the light increased a mass of people came hurrying from the town with two black figures leading them, and the soldiers drew up at attention, and part of the double line fell back and left an opening in the square.

With us a condemned man walks only the short distance from his cell to the scaffold or the electric chair, shielded from sight by the prison walls; and it often occurs even then that the short journey is too much for his strength and courage.

But the merciful Spaniards on this morning made the prisoner walk for over a half-mile across the broken surface of the fields. I expected to find the man, no matter what his strength at other times might be, stumbling and faltering on this cruel journey, but as he came nearer I saw that he led all the others, that the priests on either side of him were taking two steps to his one, and that they were tripping on their gowns and stumbling over the hollows, in their efforts to keep pace with him as he walked, erect and soldierly, at a quick step in advance of them.



He had a handsome, gentle face of the peasant type, a light, pointed beard, great wistful eyes and a mass of curly black hair. He was shockingly young for such a sacrifice, and looked more like a Neapolitan than a Cuban. . . . He wore a new scapula around his neck, hanging outside his linen blouse.

It seems a petty thing to have been pleased with at such a time, but I confess to have felt a thrill of satisfaction when I saw, as the Cuban passed me, that he held a cigarette between his lips, not arrogantly nor with bravado, but with the nonchalance of a man who meets his punishment fearlessly, and who will let his enemies see that they can kill but can not frighten him.

It was very quickly finished, with rough, and but for one frightful blunder, with merciful swiftness. The crowd fell back when it came to the square, and the condemned man, the priests and the firing squad of six young volunteers passed in and the line closed behind them.

The officer who had held the cord that bound the Cuban's arms behind him and passed across his breast, let it fall on the grass and drew his sword, and Rodriguez dropped his cigarette from his lips and bent and kissed the cross which the priest held up before him.

The Cuban walked to where the officer directed him to stand, and turned his back to the square and faced the hills and the road across them which led to his father's farm.

As the officer gave the first command he straightened himself as far as the cords would allow, and held up his head and fixed his eyes immovably on the morning light which had just begun to show above the hills.

He made a picture of such pathetic helplessness, but

of such courage and dignity, that he reminded me on the instant of that statue of Nathan Hale, which stands in the City Hall Park, above the roar of Broadway, and teaches a lesson daily to the hurrying crowds of money-makers who pass beneath. . . .

The officer had given the order, the men had raised their pieces, and the condemned man had heard the clicks of the triggers as they were pulled back, and he had not moved. And then happened one of the most cruelly refined, though unintentional, acts of torture that one can very well imagine. As the officer slowly raised his sword, preparatory to giving the signal, one of the mounted officers rode up to him and pointed out silently what I had already observed with some satisfaction, that the firing squad were so placed that when they fired they would shoot several of the soldiers stationed on the extreme end of the square.

Their captain motioned his men to lower their pieces, and then walked across the grass and laid his hand on the shoulder of the waiting prisoner.

It is not pleasant to think what that shock must have been. The man had steeled himself to receive a volley of bullets in his back. He believed that in the next instant he would be in another world; he had heard the command given, had heard the click of the Mausers as the locks caught—and then, at that supreme moment, a human hand had been laid upon his shoulder and a voice spoke in his ear.

You would expect that any man who had been snatched back to life in such a fashion would start and tremble at the reprieve, or would break down altogether, but this boy turned his head steadily, and followed with his eyes the direction of the officer's sword,

then nodded his head gravely, and, with his shoulders squared, took up a new position, straightened his back again, and once more held himself erect.

As an exhibition of self-control this should surely rank above feats of heroism performed in battle, where there are thousands of comrades to give inspiration. This man was alone, in the sight of the hills he knew, with only enemies about him, with no source to draw on for strength but that which lay within himself.

The officer of the firing squad, mortified by his blunder, hastily whipped up his sword, the men once more leveled their rifles, the sword rose, dropped, and the men fired. At the report the Cuban's head snapped back almost between his shoulders, but his body fell slowly, as though some one had pushed him gently forward from behind and he had stumbled.

He sank on his side in the wet grass without a struggle or sound, and did not move again. . . .

At that moment the sun, which had shown some promise of its coming in the glow above the hills, shot up suddenly from behind them in all the splendor of the tropics, a fierce, red disc of heat, and filled the air with warmth and light.

The bayonets of the retreating column flashed in it, and at the sight of it a rooster in a farmyard near by crowed vigorously and a dozen bugles answered the challenge with the brisk, cheery notes of the reveille, and from all parts of the city the church bells jangled out the call for early mass, and the whole world of Santa Clara seemed to stir and stretch itself and to wake to welcome the day just begun.

But as I fell in at the rear of the procession and looked back the figure of the young Cuban, who was no

longer a part of the world of Santa Clara, was asleep in the wet grass, with his motionless arms still tightly bound behind him, with the scapula twisted awry across his face and the blood from his breast sinking into the soil he had tried to free.

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“DAGGER SOLILOQUY.” From “Macbeth.” By  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

**M**ACBETH. Is this a dagger which I see before  
me,

The handle toward my hand?—Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cool breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.—  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

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THE FORUM SCENE. From "Julius Cæsar." By  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Scene. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied; let us be  
satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience,  
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius, and compare  
their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes  
into the pulpit.]

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended.  
Silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.  
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my  
cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for  
mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that  
you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and  
awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If  
there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of  
Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was  
no less than his. If then that friend demand why  
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer.—Not

that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bond-man? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

[Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.



Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with  
shouts and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And for my sake, stay here with Antony;  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony  
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark  
Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public  
chair;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of  
Brutus here.

First Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain;  
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen. Peace, let us hear what Antony can  
say.

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—  
For Brutus is an honourable man,  
So are they all, all honourable men,—  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.  
Let but the commons hear this testament—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood.  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark  
Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not  
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

Fourth Citizen. Read the will! we'll hear it,  
Antony!

You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay  
awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors! Honourable  
men!

All. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers!

The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Second Citizen. Descend.

[He comes down from the pulpit.

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from  
the body.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony!—most noble  
Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. 'Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them  
now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See what a rent the envious Casca made;

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O woful day!

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains!

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen. We will be reveng'd!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!  
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,  
we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not  
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable,  
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,  
And Brutus, Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the con-  
spirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me  
speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not  
what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizen. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear  
the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge  
his death.

Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Citizen. Never, never!—Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go, fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any  
thing. [Exeunt Citizens, with the body.

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot.  
Take thou what course thou wilt!



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WIVES IN A SOCIAL GAME. Anonymous.

BIGGSBY and his wife went around to the Crosbys' the other night to spend the evening, and they had been there only a short time when Crosby said:

"S'posing we have a game of euchre."

"Oh, let's!" said Mrs. Biggsby.

"Think euchre is perfectly lovely," said Mrs. Crosby, and Biggsby said:

"All right, we'll have a game or two."

So the cards were brought out and a table cleared for the game. Like most men, Crosby and Biggsby liked to play cards as if it were a matter of life and death, but it was different with the women.

"I like euchre because it is such a sociable game," said Mrs. Biggsby, as she munched at one of a dish of bonbons Mrs. Crosby had set in the middle of the table, and Crosby had somewhat impatiently set it aside.

"Now, in whist one has to give such close attention to the game that——" began Mrs. Biggsby, when Biggsby interrupted with:

"Come, cut for deal."

"Hope I'll get it," said Mrs. Crosby, with a chuckle.

"You'll be real mean if you do," said Mrs. Biggsby. "I always like to—Oh, Mr. Crosby has the deal, and he's my partner. Goody, goody!"

"You're horrid! Oh, by the way, I met May Griggson and her baby on the street this afternoon. She'd been down getting the baby photographed. I'd never seen her baby before, although it's five months old and——"

"I've never seen it yet. Is it pretty?"

"Well, it has May's eyes and nose to a T, but,

of course, one can't tell how such a young baby will look when—Oh! are those my cards? What's trumps?"

"Hearts."

"Oh, mercy! I've a perfectly awful hand! I hope my partner——"

"Come, come," says Crosby, "no talking across the table. What will you do?"

"Oh, I pass! I haven't a single trump, and——"

"I'm not much better off," says Mrs. Crosby. "But about May Griggson. They say that Tom, her husband, thinks that the sun rises and sets in that baby, and that May won't leave it for an hour, not even with her own mother, and—oh, did you know that Jennie Traft's engagement to Fred Hilton had been announced?"

"No."

"It's so, and—oh, is it my play? What's trumps?"

"Hearts."

"Who led?"

"Crosby."

"Then I—oh, dear, I don't know what to play. Let me see, I've got to follow suit, haven't I? I guess this nine spot will do. As I was saying, Jennie and Fred are engaged at last, and they say that the wedding is to be right away, for— isn't that a new waist you have on?"

"Yes—you like it?"

"I think it's lovely. Here they said two years ago that the fancy waist was going out, and I do believe that they are worn more than ever."

"Of course they are for—What? It's my play? What's trumps? Hearts? Why, I thought diamonds were trumps. Well, it doesn't make any difference,

for I haven't any. What's led? Spades? Who played that ten spot? I haven't any spades, and so I guess I'd better trump it for—oh, my partner has already trumped it with the right bower, and there I threw away that good left bower. That's too bad. But, as I was saying, my dressmaker says that she has made more fancy waists this season than ever before."

"I don't doubt it. I'm having me one made of black chiffon over orange silk, with beautiful jet passementeries and—What? It's my play? Let me see—what's trumps? Hearts? Well, you needn't be so cross about it, Mr. Biggsby. What led?"

"Diamonds."

"Diamonds. And you say that hearts are trumps? Hearts, hearts; I haven't any hearts nor any trumps, so I'll play this club for—yes, it's of fine black chiffon, and you can't think how lovely the orange taffeta silk looks under it. The chiffon tones the orange down to the loveliest tint of pinkish yellow, and I'm having rows and rows of fine tucking in front and——"

"I should think it would be lovely. But aren't you sorry those cunning and pretty little boleros have gone out now that—oh, it's my play. What's trumps?"

"Hearts!" growls Crosby.

"Mercy! Don't take my head off if hearts are trumps, Jack Crosby! That's the way with men; they play cards as if their lives were at stake, and I, oh, say, maybe, s'posing we let Jack and George finish the game and you go upstairs with me and see a new bonnet I've just had sent home. It's the most fetching thing I've had for years, and I'm dying to show it to you. I don't care for euchre, anyhow."

"Neither do I. Whist is my game."

"Mine, too. There! You horrid, cross men, you! Go on with the game by yourselves!"

Which they were glad to do after changing the game from euchre to poker.

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SOLILOQUIES FROM "HAMLET." By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

HAMLET. O that this too, too solid flesh would  
melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in  
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:  
So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month—  
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—  
A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears,—why she, even she—  
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,  
My father's brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules. Within a month?  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married. O most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets,

It is not, nor it cannot come to good;—  
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Hamlet. Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit  
That from her working all his visage wann'd,  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty and appall the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?  
Ha!

'Swounds, I should take it; for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter, or ere this  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!  
O vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must fall a-cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard  
That guilty creatures sitting at a play  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil; and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds  
More relative than this; the play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be,—that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep,—  
To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

King. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,



A brother's murder! Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will;  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'  
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
Yet what can it when one can not repent?  
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
O limed soul, that struggling to be free  
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay!  
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!

All may be well. [Retires and kneels.

[Enter Hamlet.]

Hamlet. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;  
And now I'll do 't.—And so he goes to heaven;  
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:  
A villain kills my father; and for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.

He took my father grossly, full of bread,  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;  
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?  
But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,  
To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
No!

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:  
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,  
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;  
At gaming, swearing, or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in't;  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,  
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.—  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

King. [Rising.] My words fly up, my thoughts  
remain below;  
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [Exit.

Hamlet. How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason  
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom  
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do,'  
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means  
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me;  
Witness this army of such mass and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender prince,  
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd  
Makes mouths at the invisible event,  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That for a fantasy and trick of fame  
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough and continent  
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

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LADY GAY SPANKER. From "London Assurance." Persons represented: Sir Harcourt Courtly, Max Harkaway, Young Courtly (under the assumed name of Mr. Hamilton), Dazzle, James, Grace Harkaway, Lady Gay Spanker. By DION BOUCICAULT.

MAX.—Here, all of you—look, here is Lady Gay Spanker coming across the lawn at a hand gallop!

Sir H. (running to the window).—Bless me, the horse is running away!

Max.—Look how she takes that fence! there's a seat.

Sir H.—Lady Gay Spanker—who may she be?

Grace.—Gay Spanker, Sir Harcourt? My cousin and dearest friend—you must like her.

Sir H.—It will be my devoir, since it is your wish—though it will be a hard task in your presence.

Grace.—I am sure she will like you.

Sir H.—Ha! ha! I flatter myself.

Young C.—Who, and what is she?

Grace.—Glee, glee, made a living thing—Nature, in some frolic mood, shut up a merry devil in her eye, and, spiting Art, stole joy's brightest harmony to thrill her laugh, which peals out sorrow's knell. Her cry rings loudest in the field—the very echo loves it best, and as each hill attempts to ape her voice, Earth seems to laugh that it made a thing too glad.

Max.—Ay, the merriest minx I ever kissed. [Lady Gay laughs without.

Lady G. (without).—Max!

Max.—Come in, you mischievous puss.

[Enter James.]

James. Mr. Adolphus and Lady Gay Spanker.  
[Exit.

[Enter Lady Gay, fully equipped in riding habit, etc.]

Lady Gay.—Ha! ha! Well, Governor, how are ye? I have been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes. How are you, Grace, dear? (Kisses her.) There, don't fidget, Max. And there—(kisses him), there's one for you.

Sir H.—Ahem!

Lady Gay.—Oh, gracious, I didn't see you had visitors.

Max.—Permit me to introduce—Sir Harcourt Courtly, Lady Gay Spanker. Mr. Dazzle, Mr. Hamilton—Lady Gay Spanker.

Lady Gay.—You mustn't think anything of the liberties I take with my old papa here—bless him!

Sir H.—Oh, no! (Aside.) I only thought I should like to be in his place.

Lady Gay.—I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt. Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

Sir H.—Does your Ladyship hunt?

Lady Gay.—Ha! I say, Governor, does my Ladyship hunt? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing as without hunting. Man was fashioned expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps? Of course! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir H.—Yes, it is all very well in the abstract: I tried it once.

Lady Gay.—Once! Only once?

Sir H.—Once, only once. And then the animal ran away with me.

Lady Gay.—Why, you would not have him walk?

Sir H.—Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance; but aided by the united stays of the mane and tail I frustrated his intentions. (All laugh.) His next resource, however, was more effectual, for he succeeded in rubbing me up against a tree.

Max and Lady Gay.—Ha! ha! ha!

Daz.—How absurd you must have looked with your legs and arms in the air, like a shipwrecked tea-table!

Sir H.—Sir, I never looked absurd in my life. Ah, it may be very amusing in relation, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady Gay.—I pity you, Sir Harcourt; it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Max.—Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek—a steeple-chase, sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding; but for Gay here, I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it! How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

Lady Gay.—Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone; the start was a picture—away we went in a cloud—pell-mell—helter-skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up—we soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew over the fences—the Colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run—at last the Colt balked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three

lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head—ha! ha! Away he flew, like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

All.—Bravo! Bravo!

Lady Gay.—Do you hunt?

Daz.—Hunt! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horseback and cradled in a kennel! Ay, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop!

Max (to Sir H.).—You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London: here we rise with the lark.

Sir H.—Haven't the remotest conception when that period is.

Grace.—The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir H.—Oh, pardon me; I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my traveling carriage, and I always considered it disagreeable.

Grace.—I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause:—these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

Sir H.—The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp, foggy morning, except those confounded waits, who never play in tune, and a

miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window just as I am persuading myself to sleep? In fact, I never heard any music worth listening to, except in Italy.

Lady Gay.—No? then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry?

Sir H.—Full cry!

Lady G.—Ay! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view-hallo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music,—match it where you can. Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course! Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven!—all—all—one piece of glowing ecstasy! Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing,—my jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth, that I might kiss it!



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THE DEATH OF MME. DEFARGE. From "A Tale of Two Cities." By CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE were many women during the French Revolution upon whom the time laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand; but there was not one among them more to be dreaded than that ruthless woman, Madame Defarge, now taking her way along the streets. She was absolutely without pity. To appeal to her, was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity, even for herself.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough, in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap. Lying hidden in her bosom was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden at her waist was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood, barefoot and barelegged, on the brown sea-sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Now, when the journey of the travelling coach, at that very moment waiting for the completion of its load, had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it was a serious consideration. Finally, it was settled that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty to leave the city, should leave it at three o'clock in the lightest-wheeled conveyance known to that period.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had beheld the coach start, had passed some ten minutes in tortures of

suspense, and were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, now drew nearer and nearer to the else-deserted lodging in which they held their consultation.

"Now, what do you think, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, or stand, or move, or live; "what do you think of our not starting from this court-yard? Another carriage having gone from here to-day, it might awaken suspicion."

"My opinion, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "is as you're right. Likewise, wot I'll stand by you, right or wrong."

"I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures, that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are you capable of forming any plan, my dear, good Mr. Cruncher?"

"Respectin' a future spear o' life, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "I hope so. Respectin' any present use o' this here blessed head o' mine, I think not. Would you do me the favour, miss, to take notice o' two promises and wows wot it is my wishes fur to record in this here crisis?"

"Oh, for gracious sake! record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man."

"First," said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble, and who spoke with an ashy and solemn visage, "them poor things well out o' this, never no more will I do it, never no more!"

"I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher," returned Miss Pross, "that you never will do it again, whatever it is,

and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is."

"No, miss," returned Jerry, "it shall not be named to you. Second: them poor things well out o' this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more!"

"Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be," said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, "I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence—O my poor darlings!"

"I go so far as to say, miss, moreover, and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself—that wot my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time."

"There, there, there! I hope she is, my dear man, and I hope she finds it answering her expectations."

And still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If we ever get back to our native land," said Miss Pross, "you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray, let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think!"

Still, Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If you were to go before," said Miss Pross, "and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here, and

were to wait somewhere for me; wouldn't that be best?"

Mr. Cruncher thought it might be best.

"Where could you wait for me?" asked Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher was so bewildered that he could think of no locality but Temple Bar. Alas, Temple Bar was hundreds of miles away, and Madame Defarge was drawing very near indeed.

"By the cathedral door," said Miss Pross. "Would it be much out of the way to take me in, near the great cathedral door between the two towers?"

"No, miss," answered Mr. Cruncher.

"Then, like the best of men," said Miss Pross, "go to the posting-house straight, and make that change."

"I am doubtful about leaving of you, you see. We don't know what may happen."

"Heaven knows, we don't," returned Miss Pross, "but have no fear for me. Take me in at the cathedral, at three o'clock, or as near it as you can, and I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher! Think—not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!"

This exordium, and Miss Pross's two hands in quiet agonised entreaty clasping his, decided Mr. Cruncher. With an encouraging nod or two, he immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed.

The having originated a precaution which was already in course of execution, was a great relief to Miss Pross. The necessity of composing her appearance so that it should attract no special notice in the streets, was another relief. She looked at her watch,

and it was twenty minutes past two. She had no time to lose, but must get ready at once.

Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, she could not bear to have her sight obscured for a minute at a time by the dripping water, but constantly paused and looked round to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By strange, stern ways, and through much staining blood, those feet had come to meet that water.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her; years had not tamed the wildness, or softened the grimness of her appearance; but, she, too, was a determined woman in her different way, and she measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of

Lucifer. Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."

"On my way yonder," said Madame Defarge, with a slight movement of her hand towards the fatal spot, "where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it, I'll hold my own against them."

Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner, what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment," said Madame Defarge. "Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear?"

"If those eyes of yours were bed-winsches," returned Miss Pross, "and I was an English four-poster, they shouldn't loose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman; I am your match."

"Woman, imbecile and pig-like! I take no answer from you. I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!" This, with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, except the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her; but she now advanced one step.

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross. "I am desperate. I don't care an English twopence for myself. I know that the longer I keep you here, the greater hope there is for my Ladybird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!"

Thus Miss Pross, with a shake of her head and a flash of her eyes between every sentence, and every rapid sentence a whole breath. Thus Miss Pross, who had never struck a blow in her life.

But her courage was of that emotional nature that it brought the irrepressible tears into her eyes. This was a courage that Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness. "Ha! ha!" she laughed, "you poor wretch! What are you worth! I address myself to that Doctor." Then she raised her voice and called out, "Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge!"

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the

request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to herself; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me, I will tear you to pieces, but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary courtyard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here, while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore her face; but Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon, Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist. "It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones, "you shall not



draw it. I am stronger than you, I bless Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone—blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of Madame Defarge whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

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SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS." By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

SCENE.—A dressing-room in Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings; discovered, Lydia Languish sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand; Lucy as if just returned from a message, on her R.

Lucy.—Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it; I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lyd.—And could you not get "The Reward of Constancy"?

Lucy.—No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd.—Nor "The Fatal Connexion"?

Lucy.—No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd.—Nor "The Mistakes of the Heart"?

Lucy.—Ma'am, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away.

Lyd.—Heigho! Did you inquire for "The Delicate Distress"?

Lucy.—Or, "The Memoirs of Lady Woodford"? Yes, indeed, ma'am, I asked everywhere for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-eared it, it wa'n't fit for a Christian to read.

Lyd.—Heigho! Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy.—Oh, here, ma'am! (Takes books from under her cloak and from her pockets.) This is "The Man of Feeling," and this, "Peregrine Pickle"—here are "The Tears of Sensibility," and "Humphrey Clinker."

Lyd.—Hold! here's some one coming—quick, see who it is.

Lucy.—Oh, ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute, just coming home with your aunt.

Lyd.—They'll not come here; Lucy, do you watch.

Lucy.—Oh, lud, ma'am! They are both coming upstairs!

Lyd.—Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick—quick!

[Enter Mrs. Malaprop, followed by Sir Anthony Absolute; Lucy stands, hiding books behind her, until Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop pass, when she saunters demurely off.]

Mrs. M.—There, Sir Anthony, there stands the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd.—Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. M.—You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all. Thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow;—to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

Lyd.—Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. M.—But I say it is, miss! There is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed, and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir A.—Surely the young lady does not pretend to remember what she is ordered to forget! Ah, this comes of her reading.

Lyd.—What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. M.—Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise me to do as you are bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd.—Madam, I must tell you plainly that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M.—What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest, in matrimony, to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor, and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made; and, when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!

Sir A.—He-e-m!

Mrs. M.—But, suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd.—Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M.—Take yourself to your room! You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humours.

Lyd.—Willingly, ma'am; I cannot change for the worse. [Exit.

Mrs. M.—There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir A.—It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all that is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library;

she had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers. From that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. M.—Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir A.—Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And, depend upon it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. M.—Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

(Sir Anthony places a chair for her, and another for himself, bows to her respectfully, waits till she is seated.)

Sir A.—Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M.—Observe me, Sir Anthony—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; above all, she should be a perfect mistress of orthodoxy—that is, she should not mispronounce and misspell words as our young

ladies of the present day constantly do. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir A.—Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. M.—None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir A.—Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M.—We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir A.—Objection! Let him object, if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop; Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple. In his younger days, 'twas, "Jack, do this." If he demurred, I knocked him down, and, if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. M.—Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. (Both rise.) Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir A.—Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. I must leave you. Good morning, Mrs. Malaprop. (Both bow profoundly, and Sir Anthony steps back as if to go out; then returns to say:) And let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl—take my advice, keep a tight hand. Good morning, Mrs. Malaprop. If she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key. Good-morning, Mrs. Malaprop. And if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. Good-morning, Mrs. Malaprop.

(Bows formally, and exit.)

Mrs. M.—Well, at any rate, I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition; she has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me! No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. (Calls.) Lucy, Lucy! Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

[Enter Lucy.]

Lucy.—Did you call, ma'am?

Mrs. M.—Yes, girl. Did you see Sir Lucius while you were out?

Lucy.—No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. M.—You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned——

Lucy.—Oh, gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out!

Mrs. M.—Well, don't let your simplicity be reposed upon.

Lucy.—No, ma'am.

Mrs. M.—So, come to me presently, and I'll give

you another letter to Sir Lucius; but mind, Lucy, if ever you betray what you are intrusted with,—unless it be other people's secrets to me,—you forfeit my malevolence for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality.



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CLEOPATRA'S BARGE. From "Antony and Cleopatra." By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

MÆCENAS. Welcome from Egypt, sir.  
Enobarbus. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!—My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agrippa. Good Enobarbus!

Mæcenas. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by't in Egypt.

Enobarbus. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mæcenas. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Enobarbus. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæcenas. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Enobarbus. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agrippa. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Enobarbus. I will tell you.  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were  
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description; she did lie  
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—  
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see

The fancy outwork nature; on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid did.

Agrippa.

O, rare for Antony!

Enobarbus. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings; at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her, and Antony,  
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too  
And made a gap in nature.

Agrippa.

Rare Egyptian!

Enobarbus. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper; she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest,  
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And for his ordinary pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

Agrippa.

Royal wench!

Mæcnas. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Enobarbus. Never; he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety; other women cloy

The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies.

Mæcenas. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

Agrippa. Let us go.—  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest  
Whilst you abide here.

Enobarbus. Humbly, sir, I thank you.  
[Exeunt.]

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SCENE FROM "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."  
Translated by Howard Thayer Kingsbury. Reprinted  
with the permission of the publishers, Messrs. L. C.  
Page & Company. By EDMOND ROSTAND.

CYRANO. My warning to the idlers  
Who find the middle of my face amusing;—  
And if the joker's noble, 'tis my custom  
To give to him before I let him go  
Steel and not leather, in front, and higher up.

De Guiche (who has come down from the stage with  
the Marquises).

He becomes tiresome!

The Vicomte de Valvert (shrugging his shoulders).  
He blows his trumpet!

De Guiche. Will no one answer him?

The Vicomte. No one? But wait!

I shall fling at him now some of my wit!

(Advances towards Cyrano, who is watching him, and  
takes his place in front of him with a silly air.)

You—your nose is—nose is—very large.

Cyrano (gravely). Very!

The Vicomte (smiling). Ha!

Cyrano (imperturbable). That is all?

The Vicomte. But——

Cyrano. No, young man.

That is somewhat too brief. You might say—  
Lord!—

Many and many a thing, changing your tone,

As for example these;—Aggressively:

"Sir, had I such a nose I'd cut it off!"

Friendly: "But it must dip into your cup.

You should have made a goblet tall to drink from."

Descriptive: "'Tis a crag—a peak—a cape!"

I said a cape?—'tis a peninsula."

Inquisitive: "To what use do you put  
This oblong sheath; is it a writing-case—  
Or scissors-box?" Or, in a gracious tone:

"Are you so fond of birds, that like a father  
You spend your time and thought to offer them  
This roosting place to rest their little feet?"

Quarrelsome: "Well, sir, when you smoke your pipe  
Can the smoke issue from your nose, without  
Some neighbor crying, 'The chimney is afire?'"

Warning: "Be careful, lest this weight drag down  
Your head, and stretch you prostrate on the ground."—

Tenderly: "Have a small umbrella made,  
For fear its color fade out in the sun."

Pedantic: "Sir, only the animal  
Called by the poet Aristophanes  
'Hippocampelephantocámelos'

Should carry so much flesh and bone upon him!"

Cavalier: "Friend, is this peg in the fashion?  
To hang one's hat on, it must be convenient."

Emphatic: "Magisterial nose, no wind  
Could give thee all a cold, except the mistral."

Dramatic: "'Tis the Red Sea when it bleeds!"

Admiring: "What a sign for a perfumer!"

Poetic: 'I's't a conch; are you a Triton?"

Naïve: "When does one visit this great sight?"

Respectful: "Let me, sir, pay my respects.  
This might be called fronting upon the street."

Countrified: "That's a nose that is a nose!  
A giant turnip or a baby melon!"

Or military: "Guard against cavalry!"

Practical: "Will you put it in a raffle?"

It surely, sir, would be the winning number!"

Or parodying Pyramus, with a sob:

"There is the nose that ruins the symmetry  
Of its master's features; the traitor blushes for it."  
My friend, that is about what you'd have said  
If you had had some learning or some wit;  
But wit, oh! most forlorn of human creatures,  
You never had a bit of; as for letters  
You only have the four that spell out 'Fool'!  
Moreover, had you owned the imagination  
Needed to give you power, before this hall,  
To offer me these mad jests—all of them—  
You would not even have pronounced the quarter  
O' the half of one's beginning, for I myself  
Offer them to myself with dash enough,  
But suffer no one else to say them to me."

De Guiche (trying to lead away the dazed vicomte).

Vicomte, leave off!

The Vicomte (choking). These great and lofty airs!  
A rustic, who—who—even wears no gloves,  
And goes about without a single ribbon.

Cyrano. It is my character that I adorn.  
I do not deck me like a popinjay;  
But though less foppish, I am better dressed:  
I would not sally forth, through carelessness,  
With an insult ill wiped out, or with my conscience  
Sallow with sleep still lingering in its eyes,  
Honor in rags, or scruples dressed in mourning.  
But I go out with all upon me shining,  
With liberty and freedom for my plume,  
Not a mere upright figure;—'tis my soul  
That I thus hold erect as if with stays,  
And decked with daring deeds instead of ribbons,  
Twirling my wit as it were my moustache,

The while I pass among the crowd, I make  
Bold truths ring out like spurs.

The Vicomte. But, sir——

Cyrano. I have

No gloves?—A pity!—I had just one left,  
One of a worn-out pair!—which troubled me!  
I left it recently in some one's face.

The Vicomte. Knave, rascal, booby, flat-foot, scum  
o' the earth!

Cyrano (taking off his hat and bowing as if the  
Vicomte had just introduced himself).

Ah? And I—Cyrano-Savinien-Hercule de Bergerac.  
(Laughter).

The Vicomte (in a temper). Buffoon!

Cyrano (giving a cry like one who feels a sudden  
pain). Oh!

The Vicomte (who was going off, turning about).  
What's he saying now?

Cyrano (with grimaces of pain). I must  
Shake it, because it falls asleep—the fault  
Of leaving it long idle—

The Vicomte. What's the matter?

Cyrano. My sword-blade tingles!

The Vicomte (drawing his own sword). Very well,  
come on!

Cyrano. I shall give you a charming little stroke.

The Vicomte (with disdain). Poet!—

Cyrano. A poet, yes! and such a one,  
That, while I fence with you, I'll improvise  
A ballade for you.

The Vicomte. A ballade?

Cyrano. I suppose

You do not e'en imagine what that is?

The Vicomte. But——

Cyrano (as if reciting a lesson).

The ballade, then, is made up of three stanzas,  
Of eight lines——

The Vicomte (shuffling his feet). Oh!

Cyrano (continuing). And a refrain of four.

The Vicomte. You——

Cyrano. I'll make one and fight you, both at once.  
And at the last verse touch you, sir.

The Vicomte. No!

Cyrano. No?

The ballade of Monsieur de Bergerac's duel  
At the Hotel de Bourgogne, with a booby.

The Vicomte. What is that, if you please?

Cyrano. That is the title.

The Hall (excited to the highest pitch).

In place!—No noise!—In line!—This is amusing.

(Tableau. A circle of curious onlookers in the parterre, the Marquises and the Officers mixed in with the Tradesmen and common people. The Pages climb on people's shoulders to see better. All the women stand up in the boxes. To the right De Guiche and his gentlemen. To the left Le Bret, Ragueneau, Cuigy, etc.)

Cyrano (closing his eyes for a moment).

Wait, let me choose my rhymes—I have them now:

My hat I toss lightly away;  
From my shoulders I slowly let fall  
The cloak which conceals my array,  
And my sword from my scabbard I call,  
Like Céladon, graceful and tall,



Like Scaramouche, quick hand and brain,—  
And I warn you, my friend, once for all,  
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

(The swords meet.)

You were rash thus to join in the fray;  
Like a fowl I shall carve you up small,  
Your ribs, 'neath your doublet so gay,  
Your breast, where the blue ribbons fall,  
Ding-dong! ring your bright trappings all;  
My point flits like a fly on the pane,  
As I clearly announce to the hall  
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

I need one more rhyme for "array"—  
You give ground, you turn white as the wall,—  
And so lend me the word "runaway,"  
There! you have let your point fall  
As I parry your best lunge of all;  
I begin a new line, the end's plain,  
Your skewer hold tight, lest it fall.  
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

(Announces solemnly.)

#### REFRAIN.

Prince, on the Lord you must call!  
I gain ground, I advance once again,  
I feint, I lunge. (Lunging.) There! that is all!  
(The Vicomte staggers. Cyrano salutes.)  
For I thrust as I end the refrain.

(Shouts. Applause in the boxes. Flowers and handkerchiefs are thrown. The officers surround Cyrano and congratulate him. Ragueneau dances with enthusiasm. Le Bret is dizzy with joy. The Vicomte's friends hold him up and lead him away.)

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THE EXECUTION OF SYDNEY CARTON.  
From "A Tale of Two Cities." By CHARLES  
DICKENS.

**A** LONG the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in the one realisation, Guillotine. Changeless and hopeless, the tumbrils roll along.

As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets.

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair. Several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril, with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and who

holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Therése!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Therése Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "Therése."

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her.

"Bad Fortune! and here are the tumbrils! And Evrémonde will be despatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—a head is held up, and the knitting-women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting her out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in

the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes; better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind, strong face which gives me so much support, is this:—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land, where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.

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THE BOAT RACE. From "Jack Hall; or, The School Days of an American Boy." Copyright, 1893, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted with permission. By ROBERT GRANT.

THE race had been fixed for ten o'clock. The lake was reported to be like a mirror. Jack ate a fairly substantial breakfast at eight, and at Carlisle's suggestion remained quietly until nine in his own room, from which he emerged in an overcoat worn over his boating costume, a crimson and black striped jersey and crimson handkerchief, and a nondescript pair of trousers. Haseltine was waiting before the door with a trap so as to spare his champion the unnecessary fatigue of a walk. Hasy announced that the Doctor and Tom Bonsall had already gone down to the boat-house.

Every boy who possessed a boat was out in it, and the water was dotted with every variety of craft from a Rob Roy canoe to the steam launch recently presented to the school by a fond graduate, which was occupied by Mrs. Meredith, the judges, and some of the principal guests. The launch flew proudly the school colors, blue and white, which properly were worn to-day only by the Doctor, who was just stepping from the float into his shell amid great applause as Jack alighted from the vehicle. The stand, which had been erected a few rods from the boat-house, and which was just opposite to the finish, was crowded with visitors. It was a scene calculated to quicken the pulses of any one with a spark of enthusiasm. As for Jack, when he started to strip off his overcoat he was trembling all over, and could feel his heart going like a trip-hammer.

The course was to be two miles in all; straight away

for a mile to a flagged buoy and back again to another flagged buoy abreast of the boat-house. Two of the first class were to be judges, a third to be judge at the further buoy, and Mr. Percy had consented to act as referee in case of any dispute. Stoddard, of the second class, was to send the contestants off by firing a pistol at the proper moment.

Jack was the last of the three to get into his boat.

"Is everything all right?" whispered Carlisle, who was bending over him holding the shell at the float. "Don't spurt until you have to, remember."

"O. K.," answered our hero.

Carlisle shoved the shell out. Jack paddled a few rods and then shot off at a comfortable pace up the lake. He caught a glimpse of Tom Bonsall, in a white shirt with a purple star on its bosom, and a purple handkerchief bound stylishly across his forehead, resting on his oars and watching him. Jack had no idea of wasting his energies by showing off. He had time just to warm himself up a bit before the signal to get into line.

He had scarcely turned to come back when the pistol sounded, and by the time he reached the starting line the Doctor and Tom were in position. According to the lots drawn that morning Jack was to be in the middle, with Tom inside; so he paddled in between them. Stoddard spent a few moments in making first one and then another retire or move forward a few inches, then asked sharply:

"Are you ready?"

Jack felt almost beside himself in the short interval that preceded the discharge, and his throat seemed parched.

Crack!

The three pairs of blades flashed through the water at the same moment, and neither boat seemed to gain any decided advantage as they bounded away from the buoy amid the cheers of everybody.

"Hurrah for the Doctor!"

"Hit her up, Tom!"

"Bully for you, Jack!"

It took our hero some minutes to get his head clear enough to be able to perceive what he was doing, as compared with his opponents. He rowed on and on excitedly, without realizing anything. He was conscious of rowing a rather quicker and more jerky stroke than usual. His eyes were misty and his throat drier than ever. The cheers of the spectators were growing fainter, and he felt that it was time to settle down to work. He made a gulp and looked about him. On his right was Tom, pulling like grim death, at a rate which seemed to lift his boat almost out of the water. The stern of Tom's shell was nearly on a level with the back sweep of his own oars, which showed plainly that Tom had not far from half a length's lead on him. On the other side was the Doctor in his blue and white jersey, rowing steadily and smoothly as clock-work, neck and neck with him.

"Softly now," said Jack to himself. "This is too fast company for me. If Tom can keep this racket up he'll get there first. My only chance is to let up a bit."

They were too far off now for the shouts to reach them. Not a sound was audible to Jack but the slight plashing of the oars in the water. Over his shoulder, Tom was struggling onward, and abreast of him, pulling with apparently no effort whatever and watching



alertly the movements of his rivals, could be seen the dangerous Doctor. But Jack, too, felt calm now and fresher than when he started. He can even put a little more back muscle into his stroke, he thinks, as he feels his grip tighten on the oars with the consciousness of growing vigor. A few more sweeps like that will close up the gap between his out-rigger and Tom's.

But why does not the Doctor bend to his work to keep him company? The Doctor is pulling a waiting race, evidently, and is going to let his rivals blow themselves against one another before he has an oar in the fight. Otherwise, surely he would not have let Jack forge ahead so that he has to look round the corner, now, in order to watch him. The doctor is an old hand, and has seen many a race lost by too lively a pace at the start.

"Steady," reflects Jack, again trying to keep cool as he realizes that he has a lead over his most dangerous enemy. "Don't hit her up too lively." He appreciates the Doctor's tactics, and is not going to fall into the trap if he can help it, even though Tom, spurred on by swift pursuit, has put on more steam and is holding his own bravely. They are not far from the flagged buoy now. Jack can see it distinctly, and has in mind that he must be careful to avoid a foul. They are likely to pass it in the order in which they are at present, about half a length apart, and Tom has the inside water. All three are pulling like well-oiled machines, and not a symptom of distress comes from either boat.

Tom turns first, and very cleverly too, close to the buoy so as to give no one a chance to cut in, and starts for home, but the others are at his heels and right after him. Jack in passing catches the eye of Samp-

son, the judge at the turn, and feels cool enough to nod in friendly fashion. Half way, and he is still fresh as ever! He would like to try to press Tom, but for fear of the cool, deliberate Doctor barely astern. He remembers Carlisle's caution not to spurt until he has to, and only bends strongly and firmly to his accustomed stroke, which, however, is losing him no ground, to say the least. Tom is evidently uneasy and is working to shake him off.

Ah, there! The Doctor is waking up at last, and is putting in some stronger work; nothing very strenuous, but lively enough to warn Jack that he must have his head about him if he hopes to keep his lead to the end. One thing is certain now: Tom will have to row faster or give in; after which reflection Jack slightly quickens his stroke, and without actually spurting bends every muscle. Now or never! They are only half a mile from home, and a waiting race may be delayed too long. Now or never! Will Tom be able to quicken his pace? That is the question. He does quicken it, so much so that he is rowing desperately fast with short lightning strokes, which come so rapidly that it is difficult to note the interval between them. Brilliant, magnificent! "but," as some one who knew said of the famous charge of the Light Brigade, "it is not war." It is slaughter, my dear Tom, and simple ruination. You cannot keep it up. Even as it is, in spite of your splendid pyrotechnics, Jack's long steady swing is holding you, and what is more, pressing you, into the bargain.

"Steady now," murmurs Jack, between his teeth. He knows from Tom's exertions that his rival is spurning and putting all his vitality into his pace. A ter-

rible moment of sustained effort follows, at the end of which Tom lashes the air with a misplaced stroke, the water splashes, and our hero's shell, surging forward, comes on a level with its forerunner, battles with it for twenty yards of struggling agony on the part of the doomed champion, and leaps to the front at last. Jack is ahead, and only a quarter of a mile left!

Tom is beaten. And now for the Doctor. Where is he? What is he doing? No need to ask that question, friend Jack, if you lift your eyes. Tom is beaten, not only by you but by the Doctor also; and though your most dreaded enemy is still in your rear, the nose of his boat is almost on a line with your stern, and he is quickening at every stroke.

What a babel of cheers and exclamations bursts forth from the waving, transported crowd along the bank! They begin to know who is who now, and can tell beyond the shadow of a doubt that the crimson and black and the blue and white are having a noble struggle for the lead.

"Jack Hall is ahead! Hall! Hall! No, he isn't! Hit her up, Doctor! Hurrah for Hall! Hurrah for the Doctor! Tom, where are you! Bonsall! Bonsall! H-A-L-L! H-A-L-L!"

The tumult is maddening. Can it be possible that Jack Hall, who, on the whole, before the race, was rated lowest of the three, is going to break the school record and beat the invincible Doctor in one and the same breath? It looks like it, if he can hold his own for two hundred yards more. It looks like it, decidedly, and there is plenty of clear water still between the winning goal and the foremost shell; and see, the

Doctor is spurting with a vengeance—look!—look!—and is he not gaining, too?

The Doctor has crept up, no doubt about that. The nose of his shell is now well beyond Jack's out-rigger, and he is speeding like the wind. Jack is feeling terribly tired, his throat that he thought parched at the start burns as if it were on fire, and his eyes seem ready to start out of his head. His crimson handkerchief has fallen over his eyes, but he gives himself a shake and it falls to his neck, leaving his brow refreshingly free. He has vanquished Tom anyway. So much to be thankful for. Tom is a length behind, struggling still, like the man he is, but hopelessly vanquished all the same. Jack turns his head, remembering to keep cool if he can, and sights the goal. Not more than one hundred and fifty yards left! The reverberating yells and cheers are setting his blood ablaze. He can scarcely see, but he knows he has not spurted yet. He is neck and neck with the Doctor now. There can be nothing to choose between them.

The time has come now, our hero knows, to put in any spurt that is left in him. Gripping the handles of his oars like a vise and shutting his eyes, Jack throws all his vital powers into one grand effort, which, to his supreme happiness, is answered by a great roar from the shore.

"Hall! Hall! Hurrah! Nobly done, Hall! Hall wins! Row, Doctor, row!"

The Doctor is rowing with all his might, you may be sure of that; but he has not counted on the staying powers of his adversary. He can do no more than he is doing, and this final spurt of Jack's, exhausting as it must have been were the race to be a quarter of a

mile longer, will carry the day. The Doctor can hardly catch him now.

Jack has opened his eyes and takes in the situation. The din of applause is tremendous. If he can hold out for six strokes more, the victory is his.

One stroke.

"Hall! Hall!" "Go it, Doctor!"

Two strokes.

"Jack!" "Doctor, go it!" "Tom, where are you?"

"Tom's in the soup!"

Three strokes.

"H-A-L-L!" "Doctor!"

Four strokes.

"Hall wins! Hall wins." "Jack, your mother's looking at you!"

Five strokes.

"Hurrah! Huzzah! Hurrah! Hall! Hall! Doctor! Doctor!"

Six strokes.

Panting, breathless, and bewildered by the deafening cheers, Jack is made aware only by the sight of the flagged buoy shooting past his oar-blade that he has won the race and is champion of Utopia.

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SCENES FROM "KING HENRY V." By  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

PROLOGUE.

[Enter Chorus.]

**C**HORUS. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object: can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place a million;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work.  
Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts,  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance:  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,

Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,  
Admit me Chorus to this history;  
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. . . .

## ACT I. SCENE II. LONDON.

The Presence Chamber.

[Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter,  
Warwick, Westmoreland and Attendants.]

King Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King Henry. Send for him, good uncle.

[Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop  
of Ely.]

Canterbury. God and his angels guard your sacred  
throne.

And make you long become it!

King Henry. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed

And justly and religiously unfold

Why the law Salique that they have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim. . . .

Take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war:

We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend

Without much fall of blood. . . .

Canterbury. There is no bar

To make against your highness' claim to France  
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
 'No woman shall succeed in Salique land';  
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze  
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
 The founder of this law and female bar.  
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
 That the land Salique is in Germany,  
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; . . .  
 Then doth it well appear the Salique law  
 Was not devised for the realm of France:  
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
 Until four hundred one and twenty years  
 After defunction of King Pharamond,  
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law. . . .

King Henry. May I with right and conscience make  
 this claim?

Canterbury. The sin upon my head, dread sov-  
 ereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,  
 When the man dies, let the inheritance  
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag. . . .

King Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the  
 Dauphin. [Exeunt some Attendants.]

[Enter Ambassadors of France.]

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear  
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Ambassador. May't please your majesty to  
 give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;



Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

King Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Christian  
king,

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject  
As our wretches fetter'd in our prisons: . . .

First Ambassador. Thus then, in few.  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says that you savour too much of your youth,  
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France  
That can be with a nimble galliard won;  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

King Henry. What treasure, uncle?

Exeter. Tennis-balls, my liege.

King Henry. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;

His present and your pains we thank you for.  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard. . . .  
And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them. . . .  
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,  
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:

Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,  
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. PROLOGUE.

[*Enter Chorus.*]

Chorus. Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:  
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man. . . .  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. . . .

## SCENE II.

Southampton. A Council-chamber.

[*Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.*]

Bedford. Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these  
 traitors.

Exeter. They shall be apprehended by and by. . . .

Bedford. The king hath note of all that they intend,  
 By interception which they dream not of.

[*Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and  
 Attendants.*]

King Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will  
aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,  
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:  
Think you not that the powers we bear with us  
Will cut their passage through the force of France? . . .

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his  
best.

King Henry. I doubt not that; since we are well  
persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours. . . .  
. . . Uncle of Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person: we consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on;  
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:  
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

King Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cambridge. So may your highness, and yet punish  
too.

Grey. Sir,  
You show great mercy, if you give him life,  
After the taste of much correction.

King Henry. Alas, your too much care and love of  
me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!  
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and di-  
gested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,  
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear  
care

And tender preservation of our person,  
Would have him punish'd.—And now to our French  
causes:

Who are the late commissioners?

Cambridge. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

King Henry. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,  
there is yours;—

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir  
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness. . . .

Why, how now, gentlemen!

What see you in those papers that you lose

So much complexion? . . .

Cambridge. I do confess my fault;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.  
Scoop. }

King Henry. The mercy that was quick in us but  
late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy; . . .

See you, my princes and my noble peers,

These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge  
here,—

You know how apt our love was to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
And sworn unto the practices of France,  
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which  
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But, O,  
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!  
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,  
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,  
May it be possible that foreign hire  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
That might annoy my finger? . . .

Show men dutiful?

Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?  
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?  
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?  
Why, so didst thou. . . .

. . . . I will weep for thee;

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:  
Arrest them to the answer of the law;  
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exeter. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name  
of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry  
Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas  
Grey, knight of Northumberland. . .

King Henry. God quit you in his mercy! Hear  
your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers  
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death; . . .  
 Touching our person seek we no revenge;  
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death;  
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give  
 You patience to endure, and true repentance  
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.  
 Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof  
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.  
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
 This dangerous treason lurking in our way  
 To hinder our beginnings. . . .  
 Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver  
 Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 Putting it straight in expedition.  
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:  
 No king of England, if not king of France. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

London. Before a Tavern.

[Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.]

Hostess. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me  
 bring thee to Staines.

Pistol. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—  
 Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,  
And we must yearn therefore.

Bardolph. Would I were with him, wheresome'er  
he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Hostess. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in  
Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.  
A' made a finer end, and went away an it had been any  
christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and  
one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw  
him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and  
smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but  
one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and  
a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth  
I: 'what man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out,  
'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to com-  
fort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped  
there was no need to trouble himself with any such  
thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his  
feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and  
they were as cold as any stone. . . .

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Hostess. Ay, that a' did.

Bardolph. And of women.

Hostess. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils  
incarnate.

Hostess. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a  
colour he never liked.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon  
Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burn-  
ing in hell-fire?

Bardolph. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained  
that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pistol. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables: . . .

Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Hostess. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.

### ACT III. PROLOGUE.

[Enter Chorus.]

Chorus. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,

In motion of no less celerity

Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier

Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet

With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:

Play with your fancies, and in them behold

Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;

Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give

To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,

Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,

Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think

You stand upon the rivage and behold

A city on the inconstant billows dancing;

For so appears this fleet majestic,

Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,

And leave your England, as dead midnight still,

Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,



Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance;  
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?  
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;  
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;  
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him  
Katherine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner  
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,  
[Alarum, and chambers go off.  
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind.

## SCENE I.

France. Before Harfleur.

[Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford,  
Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.]

King Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear  
friends, once more,  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger:  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the portage of the head  
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it  
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height. On, on, you noble English,  
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof,  
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument!  
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.  
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture: let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,  
 For there is none of you so mean and base,  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:  
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge  
 Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.]

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THE NECKLACE. The translation by Jonathan Sturges. From "The Odd Number." Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted with permission. By GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

SHE was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of being known, understood, loved, wedded, by any rich and distinguished man; and she let herself be married to a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as though she had really fallen from her proper station. . . .

She suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the delicacies and all the luxuries. . . .

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt made for that. She would so have liked to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former school-mate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go and see any more, because she suffered so much when she came back.

But, one evening, her husband returned home with a triumphant air, and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There, here is something for you."

She tore the paper sharply, and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had awful trouble to get it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there." . . .

"And what do you want me to put on my back?"

"Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It looks very well, to me."

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" . . .

"Nothing. Only I have no dress, and therefore I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I."

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally, she replied:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He had grown a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer.

But he said:

"All right. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty dress.

The day of the ball drew near, and Mme. Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you've been so queer these last three days."

"It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look like distress. I should almost rather not go at all."

"You might wear natural flowers. It's very stylish at this time of the year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

"How stupid you are! Go look up your friend Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're quite thick enough with her to do that."

"It's true. I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress.

Mme. Forestier went to a wardrobe with a glass door, took out a large jewel-box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold and precious stones of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Haven't you any more?"

"Why, yes. Look. I don't know what you like."

All of a sudden she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds; and her heart began to beat with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high-necked dress, and remained lost in ecstasy at the sight of herself.

"Can you lend me that, only that?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavored to be introduced. All the attachés of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. She was remarked by the minister himself.

She danced with intoxication, with passion, made drunk by pleasure, forgetting all, in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success.

She went away about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight, in a little deserted anteroom, with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a very good time.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps which he had brought, modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wanted to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will go and call a cab."

But she did not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were in the street they did not find a carriage; and they began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen whom they saw passing by at a distance.

They went down towards the Seine, in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient noctambulant coupés which, exactly as if they were ashamed to show their misery during the day, are never seen round Paris until after nightfall.

It took them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and once more, sadly, they climbed up homeward. All was ended, for her. And as to him, he reflected that he must be at the Ministry at ten o'clock.

She removed the wraps, which covered her shoulders, before the glass, so as once more to see herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck!

Her husband, already half-undressed, demanded:

"What is the matter with you?"

"I have—I have—I've lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

"What!—how?—Impossible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes. Probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you, didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at one another. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route which we have taken, to see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without fire, without a thought.

Her husband came back about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to Police Headquarters, to the newspaper offices, to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least suspicion of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face; he had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend, that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn round."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and they went to the jeweller whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching



for a necklace like the other, consulting their memories, sick, both of them, with chagrin and with anguish.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they looked for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they found the other one before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers, and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked his signature without even knowing if he could meet it; and, frightened by the pains yet to come, by the black misery which was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and of all the moral tortures which he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, putting down upon the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel took back the necklace, Mme. Forestier said to her, with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner, I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Mme. Loisel for a thief?

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible existence of the

needy. She took her part, moreover, all on a sudden, with heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof. . . .

Each month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked in the evening, making a fair copy of some tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury, and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Mme. Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households—strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew, and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window, and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so fêted. . . .

But, one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Élysées to refresh herself from the labors of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Was she going to speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she was going to tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good-day, Jeanne." . . .

"But—madame! I do not know—You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough, since I have seen you, days wretched enough—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace which you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another just like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand that it was not easy for us, us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad." . . .

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very like."

And she smiled with a joy which was proud and naïve at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most five hundred francs."

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THE LETTER SCENE. "Macbeth." Act I.,  
Scene V. Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.  
By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

[Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.]

LADY MACBETH. "They met me in the day of  
success; and I have learned by the perfectest  
report, they have more in them than mortal knowl-  
edge. When I burned in desire to question them  
further, they made themselves—air, into which they  
vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it,  
came missives from the king, who all-hailed me,  
'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird  
sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on  
of time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I  
thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of  
greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of  
rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is  
promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst  
highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great  
Glamis,  
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it";  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,

And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal. [Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Messenger. The king comes here to-night.

L. Macb. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

L. Macb.

Give him tending;

He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.] The raven  
himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements.—Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, "Hold, hold!"— [Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

Macbeth.

My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

L. Macb.

And when goes hence?

Macbeth. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

L. Macb.

O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent  
flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macbeth. We will speak further.

L. Macb.

Only look up clear;

To alter favor ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

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THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE. "Macbeth."  
Act V. Scene I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

[Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting Gentlewoman.]

DOCTOR. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

[Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.]

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well,——



Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!  
[Exit.

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine than the physician.—  
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:  
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman.

Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.

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SCENES FROM "THE ROAD TO RUIN." By  
THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Dornton's House.

[Enter Mr. Dornton.]

DOR.—Past two o'clock, and not yet returned—  
Well, well, it's my own fault!—Mr. Smith!

[Enter Mr. Smith.]

Mr. S.—Sir.

Dor.—Is Mr. Sulky come in?

Mr. S.—No, sir.

Dor.—Are you sure Harry Dornton said he should  
return to-night?

Mr. S.—Yes, sir.

Dor.—And you don't know where he is gone?

Mr. S.—He did not tell me, sir.

Dor. (angrily).—I ask you if you know.

Mr. S.—I believe to Newmarket, sir.

Dor.—You always believe the worst!—I'll sit up no  
longer.—Tell the servants to go to bed. And, do you  
hear? should he apply to you for money, don't let him  
have a guinea.

Mr. S.—Very well, sir.

Dor.—I have done with him; he is henceforth no son  
of mine! Let him starve!

Mr. S.—He acts very improperly, sir, indeed.

Dor.—Improperly! How? (Taking his hand.)  
What does he do? (Alarmed.)

Mr. S.—Sir!

Dor.—Have you heard anything of——

Mr. S. (confused).—No—no, sir—nothing—nothing  
but what you yourself tell me.

Dor.—Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

Mr. S.—He is certainly a very good hearted young gentleman, sir!

Dor.—Good-hearted! How dare you make such an assertion?

Mr. S.—Sir!

Dor.—How dare you, Mr. Smith, insult me so? Is not his gaming notorious? his racing, driving, riding, and associating with knaves, fools debauchees, and black-legs?

Mr. S.—Upon my word, sir, I—

Dor.—Upon your word! But it's over! His name has this very day been struck out of the firm! Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended! And observe, not a guinea! If you lend him any yourself, I'll not pay you. I'll no longer be a fond, doting father! Therefore, take warning! Take warning, I say! Be his distress what it will, not a guinea! Though you should hereafter see him begging, starving in the streets, not so much as the loan or the gift of a single guinea. (With vehemence.)

Mr. S.—I shall be careful to observe your orders, sir.

Dor.—Why, would you see him starve? Would you see him starve, and not lend him a guinea? Would you, sir? Would you?

Mr. S.—Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders!

Dor. (with amazement and compassion).—And could any orders justify your seeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, abandoned by his friends, starving to death?

Mr. S.—There is no danger of that, sir.

Dor.—I tell you, the thing shall happen! He shall starve to death! (Distressed at the supposition.) I'll never look on him more as a son of mine! and I'm very certain, when I have forsaken him, all the world will forsake him, too. (Weeps.) Yes, yes! he is born to be a poor, wretched outcast.

[Enter Mr. Sulky. Exit Mr. Smith.]

Dor.—Well, Mr. Sulky, have you heard anything of him?

Sul.—Yes.

Dor.—Put me out of my pain! If you are not a tiger, put me out of my pain!

Sul. (slowly drawing a newspaper out of his pocket). —There: read!

Dor.—Dead?

Sul.—Worse!

Dor.—Mercy defend me! where? what?

Sul.—The first paragraph in the postscript: the beginning line in capitals.

Dor. (reads).—"The junior partner of the great banking-house not a mile from the post-office, has again been touched at Newmarket, for upwards of ten thousand pounds." (Pause.) It can't be!

Sul.—Humph!

Dor.—Why, can it?

Sul.—Yes.

Dor.—How do you know? What proof have you that it is not a lie?

Sul.—His own hand-writing.

Dor.—How?

Sul.—Bills at three days' sight, to the full amount, have already been presented.

Dor.—And accepted?

Sul.—Yes.

Dor.—But—why—were you mad, Mr. Sulky? Were you mad?

Sul.—I soon shall be.

Dor.—Is not his name struck off the firm?

Sul.—They were dated two days before.

Dor.—The credit of my house begins to totter!

Sul.—Well it may!

Dor.—What the effect of such a paragraph may be, I cannot tell.

Sul.—I can:—Ruin!

Dor.—Are you serious, sir?

Sul.—I am not inclined to laugh.—A run against the house, stoppage, disgrace, bankruptcy!

Dor.—Really, Mr. Sulky, you——

Sul.—Yes, I know I offend. I was bred in your house, you used me tenderly, I served you faithfully, and you admitted me a partner. Don't think I care for myself. No, I can sit at the desk again. But you! you! first man of the first commercial city on earth, your name in the Gazette! Were it mine only, I would laugh at it. What am I? who cares for me?

Dor.—Where is the vile—— (Calling.) Mr. Smith—Thomas—William!

[Enter Mr. Smith.]

Call all the servants together, Mr. Smith; clerks, footmen, maids, every soul! Tell them their young master is a scoundrel.

Mr. S.—Very well, sir.

Dor.—Sir? Bid them shut the door in his face! I'll turn the first away that lets him set his foot in this house ever again!

Mr. S.—Very well, sir.

Dor.—Very well, sir! Confound your very well, sir! I tell you, it is not very well, sir. He shall starve, die, rot in the street! Is that very well, sir?

[Exeunt Dornton and Smith.]

Sul.—He has a noble heart. A fond father's heart! The boy was a fine youth; but he spoiled him; and now he quarrels with himself and all the world, because he hates his own folly. (A knocking at the street door.) So! here is the youth returned. (Knocking again. Exit.)

[Enter Dornton, with Servants.]

Dor.—Don't stir!—On your lives, don't go to the door! Are the bolts and locks all fastened?

Servants.—All, sir.

Dor.—Don't mind his knocking! Go to bed, every soul of you, instantly, and fall asleep! He shall starve in the streets! (Knocking again.) Fetch me my blunderbuss! Make haste!

## SCENE II. Dornton's House.

[Enter Harry Dornton, Milford, and Footman.]

Foot.—My old master is in a bitter passion, sir.

Har.—I know it.

Foot.—He is gone down to turn the servant out of doors that let you in.

Har.—Is he? Then go and let your fellow-servant in again.

Foot.—I dare not, sir.

Har.—Then I must.

[Exit.

Foot.—He inquired who was with my young master.

Mil.—Well!

Foot.—And when he heard it was you, sir, he was ten times more furious.

[Re-enter Harry Dornton.]

Har.—All's well that ends well. This has been a cursed long voyage, Milford.

Mil.—I'm a hundred and fifty in.

Har.—And I ten thousand out.

Mil.—I believe I had better avoid your father for the present.

Har.—I think you had. Dad considers you as my tempter; the cause of my ruin.

Mil.—I hear he threatens to arrest me.

Har.—Yes! He has threatened to strike my name out of the firm and disinherit me, a thousand times.

[Enter Mr. Sulky.]

My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do?

Sul.—Very ill!

Har.—Indeed? I am very sorry! What's your disorder?

Sul.—You!

Har.—Ha, ha, ha!

Sul.—Ruin, bankruptcy, infamy!

Har.—The old story!

Sul.—To a new tune. You are a couple of pretty gentlemen! But beware! misfortune is at your heels! Mr. Dornton vows vengeance on you both, and justly. He is not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.

Mil.—I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted.

[Exit.]

Sul.—Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?

Har.—Yes; and my father knows I as compassionately opened the door for the poor fellow in return.

[Enter Dornton, with a newspaper in his hand.]

Dor.—So, sir!

Har. (bowing).—I am happy to see you, sir.

Dor.—You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight!—and you are here (holding up paper), after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality! Are you not a scoundrel?

Har.—No, sir; I am only a fool.

Sul.—Good-night to you, gentlemen. [Going.

Dor.—Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you to stay where you are, and be a witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices!

Sul.—I have witnessed it a thousand times.

Dor.—But this is the last. (To Harry.) Are you not a scoundrel, I say?

Har.—I am your son.

Dor. (calling).—Mr. Smith! bring in those deeds.

[Enter Mr. Smith, with papers.]

You will not deny you are an incorrigible squanderer?

Har.—I will deny nothing.

Dor.—A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature!

Har.—A stain that will wash out, sir.

Dor.—A redundancy, a negation; a besotted, sophisticated incumbrance; a jumble of fatuity; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon;



incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others? [Smith retires.

Har.—I am whatever you please, sir.

Dor.—Bills never examined, everything bought on credit, the price of nothing asked! Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of common sense! And to your other destructive follies, you must add the detestable vice of gaming!

Har.—These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

Dor.—But here. (To Mr. Smith, who advances.) Give me that parchment! The partners have all been summoned! Look, sir! your name has been formally erased!

Har.—The partners are very kind.

Dor.—The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city——  
[Smith retires to background.

Har.—All very terrible, and some of it very true. (Half aside.)

Dor. (passionately).—If I should happily outlive the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler! You are disinherited! Read! (Taking more papers from Smith.)

Har.—Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dor.—I'll no longer act the doting father, fascinated by your arts!

Har.—I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

Dor.—I taught you! What, scoundrel? what?

Har.—That of loving you, sir.

Dor.—Loving me!

Har.—Most sincerely!

Dor. (forgetting his passion).—Why, can you say,  
Harry—Rascal, I mean—that you love me?

Har.—I should be a rascal, indeed, if I did not, sir.

Dor.—Harry! Harry! (Greatly agitated.) No;  
confound me if I do. Sir, you are a vile——

Har.—I know I am.

Dor.—And I'll never speak to you more. [Going.

Har.—Bid me good-night, sir. Mr. Sulky, here, will  
bid me good-night, and you are my father! Good-  
night, Mr. Sulky!

Sul.—Good-night.

[Exit.

Har.—Come, sir!

Dor.—Good—— (Struggling with passion.) I won't!  
If I do——

Har.—Reproach me with my follies, strike out my  
name, disinherit me—I deserve it all, and more. But  
say "Good-night, Harry!"

Dor.—I won't! I won't! I won't!

Har.—Poverty is a trifle,—we can whistle it off; but  
enmity——

Dor.—I will not!

Har.—Sleep in enmity! And who can say how  
soundly? Come! good-night.

Dor.—I won't! I won't! [Runs off.

Har.—Say you so? Why, then, my noble-hearted  
dad, I am indeed a scoundrel!

[Re-enter Mr. Dornton.]

Dor.—Good-night?

[Exit.

Har.—Good-night!

[Exit.

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SCENES FROM "KING HENRY VIII." I. ANNE  
BULLEN. By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

[Enter Anne Bullen and an Old Lady.]

ANNE. Not for that neither;—here's the pang  
that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing. . . . Verily,  
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old Lady. Our content  
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth  
I would not be a queen.

Old Lady. Beshrew me, I would,  
And so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy. . . .

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old Lady. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not  
be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven. . .

[Enter the Lord Chamberlain.]

Chamberlain. Good morrow, ladies. What were't  
worth to know  
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking.  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Chamberlain. It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women; there is hope  
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Chamberlain. You bear a gentle mind, and heav-  
enly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, . . . the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. . . . Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Chamberlain. Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you. . . .

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Old Lady. Why, this it is; see, see!  
I have been begging sixteen years in court—  
Am yet a courtier beggarly,—nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!  
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up  
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old Lady. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,  
no.

There was a lady once—'tis an old story—

That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old Lady. With your theme I could  
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!  
A thousand pounds a year!—for pure respect;  
No other obligation! By my life,  
That promises more thousands; honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time  
I know your back will bear a duchess.—Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot! it faints me  
To think what follows.—  
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence. Pray do not deliver  
What here you've heard to her.

Old Lady. What do you think me?

[Exeunt.

## II. QUEEN KATHERINE.

A Hall in Black-friars.

[Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers,  
with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes,  
in the habit of doctors; after them, the Arch-  
bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops  
of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph;  
next them, with some small distance, follows a  
Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal,  
and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing  
each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher, bare-

headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King with his train, followed by the Queen with hers. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants in convenient order about the stage.]

Wolsey. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

King Henry. What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may, then, spare that time.

Wolsey. Be't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into  
the court.

Crier. Henry, King of England, come into the  
court.

King Henry. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katherine, Queen of England, come  
into the court.

Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the  
court.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair,  
goes about the court, comes to the King, and  
kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Queen Katherine. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,  
And to bestow your pity on me; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions, having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you? . . . Heaven witness  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you. If in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment; Ferdinand,

My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
A year before: it is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I  
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel  
I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wolsey.                                You have here, lady,—  
And of your choice,—these reverend fathers; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless  
That longer you desire the court, as well  
For your own quiet as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

Campeius. His grace  
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed,  
And that without delay their arguments  
Be now produc'd and heard.

Queen Katherine.                      Lord Cardinal,  
To you I speak.

Wolsey.            Your pleasure, madam?

Queen Katherine. Sir,  
I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a queen—or long have dream'd so,—certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wolsey. Be patient yet.



Queen Katherine. I will, when you are humble;  
    nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge  
You shall not be my judge; for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—  
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

Wolsey. I do profess  
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me  
    wrong;  
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. . . .

Queen Katherine. My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
T' oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-  
    mouth'd;  
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility, but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour than  
 Your high profession spiritual; that again  
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause fore his holiness,  
 And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Campeius.

The queen is obstinate,

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and

Disdainful to be tried by't; 'tis not well.

She's going away.

King Henry. Call her again.

Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the  
 court.

Griffith. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen Katherine. What need you note it? pray  
 you, keep your way;

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help!

They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on;

I will not tarry, no, nor ever more

Upon this business my appearance make

In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.

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THE POTION SCENE. "Romeo and Juliet." By  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

JULIET. Farewell! God knows when we shall  
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me:—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no: this shall forbid it.—Lie thou there.

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought—

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort;  
Alack, alack! Is it not like, that I,  
So early waking; what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad,—  
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.

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THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC. All rights reserved. Copyright, 1899, by Herbert S. Stone & Company. By ARTHUR DUDLEY HALL.

THE scene is that fair island which its discoverer, Columbus, described as "the finest land that eye ever rested upon, the sweetest thing in the world."

Outside the harbor of Santiago de Cuba lies the fleet of the United States, under the command of Admiral Sampson. Within are the Spanish war-ships of Admiral Cervera. The harbor is filled with mines, which it is impossible for the Americans to locate accurately, and the Spanish are safe there. "Bottle them up!" has been the order, the words arousing both admiration and laughter in this country, as well as throughout Europe. And bottled up they are! But, alas, the mouth of the bottle is open. No cork has as yet been forced into it. This must be done. But how? All through the past night a sharp watch has been kept on board the Yankee ships, so that no torpedo boat could creep out from the harbor, sending some other splendid ship to the fate of the Maine. On this particular morning, as the sun mounts higher and higher, there is assembled in the Admiral's cabin on board the flagship a group of earnest, resolute officers. They are there to discuss a plan of strategy, which, if adopted, is almost certain to consign one or more of them to a watery grave.

About a hundred yards away from the flagship lies a dirty old collier, the Merrimac, a tramp, as she was called when she first arrived. A tramp, indeed, but a tramp that was to prove a hero. In the Admiral's cabin, the collection of officers grow more and more grave as the solution of the problem they have in hand

draws to a close. One thing is certain—a vessel must be sacrificed, and what is far more serious, a number of precious lives as well.

It is impossible for more than one vessel at a time to pass through the narrow gap leading to Santiago harbor and to reach the much-desired fleet within. The channel is only one hundred and sixty feet wide, and across it are spread three rows of mines, six in a row, some of them arranged to explode by contact, and the rest connected by electricity with the shore. Even if the mines can be destroyed, the advantage is still with the Spanish fleet. For, while the latter lies within, Cervera can so maneuver his ships as to concentrate all his fire on our one poor vessel that first tries to enter the noxious "bottle."

The hour has come, and the man is ready. This man is a young, light-haired naval constructor, Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson! Possessing technical knowledge, natural inventive genius and experience, he has formulated a plan to countermine the entrance to Santiago harbor and to solve the problem, the contemplation of which has brought those solemn officers together. Eagerly the bright-faced young man explains to them his project and unfolds his vision of success. The gray-haired admiral and those surrounding him listen attentively. The pros and cons of the plan are discussed most carefully. At last, the young officer, by sheer force of intellect and foresight, wins the approval of his strategic game.

By noon the admiral has detailed Lieutenant Hobson to command the expedition he has planned. But more than one of those present looks with dimmed eyes through tears that are no disgrace to their manhood,

at this brave young fellow who is facing unflinchingly what seems to be nothing more or less than a glorious sacrifice. Can there be anything but death to reward him?

On the bridge of the Merrimac, the officer of the deck is idly watching the busy crew coaling the Massachusetts. Suddenly he sees that the flagship, New York, is signaling him, and to his unbounded surprise, he interprets the signals as follows:

"Prepare to abandon ship. Let officers and men take valuables and clothes with them. The Merrimac is to be sunk at the entrance of the harbor. Admiral Sampson presents his compliments and wishes Captain Miller to report on flagship at once for instructions."

It is now exactly noon—eight bells—and instantly all is excitement and confusion on board the collier. There is also great commotion among the ships of the fleet, for they have read the signals of the New York.

Deep down in the hold of the Merrimac, the begrimed stokers have not yet heard the news. When word is finally called down, a deep voice bellows back:

"Stop yer kidden'!"

"It's God's truth, boys," the master-at-arms replies earnestly.

Every doubt removed, the stokers now all pile up on deck. Then every man on the boat carefully packs his best, realizing that all must be found or lost. Inside of an hour, that is, about one o'clock, Captain Miller returns on board accompanied by the hero of the moment—Hobson! The latter is now standing on the deck of the vessel he is to command—command to the death.

It is known that but a small crew is to go with him,

but there is scarcely a man on all the ships that is not anxious to be one of that small force. At last seven men are selected, to the disappointment of all the rest.

Soon after coming on board, Lieutenant Hobson is in action. The plans of the ship are placed in his hands, and, in a very short time, he is at work preparing for the speedy sinking of the Merrimac. He is a most accurate and well-informed naval constructor, and, when he has finished, his plans and the proposed execution of them are perfect.

With explosives and electric wiring, the Merrimac is the deadliest counter-mine that ever lay in any of the waters of the world. At midnight the labor is concluded. Hobson has worked as hard as any "jackie" of them all. Just before darkness settles down, the Dolphin happens to steam by. Her captain, Henry Lyon, hails the Merrimac and calls for Captain Miller. It has been supposed that Miller would accompany Hobson, as, like a true sailor, he wanted to be the last to leave his ship. But there have been certain circumstances that make this impossible, and the admiral has refused to permit it. Captain Miller, however, who is still on board the Merrimac, answers the call.

Back from the Dolphin's heroic captain come these words:

"I would give anything to be in your shoes to-night."

And then follows:

"Three cheers for the Merrimac, Captain Miller and Lieutenant Hobson!"

And the Dolphin's crew respond and give the cheers with a right good will.

The night has come, the clear night of the tropics, the constellations, notable among them the exquisite



Southern Cross, shining bright in the translucent sky. Now all is in readiness.

"We must not miss the harbor!" exclaims Hobson under his breath to his devoted little band of followers. And the harbor is not missed.

The Merrimac heads east, until its bearings are obtained, and then makes for the harbor, straight in. Then the gallant craft, under the brilliant light of the moon, is discovered by the enemy. Now comes the firing. It is grand and yet terrible, flashing out first from one side of the harbor and then the other. Now the big guns on the hills roar forth, and then the Vizcaya, lying within the harbor, joins in with its deep and terrific booming. The troops from Santiago, warned by telegraph of the Merrimac's coming and not understanding at all the import of it, rush down, and, lining the foot of the cliffs, fire wildly across, killing each other with the cross-fire.

Now the Merrimac has reached the place she desired, just off Estrella Point, at the very entrance to the harbor. Hobson touches the button and the torpedoes explode. Almost at the same moment, a huge submarine mine catches the vessel amidships, hurling the water high in the air, and tearing a great rent in the Merrimac's side. But this is no disaster. It only seems to complete the purpose for which she was sent to the entrance of the harbor. The stern of the Merrimac runs upon Estrella Point. Then she commences to sink slowly. She is across the channel, but, before she settles, a six-pounder tears her rudder away, and the tide begins to drift her around. Shells and bullets whistle all around her.

Hobson and his men are all aft, lying flat on their

faces upon the deck. Six-inch shells from the Vizcaya come tearing into the sinking Merrimac, crashing into wood and iron, and passing clear through, while the plunging shots from the forts smash her deck into splinters. It is a moment of horror and suspense. "Not a man must move!" cries Hobson. And it is only due to the splendid discipline of the men that all of them are not killed as the shells rain over them. But, although their mouths are parched, their limbs trembling with fatigue, they lie there patiently, obeying the command of their superior, and waiting until he shall tell them to rise. Yet now and again one or the other of the men, lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell will not come his way, asks plaintively, "Hadn't we better drop off now, sir?"

But Hobson's invariable answer is, "Wait until daylight." And he is right, for it would be impossible to get the catamaran, by which they had arranged, if possible, to escape, anywhere but on to the shore, where the Spanish soldiers stand shooting, and Hobson hopes that by daybreak he and his comrades may be recognized and saved. Meanwhile, the grand old Merrimac, grand in spite of all her dilapidated appearance, dilapidated even before she had been fired upon, continues sinking. The fire of the Spanish soldiery and the guns of the Vizcaya are something awful. Heaven and earth are shaken by the battery.

Lower and lower sinks the Merrimac. As the water comes over her decks, the catamaran floats amid the wreckage. Hobson and his men catch hold of the edges and cling on, their heads only being above the water. At last the dawn appears. The firing ceases.

A Spanish launch comes toward the wreck of the Merrimac. The Spaniards see the Americans. Half a dozen marines jump up and point their rifles at the heads which are only just above the water.

"Is there any officer on board to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?" shouts Hobson.

An old man leans out from under the awning and waves his hand. It is Admiral Cervera. The marines lower their rifles and the American heroes are helped on board. The Spanish admiral holds out his hand. Hobson grasps it.

"Bravo, Americans!" exclaims Cervera. "Yours was a brave deed. I congratulate you. Heroism knows no country."

When, the same afternoon, by the kindness of the gallant commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces, the effects of the sailors were brought off in the boat that went under a flag of truce, the man who was the spokesman for all the others said, "We are ready to go over it all again to-night, sir."

The next day, when it seemed that perhaps the remnant of the Spanish inquisition was to be applied to get information, and when impertinent questions were put, the Spanish sailors and soldiers made significant signs with their hands across the throat, muttering, "Death to the American pigs." But the Yankees only laughed.

"What was the object of your act?" the Spanish inquisitor asked, and one of our jackies, George Charette, who spoke French and was selected to respond, replied, "In the United States Navy it is not the custom for the seamen to know or to ask to know the object of the superior officer."

And these men were simply types of the whole fleet.  
Hurrah for Hobson! Hurrah for his gallant crew!  
Hurrah for their plunge into the very jaws of death!  
And thank God that they all escaped!

# Poetry



## POETRY

"Many people in our day, readily merchants and often lawyers, say and repeat, 'Poetry is gone.' It is almost as if they said, 'There are no more roses; spring has breathed its last; the sun has lost the habit of rising; roam about all the fields of the earth, you will not find a butterfly; there is no more light in the moon, and the nightingale sings no more; the lion no longer roars; the eagle no longer soars; the Alps and the Pyrenees are gone; there are no more lovely girls and handsome young men; no one thinks any more of the graves; the mother no longer loves her child; heaven is quenched; the human heart is dead.'"—*Victor Hugo.*

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KUBLA KHAN: OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.  
By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

**I**N Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

---

THE REVENGE. By ALFRED, LORD TENNY-  
SON.

A<sup>T</sup> Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying  
from far away:

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-  
three!"

Then swear Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am  
no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of  
gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow  
quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-  
three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are  
no coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.  
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick  
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my  
Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that  
day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer  
heaven;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the  
land

Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below;

For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not  
left to Spain,  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the  
Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to  
fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came  
in sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather-  
bow.

“Shall we fight or shall we fly?  
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
For to fight is but to die!  
There’ll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.”  
And Sir Richard said again: “We be all good English  
men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the  
devil,  
For I never turn’d my back upon Don or devil yet.”  
Sir Richard spoke and he laugh’d, and we roar’d a  
hurrah, and so  
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the  
foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety-sick  
below;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left  
were seen.  
And the little Revenge ran on thro’ the long sea-lane  
between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their  
decks and laugh’d,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad  
    little craft  
Running on and on, till delay'd  
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hun-  
    dred tons,  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning  
    tiers of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.  
And while now the great San Philip hung above us like  
    a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud,  
Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard  
    lay,  
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.  
But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself  
    and went  
Having that within her womb that had left her ill con-  
    tent;  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us  
    hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and  
    musqueteers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that  
    shakes his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land.  
And the sun went down, and the stars came out far  
    over the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and  
    the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built  
galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-  
thunder and flame;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with  
her dead and her shame.  
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so  
could fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world  
before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"  
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;  
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer  
night was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly  
dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the  
head,  
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far  
over the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us  
all in a ring;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that  
we still could sting,  
So they watch'd what the end would be.  
And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we,  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life

In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate  
strife;

And the sick men down in the hold were most of them  
stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder  
was all of it spent;

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the  
side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again!

We have won great glory, my men!

And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die—does it matter when?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her  
in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of  
Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made  
reply:

"We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniards promise, if we yield, to let  
us go;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another  
blow."

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the  
foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him  
then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard  
caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly  
foreign grace;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:  
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man  
and true;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:  
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.  
And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant  
and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so  
cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his English  
few;  
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they  
knew,  
But they sank his body with honour down into the  
deep,  
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien  
crew,  
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her  
own;  
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke  
from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to  
moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-  
quake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their  
masts and their flags,



And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-  
shatter'd navy of Spain,  
And the little Revenge herself went down by the  
island crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

---

POMPEY'S GHOST. By THOMAS HOOD.

"Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in white and black the same."—Cowper.

'TWAS twelve o'clock, not twelve at night,  
But twelve o'clock at noon;  
Because the sun was shining bright  
And not the silver moon.  
A proper time for friends to call,  
Or Pots, or Penny Post;  
When, lo! as Phœbe sat at work,  
She saw her Pompey's ghost!

Now when a female has a call  
From people that are dead,  
Like Paris ladies she receives  
Her visitors in bed.  
But Pompey's spirit would **not** come  
Like spirits that are white,  
Because he was a Blackamoor,  
And wouldn't show at night!

But of all unexpected things  
That happen to us here,  
The most unpleasant is a rise  
In what is very dear.  
So Phœbe screamed an awful scream  
To prove the seaman's text,  
That after black appearances,  
White squalls will follow next.

'Oh, Phœbe dear! Oh, Phœbe dear!  
Don't go to scream or faint;  
You think because I'm black I am  
The Devil, but I ain't!

Behind the heels of Lady Lambe  
I walked while I had breath;  
But that is past, and I am now  
A-walking after Death!

“No murder, though, I come to tell  
By base and bloody crime;  
So, Phœbe dear, put off your fits  
To some more fitting time.  
No Coroner, like a boatswain’s mate,  
My body need attack,  
With his round dozen to find out  
Why I have died so black.

“One Sunday, shortly after tea,  
My skin began to burn  
As if I had in my inside  
A heater, like the urn.  
Delirious in the night I grew,  
And as I lay in bed,  
They say I gathered all the wool  
You see upon my head.

“His Lordship for his Doctor sent,  
My treatment to begin;—  
I wish that he had called him out,  
Before he called him in!  
For though to physic he was bred,  
And passed at Surgeon’s Hall,  
To make his post a sinecure  
He never cured at all!

“The Doctor looked about my breast  
And then about my back,

And then he shook his head and said,  
    'Your case looks very black.'  
And first he sent me hot cayenne  
    And then gamboge to swallow,  
But still my fever would not turn  
    To Scarlet or to Yellow!

"With madder and with turmeric,  
    He made his next attack;  
But neither he nor all his drugs  
    Could stop my dying black.  
At last I got so sick of life,  
    And sick of being dosed,  
One Monday morning I gave up  
    My physic and the ghost!

"Oh, Phœbe dear, what pain it was  
    To sever every tie!  
You know black beetles feel as much  
    As giants when they die.  
And if there is a bridal bed,  
    Or bride of little worth,  
It's lying in a bed of mould,  
    Along with Mother Earth.

"Alas! some happy, happy day,  
    In church I hoped to stand,  
And like a muff of sable skin  
    Receive your lily hand.  
But sternly with that piebald match  
    My fate untimely clashes,  
For now, like Pompe-double-i,  
    I'm sleeping in my ashes!

“And now farewell! a last farewell!

I'm wanted down below,  
And have but time enough to add  
One word before I go—  
In mourning crape and bombazine  
Ne'er spend your precious pelf,  
Don't go in black for me—for I  
Can do it for myself.

“Henceforth within my grave I rest,

But Death, who there inherits,  
Allowed my spirit leave to come,  
You seemed so out of spirits;  
But do not sigh, and do not cry,  
By grief too much engrossed,  
Nor for a ghost of color, turn  
The color of a ghost!

“Again, farewell, my Phœbe dear!

Once more a last adieu!  
For I must make myself as scarce  
As swans of sable hue.”  
From black to gray, from gray to nought  
The shape began to fade—  
And, like an egg, though not so white,  
The Ghost was newly laid!

---

ABSENCE. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours  
That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,—  
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away  
Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?  
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,  
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive  
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?  
How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake I will lay hold  
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try  
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;  
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently  
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes  
pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time; and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me  
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;  
So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

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BURIAL OF LINCOLN. Reprinted with permission. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

PEACE! Let the long procession come,  
For hark!—the mournful, muffled drum,  
The trumpet's wail afar;  
And see! the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,  
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow;  
And go, thou sacred car,  
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,  
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait  
To honor, all they can,  
The dust of that good man!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train  
As greatest kings might die to gain:  
The just, the wise, the brave  
Attend thee to the grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,  
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,  
Salute him once again,  
Your late commander,—slain!

Yes, let your tears indignant fall,  
But leave your muskets on the wall;  
Your country needs you now  
Beside the forge, the plough!

. . . . .  
So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes  
The fallen to his last repose.  
Beneath no mighty dome,  
But in his modest home.



The churchyard where his children rest,  
The quiet spot that suits him best,  
There shall his grave be made,  
And there his bones be laid!

And there his countrymen shall come,  
With memory proud, with pity dumb,  
And strangers, far and near,  
For many and many a year!

For many a year and many an age,  
While History on her ample page  
The virtues shall enroll  
Of that paternal soul!

---

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN. Reprinted with permission. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THERE are gains for all our losses,  
There are balms for all our pain,  
But when youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
Under manhood's sterner reign;  
Still we feel that something sweet  
Followed youth, with flying feet,  
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain;  
We behold it everywhere,  
On the earth, and in the air,  
But it never comes again.

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THE SWORD SONG. Translation of Charles T.  
Brooks. By CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER.

SWORD, on my left side gleaming,  
What means thy bright eye's beaming?  
It makes my spirit dance  
To see thy friendly glance.  
Hurrah!

"A valiant rider bears me;  
A free-born German wears me:  
That makes my eye so bright;  
That is the sword's delight."  
Hurrah!

Yes, good sword, I am free,  
And love thee heartily,  
And clasp thee to my side,  
E'en as a plighted bride.  
Hurrah!

"And I to thee, by Heaven,  
My light steel life have given;  
When shall the knot be tied?  
When wilt thou take thy bride?"  
Hurrah!

The trumpet's solemn warning  
Shall hail the bridal morning.  
When cannon-thunders wake  
Then my true-love I take.  
Hurrah!

"O blessed, blessed meeting!  
My heart is wildly beating:

*The SWORD SONG*

Come, bridegroom, come for me;  
My garland waiteth thee."

Hurrah!

Why in the scabbard rattle,  
So wild, so fierce for battle?  
What means this restless glow?  
My sword, why clatter so?

Hurrah!

"Well may thy prisoner rattle;  
My spirit yearns for battle.  
Rider, 'tis war's wild glow  
That makes me tremble so."

Hurrah!

Stay in thy chamber near,  
My love; what wilt thou here?  
Still in thy chamber bide:  
Soon, soon I take my bride.

Hurrah!

"Let me not longer wait:  
Love's garden blooms in state,  
With roses bloody-red,  
And many a bright death-bed."

Hurrah!

Now, then, come forth, my bride!  
Come forth, thou rider's pride!  
Come out, my good sword, come!  
Forth to thy father's home!

Hurrah!

"O, in the field to prance  
The glorious wedding dance!

How, in the sun's bright beams,  
Bride-like the clear steel gleams!"

Hurrah!

Then forward, valiant fighters!  
And forward, German riders!  
And when the heart grows cold,  
Let each his love infold.

Hurrah!

Once on the left it hung,  
And stolen glances flung;  
Now clearly on your right  
Doth God each fond bride plight.

Hurrah!

Then let your hot lips feel  
That virgin cheek of steel;  
One kiss,—and woe betide  
Him who forsakes the bride.

Hurrah!

Now let the loved one sing;  
Now let the clear blade ring,  
Till the bright sparks shall fly,  
Heralds of victory!

Hurrah!

For hark! the trumpet's warning  
Proclaims the marriage morning;  
It dawns in festal pride;  
Hurrah, thou Iron Bride!

Hurrah!

---

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS. Translated  
from the French. By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE rain-drops plash, and the dead leaves fall,  
On spire and cornice and mould;  
The swallows gather, and twitter and call,  
"We must follow the summer, come one, come all,  
For the winter is now so cold."

Just listen awhile to the wordy war,  
As to whither the way shall tend,  
Says one, "I know the skies are fair  
And myriad insects float in air  
Where the ruins of Athens stand.

"And every year when the brown leaves fall,  
In a niche of the Parthenon  
I build my nest on the corniced wall,  
In the trough of a devastating ball  
From the Turk's besieging gun."

Says another, "My cosy home I fit  
On a Smyrna grande café,  
Where over the threshold Hadjii sit,  
And smoke their pipes and their coffee sip,  
Dreaming the hours away."

Another says, "I prefer the nave  
Of a temple of Baalbec;  
There my little ones lie when the palm-trees wave,  
And, perching near on the architrave,  
I fill each open beak."

"Ah!" says the last, "I build my nest  
Far up on the Nile's green shore,  
Where Memnon raises his stony crest,

And turns to the sun as he leaves his rest,  
But greets him with song no more.

“In his ample neck is a niche so wide,  
And withal so deep and free,  
A thousand swallows their nests can hide,  
And a thousand little ones rear beside,—  
Then come to the Nile with me.”

They go, they go, to the river and plain,  
To ruined city and town,  
They leave me alone with the cold again,  
Beside the tomb where my joys are lain,  
With hope like the swallows flown.

---

THE DEATH OF SAMSON. From "Samson Agonistes." By JOHN MILTON.

MESSENGER. Occasions drew me early to this city;

And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd  
Through each high street: little I had dispatch't,  
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day  
Samson should be brought forth to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre  
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was op'n, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,  
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad; before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot before him and behind,  
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient but undaunted where they led him,  
Came to the place, and what was set before him  
Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd



All with incredible, stupendious force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,  
And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.  
At last with head erect thus cri'd aloud.  
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd  
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wōnder or delight beheld.  
Now of my own accord such other trial  
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,  
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."  
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd;  
As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro  
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew  
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
Samson with these immixt, inevitably  
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;  
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

---

THE LADY'S DREAM. By THOMAS HOOD.

THE lady lay in her bed,  
Her couch so warm and soft,  
But her sleep was restless and broken still;  
For, turning often and oft  
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,  
And tossed her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,  
And gazed on the vacant air,  
With a look of awe, as if she saw  
Some dreadful phantom there—  
And then in the pillow she buried her face  
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,  
Her terror was so extreme;  
And the light that fell on the brodered quilt  
Kept a tremulous gleam;  
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried:  
"O, me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,  
In the church-yard's dismal ground!  
And those horrible things, with shady wings,  
That came and flitted round,—  
Death, death, and nothing but death,  
In every sight and sound!

"And, O! those maidens young,  
Who wrought in that dreary room,  
With figures drooping and spectres thin,  
And cheeks without a bloom;—  
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp of pride,  
We haste to an early tomb!

“ ‘For the pomp and pleasure of pride,  
We toil like Afric slaves,  
And only to earn a home at last,  
Where yonder cypress waves;’  
And then they pointed—I never saw  
A ground so full of graves!

“And still the coffins came,  
With their sorrowful trains and slow;  
Coffin after coffin still,  
A sad and sickening show;  
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt  
Of such a world of woe!

“Of the hearts that daily break,  
Of the tears that hourly fall,  
Of the many, many troubles of life,  
That grieve this earthly ball—  
Disease, and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,  
But now I dreamt of them all!

“For the blind and the cripple were there,  
And the babe that pined for bread,  
And the houseless man, and the widow poor  
Who begged—to bury the dead;  
The naked, alas! that I might have clad,  
The famished I might have fed!

“The sorrow I might have soothed,  
And the unregarded tears;  
For many a thronging shape was there,  
From long-forgotten years,—  
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,  
Who raised my childish fears!

“Each pleading look, that long ago  
I scanned with a heedless eye,  
Each face was gazing as plainly there  
As when I passed it by:  
Woe, woe for me if the past should be  
Thus present when I die!

“No need of sulphureous lake,  
No need of fiery coal,  
But only that crowd of human kind  
Who wanted pity and dole—  
In everlasting retrospect—  
Will wring my sinful soul!

“Alas! I have walked through life  
Too heedless where I trod;  
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,  
And fill the burial sod—  
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls  
Not unmarked of God!

“I drank the richest draughts;  
And ate whatever is good—  
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,  
Supplied my hungry mood;  
But I never remembered the wretched ones  
That starve for want of food!

“I dressed as the noble dress,  
In cloth of silver and gold,  
With silk and satin, and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold;  
But I never remembered the naked limbs  
That froze with winter's cold.

“The wounds I might have healed!  
The human sorrow and smart!  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part;  
But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart!”

She clasped her fervent hands,  
And the tears began to stream;  
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,  
Remorse was so extreme;  
And yet, O, yet, that many a dame  
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

---

POPPING THE QUESTION. By ROBERT GRANT.

I KNEW by his looks what he'd come for I  
plainly had seen from the first  
It must come to this sooner or later, and I'd made up  
my mind for the worst.  
So I hid myself under the curtains, where the loving  
pair couldn't see me,  
In order to watch their proceedings, and hear what he  
said unto she.

I saw he was fearfully nervous, that in fact he was  
suffering pain,  
By the way that he fussed with his collar and poked  
all the chairs with his cane;  
That he blushed; that he wouldn't look at her, but  
kept his eyes fixed on the floor,  
And took the unusual precaution of taking his seat  
near the door.

He began, "It is—er—er—fine weather,—remarkable  
weather for May."

"Do you think so?" said she; "it is raining."—"Oh, so  
it is raining to-day.

I meant 'twill be pleasant to-morrow," he stammered:  
"er—er—do you skate?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "at the season; but isn't May  
rather too late?"

The silence that followed was awful; he continued, "I  
see a sweet dove,"

('Twas only an innocent sparrow, but blind are the  
eyes of true love,)

"A dove of most beautiful plumage on the top of that  
wide-spreading tree,

Which reminds me,"—she sighed,—“O, sweet maiden!  
which reminds me, dear angel, of thee.”

Her countenance changed in a moment; there followed  
a terrible pause;

I felt that the crisis was coming, and hastily dropped  
on all fours,

In order to see the thing better. His face grew as  
white as a sheet,

He gave one spasmodical effort, and lifelessly dropped  
at her feet.

She said—what she said I won't tell you. She raised  
the poor wretch from the ground.

I drew back my head for an instant. Good heavens!  
Oh, what was that sound?

I eagerly peered through the darkness,—for twilight  
had made the room dim,—

And plainly perceived it was kissing,—and kissing not  
all done by him.

I burst into loud fits of laughter: I know it was terribly  
mean,

Still I couldn't resist the temptation to appear for a  
while on the scene;

But she viewed me with perfect composure, as she  
kissed him again with a smile,

And remarked, 'twixt that kiss and the next one, that  
“she'd known I was there all the while.”

---

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR. Copyright,  
Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Reprinted with per-  
mission. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONG-  
FELLOW.

“**S**PEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armour drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse;  
For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the ger-falcon;



And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,  
Joining-a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,

Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
    Burning yet tender;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
    Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
    Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
    By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
    Chaunting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
    To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind gusts waft  
    The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
    Blew the foam lightly.

'She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,—  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen!—  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armèd hand,  
Saw we the Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
When the wind failed us;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death! was the helmsman's hail  
Death without quarter!  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
    With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
    Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o’er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
    Stretching to lee-ward;  
There for my lady’s bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking sea-ward.

“There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden’s tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
    She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne’er shall the sun arise  
    On such another!

“Still grew my bosom then  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
    The sun-light hateful.  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
    O, death was grateful!

“Thus, seamed with many scars  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
    My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
Skoyal! to the Northland! skoyal!”  
—Thus the tale ended.

---

ROBIN HOOD. (To a Friend.) By JOHN KEATS.

NO! those days are gone away,  
And their hours are old and grey,  
And their minutes buried all  
Under the down-trodden pall  
Of the leaves of many years:  
Many times have Winter's shears,  
Frozen North, and chilling East,  
Sounded tempests to the feast  
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,  
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,  
And the twanging bow no more;  
Silent is the ivory shrill  
Past the heath and up the hill;  
There is no mid-forest laugh,  
Where lone Echo gives the half  
To some wight, amazed to hear  
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June  
You may go, with sun or moon,  
Or the seven stars to light you,  
Or the polar ray to right you;  
But you never may behold  
Little John, or Robin bold;  
Never one, of all the clan,  
Thrumming on an empty can  
Some old hunting ditty, while  
He doth his green way beguile  
To fair hostess Merriment,  
Down beside the pasture Trent:  
For he left the merry tale,  
Messenger for spicy ale,

Gone, the merry morris din;  
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;  
Gone, the tough belted outlaw  
Idling in the "grené shawe";  
All are gone away and past!  
And if Robin should be cast  
Sudden from his tufted grave,  
And if Marian should have  
Once again her forest days,  
She would weep, and he would craze:  
He would swear, for all his oaks,  
Fall'n beneath the dock-yard strokes,  
Have rotted on the briny seas;  
She would weep that her wild bees  
Sang not to her—strange! that honey  
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing  
Honor to the old bow-string!  
Honor to the bugle-horn!  
Honor to the woods unshorn!  
Honor to the Lincoln green!  
Honor to the archer keen!  
Honor to tight Little John,  
And the horse he rode upon!  
Honor to bold Robin Hood,  
Sleeping in the underwood!  
Honor to Maid Marian,  
And to all the Sherwood clan!  
Though their days have hurried by,  
Let us two a burden try.

---

THE ICEBERG. From "Fantasy and Passion."  
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WHERE the keen wan peaks, in frigid pride  
unbending,

Jut up against the abysmal blue of night;  
When the red aurora, at the world's wild ending,  
Opens in heaven its awful fan of light,  
A part of all the inviolate peace around him,  
Calm amid mighty quietudes did he rest,  
The fierce cold for a manacle that bound him,  
The arctic stars to sparkle on his crest.

Here silence, like a monarch, reigned immensely,  
The quintessence of cold was here, no less,  
Each utter as before God spake intensely  
And visible things leapt out from nothingness.  
A land wherewith no living sign was blended,  
A white monotony of weird device;  
One towering boreal torpor, chaste and splendid,  
One monstrous immobility of ice!

But when light woke within that bleak heaven, grandly  
To illumine pale polar summits, range on range,  
Then blindly through his glacial soul yet blandly  
He felt the movement of mysterious change.  
He seemed to have heard across vast ocean-reaches  
A summoning voice from equatorial calms,  
From languorous tropic bowers and lucid beaches,  
From blossoming headlands and high plumes of  
palms!

A voice compelling and a voice commanding,  
Yet sweet as flute-notes near still purple seas,  
Strange beyond speech and strong beyond withstanding,



Yet soft withal as tremulous airs in trees.  
A voice of such deep charm that while he wondered  
Plungingly seaward his huge frame he bent,  
And all its proud enormity was sundered  
From all its fetters of encompassment.

Then he went down superbly over distance  
Of mad uproarious surges, height on height,  
That hurled tempestuous onslaughts of resistance  
Round his serene magnificence of might.  
Then he went down across the unknown sea-spaces,  
A spot of radiance on their billowy whirl,  
Scintillant with the sun's most dazzling graces,  
Or touched by moonbeams to phantasmal pearl!

One chill wind, like a breath of death, ran blowing  
Incessantly along his path austere,  
And far before the grandeur of his going,  
Like birds the little vessels fled in fear.  
Green flashed the glassy bastions whence transcendent  
His frosted pinnacles blazed out above,  
While in colossal crystal calm resplendent,  
Superbly he went down to meet his love!

But journeying thus, too thrilled for all confusion  
Of boisterous wave or bluff blast to annoy,  
He had lessened with insidious diminution,  
He had wasted and not known it in his joy.  
For through him there had pulsed a fire of yearning  
'Twas ruin although 'twas rapture to have known,  
And love within his frozen life lay burning,  
Like a ruby under fathoms of stern stone!

And so while passion in his dumb breast kindled  
A lordlier larger impulse to adore,  
The more his eminent glories waned and dwindled  
As that ethereal voice allured the more.  
And then with bitterest pangs he felt the fleeting  
Of all his luminous loftiness and pride,  
And shuddered with the dark thought of not meeting  
That vague invisible love before he died!

And still the summoning voice came sweet and eager,  
Though touched with semitones of divine regret,  
And hourly growing meagre and more meagre,  
He journeyed on, desiring, yearning yet! . . .  
Till now he vanished utterly, and the tender  
Lulled waves of tropic ocean smiled above  
Him that in all the morning of his splendor  
Superbly had gone down to meet his love!

---

LENORE. By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

AH! broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown  
forever!

Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian  
river;

And, Guy De Vere, hast thou no tear?—weep now or  
never more!

See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love,  
Lenore!

Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be  
sung!—

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so  
young—

A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so  
young.

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her  
for her pride.

And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—  
that she died!

How shall the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how  
be sung

By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slan-  
derous tongue

That did to death the innocence that died, and died so  
young?”

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath  
song

Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!  
The sweet Lenore hath “gone before,” with Hope,  
that flew beside,

Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have  
been thy bride—

For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,  
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes—  
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her  
eyes.

“Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I  
upraise,

But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old  
days!

Let no bell toll;—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed  
mirth,

Should catch the note, as it doth float—up from the  
damnéd Earth.

To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant  
ghost is riven—

From Hell unto a high estate far up within the  
Heaven—

From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the  
King of Heaven.”

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THE FOOL'S PRAYER. Copyright, by Houghton,  
Mifflin & Co. Reprinted with permission. By  
EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

THE royal feast was done; the king  
Sought some new sport to banish care,  
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before:  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;  
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had wrung?

'Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;  
But for our blunders—oh, in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool  
That did his will; but thou, O Lord  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The king, and sought his gardens cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low,  
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

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MAZEPPA'S RIDE. By GEORGE GORDON,  
LORD BYRON.

“ ‘**B**RING forth the horse!’—the horse was brought,  
In truth, he was a noble steed,  
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,  
Who looked as though the speed of thought  
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,  
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,  
With spur and bridle undefiled,—  
’Twas but a day he had been caught;  
And snorting, with erected mane,  
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,  
In the full foam of wrath and dread  
To me the desert-born was led;  
They bound me on, that menial throng,  
Upon his back with many a thong;  
Then loosed him with a sudden lash,—  
Away!—away!—and on we dash!  
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

“ ‘Away!—away!—My breath was gone,—  
I saw not where he hurried on;  
’Twas scarcely yet the break of day,  
And on he foamed,—away!—away!—  
The last of human sounds which rose,  
As I was darted from my foes,  
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,  
Which on the wind came roaring after  
A moment from that rabble rout;  
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,  
And snapped the cord which to the mane  
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,  
And, writhing half my form about,

Howled back my curse; but midst the tread,  
 The thunder of my courser's speed,  
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed:

. . . . .

"Away, away, my steed and I,  
 Upon the pinions of the wind,  
 All human dwellings left behind;  
 We sped like meteors through the sky,  
 When with its crackling sound the night  
 Is checkered with the northern light:  
 Town,—village,—none were on our track,  
 But a wild plain of far extent,  
 And bounded by a forest black;  
 And, save the scarce-seen battlement  
 On distant heights of some strong hold,  
 Against the Tartars built of old.

. . . . .

"O, how I wished for spear or sword,  
 At least to die amidst the horde,  
 And perish—if it must be so—  
 At bay, destroying many a foe!  
 When first my courser's race begun  
 I wished the goal already won;  
 But now I doubted strength and speed.  
 Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed  
 Had nerved him like the mountain roe;

. . . . .

"The wood was passed; 'twas more than noon,  
 But chill the air, although in June;  
 Or it might be my veins ran cold,—  
 Prolonged endurance tames the bold;

. . . . .



“What marvel if this worn-out trunk  
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?  
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,  
I seemed to sink upon the ground;  
But erred, for I was fastly bound.  
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,  
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more;  
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;  
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,  
And a slight flash sprang o’er my eyes,  
Which saw no farther; he who dies  
Can die no more than then I died.  
O’ertortured by that ghastly ride,  
I felt the blackness come and go,

And strove to wake; but could not make  
My senses climb up from below;  
I felt as on a plank at sea,  
When all the waves that dash o’er thee,  
At the same time upheave and whelm,  
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.

“My thoughts came back: where was I? Cold

And numb and giddy: pulse by pulse  
Life reassumed its lingering hold,  
And throb by throb,—till grown a pang  
Which for a moment would convulse,  
My blood reflowed, though thick and chill;  
My ear with uncouth noises rang;

My heart began once more to thrill;  
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;  
There was a gleam too of the sky,  
Studded with stars;—it is no dream;  
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!

The bright, broad river's gushing tide  
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,  
And we are half-way, struggling o'er  
To yon unknown and silent shore.

The waters broke my hollow trance,  
And with a temporary strength

My stiffened limbs were rebaptized,  
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,  
And dashes off the ascending waves,  
And onward we advance! . . .

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,  
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,  
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain  
Up the repelling bank.

We gain the top; a boundless plain  
Spreads through the shadow of the night,  
And onward, onward, onward, seems,  
Like precipices in our dreams,  
To stretch beyond the sight;  
And here and there a speck of white,  
Or scattered spot of dusky green,  
In masses broke into the light  
As rose the moon upon my right. . . .

"Onward we went,—but slack and slow;  
His savage force at length o'erspent,  
The drooping courser, faint and low,  
All feebly foaming went.

A sickly infant had had power  
To guide him forward in that hour;  
But useless all to me.

His new-born tameness naught availed,—  
My limbs were bound; my force had failed,

Perchance had they been free.  
With feeble efforts still I tried  
To rend the bonds so starkly tied,  
But still it was in vain;  
My limbs were only wrung the more,  
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,  
Which but prolonged their pain.

“At length, while reeling on our way,  
Methought I heard a courser neigh  
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.  
Is it the wind those branches stirs?  
No, no! from out the forest prance  
A trampling troop; I see them come!  
In one vast squadron they advance! . . .  
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,  
Came thickly thundering on,  
As if our faint approach to meet;  
The sight renerved my courser's feet,  
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,  
A moment, with a faint low neigh,  
He answered and then fell:  
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
And reeking limbs immovable,  
His first and last career is done!  
On came the troop,—they saw him stoop,  
They saw me strangely bound along  
His back with many a bloody thong:  
They stop,—they start,—they snuff the air,  
Gallop a moment here and there,  
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,  
Then plunging back with sudden bound,

Headed by one black mighty steed,  
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,  
Without a single speck or hair  
Of white upon his shaggy hide;  
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,  
And backward to the forest fly,  
By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there to my despair,  
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,  
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,  
Relieved from that unwonted weight,  
From whence I could not extricate  
Nor him nor me, and there we lay

The dying on the dead!  
I little deemed another day  
Would see my houseless, helpless head.

“And there from morn till twilight bound,  
I felt the heavy hours toil round,  
With just enough of life to see  
My last of suns go down on me.

. . . . .  
“I woke.—Where was I?—Do I see  
A human face look down on me?  
And doth a roof above me close?  
Do these limbs on a couch repose?  
Is this a chamber where I lie?  
And is it mortal yon bright eye,  
That watches me with gentle glance?

I closed my own again once more,  
As doubtful that the former trance  
Could not as yet be o'er.  
A slender girl, long-haired and tall,

Sate watching by the cottage wall;  
The sparkle of her eye I caught,  
Even with my first return of thought;  
For ever and anon she threw  
    A prying, pitying glance on me  
    With her black eyes so wild and free:  
I gazed and gazed, until I knew  
    No vision it could be,—  
But that I lived, and was released  
From adding to the vulture's feast. . . .  
"She came with mother and with sire,—  
What need of more?—I will not tire  
With long recital of the rest,  
Since I became the Cossack's guest.  
They found me senseless on the plain,—  
    They bore me to the nearest hut,—  
They brought me into life again,—  
Me,—one day o'er their realm to reign!  
    Thus the vain fool who strove to glut  
His rage, refining on my pain,  
Sent me forth to the wilderness,  
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,  
To pass the desert to a throne,—  
    What mortal his own doom may guess?"

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THE ERL-KING. Translated by Sir Walter Scott.  
By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

WHO rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?  
It is the fond father embracing his child,  
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,  
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says;  
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"—  
"O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."  
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

"O, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;  
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;  
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,  
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear  
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"—  
"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease;  
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?  
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;  
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,  
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,  
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the  
rain?"—

"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;  
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon."

"O, come and go with me, no longer delay,  
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."—

"O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,  
The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild,  
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child.  
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,  
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was dead!

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THE FANCY CONCERT. By LEIGH HUNT.

THEY talked of their concerts, and Cramers and  
Spohrs,  
And pitied the fever that kept me in-doors,  
And I smiled in my thought and said, "O ye sweet  
fancies,  
And animal spirits, that still in your dances  
Come bringing me visions to comfort my care,  
Now fetch me a concert—imparadise air."

Then a wind like a storm out of Eden came pouring  
Fierce into my room, and made tremble the flooring  
And filled with a sudden impetuous trample  
Of heaven, its corners; and swelled it to ample  
Dimensions to breathe in, and space for all power;  
Which falling as suddenly, lo! the sweet flower  
Of an exquisite fairy-voice opened its blessing;  
And ever and aye, to its constant addressing,  
There came, falling in with it, each in the last,  
Flageolets one by one, and flutes blowing more fast,  
And hautboys and clarionets, acrid of reed,  
And the violin, smoothlier sustaining the speed  
As the rich tempest gathered, and buz-ringing moons  
Of tambours, and deep basses, and giant bassoons,  
And the golden trombone, that darteth its tongue  
Like a bee of the gods; nor was wanting the gong.

. . . . .  
Then lo! was performed my immense will and  
pleasure,  
And orchestras rose to an exquisite measure;  
And lights were about me, and odors; and set  
Were the lovers of music, all wondrously met;  
And then with their singers in lily-white stoles,



And themselves clad in rose-color, in came the souls  
 Of all the composers accounted divinest,  
 And with their own hands did they play me their  
 finest.

Oh! truly was Italy heard then and Germany,  
 Melody's heart, and the rich brain of harmony:  
 Fresh Paisiello, whose airs are as new,  
 Though we know them by heart, as May-blossoms and  
 dew;

And Nature's twin son, Pergolese; and Bach,  
 Old father of fugues, with his endless fine talk;  
 And Glück, who saw gods, and the learned sweet feel-  
 ing

Of Haydn; and Winter, whose sorrows are healing;  
 And airy Correlli, whose bowing seems made  
 For a hand with a jewel; and Händel arrayed  
 In Olympian thunders; vast lord of the spheres,  
 Yet pious himself, with his blindness in tears;  
 A lover withal, and a conq'ror, whose marches  
 Bring demigods under victorious arches;  
 Then Arne sweet and tricksome; and masterly Purcell,  
 Half priest and half prince; and Mozart universal,  
 But chiefly with exquisite gallantries found,  
 With a grove, in the distance, of holier sound;  
 Nor forgot was thy dulcitude, loving Sacchini;  
 Nor love, young and dying, in shape of Bellini;  
 Nor Weber, nor Himmel, nor mirth's sweetest name,  
 Cimarosa; much less the great organ-voiced fame  
 Of Marcello, that hushed the Venetian sea;  
 And strange was the shout, when it wept hearing thee,  
 Thou soul full of grace as of grief, my heart-cloven,  
 My poor, my most rich, my all-feeling Beethoven.

. , , . . . . .

So now we had chorus and now we had song,  
Now instruments hurrying the warble along;  
Now pauses that pampered resumption; and now—  
But who shall describe what was played us, or how?  
'Twas wonder, 'twas transport, humility, pride;  
'Twas the heart of the mistress that sat by one's side;  
'Twas the Graces invisible, moulding the air  
Into all that is shapely, and lovely, and fair,  
And running our fancies their tenderest rounds  
Of endearments and luxuries, turned into sounds;  
'Twas argument even, the logic of tones;  
'Twas mem'ry, 'twas wishes, 'twas laughter, 'twas  
moans;  
'Twas pity and love, in pure impulse obeyed;  
'Twas the breath of the stuff of which passion is made.  
And these are the concerts I have at my will;  
Then dismiss them, and laugh at your puffs and your  
“bill.”

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A CURSE FOR A NATION. By ELIZABETH  
BARRETT BROWNING.

PROLOGUE.

I HEARD an angel speak last night,  
And he said, "Write!  
Write a nation's curse for me,  
And send it over the Western Sea.'

I faltered, taking up the word:

"Not so, my lord!  
If curses must be, choose another  
To send thy curse against my brother.

"For I am bound by gratitude,  
By love and blood,  
To brothers of mine across the sea,  
Who stretch out kindly hands to me."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write  
My curse to-night.  
From the summits of love a curse is driven,  
As lightning is from the tops of heaven."

"Not so," I answered. "Evermore  
My heart is sore  
For my own land's sins: for little feet  
Of children bleeding along the street:

"For parked-up honors that gainsay  
The right of way:  
For almsgiving through a door that is  
Not open enough for two friends to kiss:

"For love of freedom which abates  
Beyond the Straits:  
For patriot virtue starved to vice on  
Self-praise, self-interest, and suspicion:

"For an oligarchic parliament,  
And bribes well-meant.  
What curse to another land assign,  
When heavy-souled for the sins of mine?"

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write  
My curse to-night.  
Because thou hast strength to see and hate  
A foul thing done within thy gate."

"Not so," I answered once again.  
"To curse, choose men.  
For I, a woman, have only known  
How the heart melts and the tears run down."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write  
My curse to-night.  
Some women weep and curse, I say  
(And no one marvels,) night and day.  
"And thou shalt take their part to-night.  
Weep and write.  
A curse from the depths of womanhood  
Is very salt, and bitter, and good."  
So thus I wrote and mourned indeed,  
What all may read.  
And thus, as was enjoined on me,  
I send it over the Western Sea.

#### THE CURSE.

##### I.

Because ye have broken your own chain  
With the strain  
Of brave men climbing a nation's height,  
Yet thence bear down with brand and thong

On souls of others,—for this wrong  
This is the curse. Write.

Because yourselves are standing straight  
In the state  
Of Freedom's foremost acolyte,  
Yet keep calm footing all the time  
On writhing bond-slaves,—for this crime  
This is the curse. Write.

Because ye prosper in God's name,  
With a claim  
To honor in the old world's sight,  
Yet do the fiend's work perfectly  
In strangling martyrs,—for this lie  
This is the curse. Write.

II.

Ye shall watch while kings conspire  
Round the people's smouldering fire,  
And, warm for your part,  
Shall never dare—O shame!  
To utter the thought into flame  
Which burns at your heart.  
This is the curse. Write.

Ye shall watch while nations strive  
With the bloodhounds, die or survive,  
Drop faint from their jaws,  
Or throttle them backward to death,  
And only under your breath  
Shall favor the cause.  
This is the curse. Write.

Ye shall watch while strong men draw  
The nets of feudal law

To strangle the weak,  
And, counting the sin for a sin,  
Your soul shall be sadder within  
Than the word ye shall speak.  
This is the curse. Write.

When good men are praying erect  
That Christ may avenge his elect  
And deliver the earth,  
The prayer in your ears, said low,  
Shall sound like the tramp of a foe  
That's driving you forth.  
This is the curse. Write.

When wise men give you their praise,  
They shall pause in the heat of the phrase,  
As if carried too far.  
When ye boast your own charters kept true,  
Ye shall blush;—for the thing which ye do  
Derides what ye are.  
This is the curse. Write.

When fools cast taunts at your gate,  
Your scorn ye shall somewhat abate  
As ye look o'er the wall,  
For your conscience, tradition, and name  
Explode with a deadlier blame  
Than the worst of them all.  
This is the curse. Write.

Go, wherever ill deeds shall be done,  
Go, plant your flag in the sun  
Beside the ill-doers!  
And recoil from clenching the curse  
Of God's witnessing Universe  
With a curse of yours.  
THIS is the curse. Write.

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RIZPAH. By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind over land  
and sea—

And Willy's voice in the wind, "O mother, come out  
to me."

Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I  
cannot go?

For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon  
stares at the snow.

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of  
the town.

The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing  
over the down,

When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the  
creak of the chain,

And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself  
drenched with the rain.

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to  
fall?

I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones;  
I have hidden them all.

What am I saying? and what are you? do you come as  
a spy?

Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so  
must it lie.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what  
have you heard?

Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a  
word.

O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their  
spies—

But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to  
darken my eyes.

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should you  
know of the night,  
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost  
and the fright?

I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only  
made for the day.

I have gathered my baby together—and now you may  
go your way.

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old  
dying wife,  
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour  
of life.

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to  
die.

"They dared me to do it," he said, and he never told  
me a lie.

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was  
but a child—

"The farmer dared me to do it," he said; he was  
always so wild—

And idle—and couldn't be idle—my Willy—he never  
could rest.

The King should have made him a soldier, he would  
have been one of his best.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never  
would let him be good;

They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he  
swore that he would;



And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when  
all was done  
He flung it among his fellows—"I'll none of it," said  
my son.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told  
them my tale,  
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him  
for robbing the mail.  
They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had always  
borne a good name—  
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't  
that enough shame?

Dust to dust—low down—let us hide! but they set him  
so high  
That all the ships of the world could stare at him,  
passing by.  
God'll pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls  
of the air,  
But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him  
and hang'd him there.

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last  
good-by;  
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. "O mother!"  
I heard him cry.  
I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had something  
further to say,  
And now I shall never know it. The jailer forced me  
away.

Then, since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that  
was dead,

They seized me and shut me up; they fasten'd me  
down on my bed.

"Mother, O mother!" he call'd in the dark to me year  
after year—

They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that I  
couldn't but hear;

And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid  
and still

They let me abroad again—but the creatures had  
worked their will.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was  
left—

I stole them all from the lawyers,—and you, will you  
call it a theft?

My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that  
had laughed and cried—

Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—they had  
moved in my side.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em,  
I buried 'em all—

I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the church-  
yard wall.

My Willy'll rise up whole when the trumpet of judg-  
ment'll sound,

But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy  
ground.

They would scratch him up—they would hang him  
again on the cursed tree.

Sin? O yes, we are sinners, I know—let all that be,  
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good-will  
toward men—

“Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord”—let me  
hear it again;

“Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering.”  
Yes, O yes!

For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour  
lives but to bless.

He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst  
of the worst,

And the first may be last—I have heard it in church—  
and the last may be first.

Suffering—O long-suffering—yes, as the Lord must  
know,

Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower  
and the snow.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never  
repented his sin.

How do they know it? are they his mother? are you of  
his kin?

Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the  
downs began,

The wind that'll wail like a child, and the sea that'll  
moan like a man?

And if he be lost—but to save my soul, that is all your  
desire:

Do you think that I care for my soul if my boy be gone  
to the fire?

I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may  
leave me alone—

You have never borne a child—you are just as hard as  
a stone.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to  
be kind,

But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in  
the wind—

The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in  
the dark,

And he calls to me now from the church and not from  
the gibbet—for hark!

Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking  
the walls—

Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good night. I am  
going. He calls.

---

HAMLET AT THE BOSTON. (To Edwin Booth )  
From "Later Lyrics." Reprinted with permission.  
By JULIA WARD HOWE.

WE sit before the row of evening lamps,  
Each in his chair,  
Forgetful of November dews and damps,  
And wintry air.

A little gulf of music intervenes,  
A bridge of sighs,  
Where still the cunning of the curtain screens  
Art's paradise.

My thought transcends these viols' shrill delight,  
The booming bass,  
And, towards the regions we shall view to-night,  
Makes hurried pace.

The painted castle, and the unneeded guard  
That ready stand;  
The harmless Ghost, that walks with helm unbarred  
And beckoning hand.

And beautiful as dreams of maidenhood,  
That doubt defy,  
Young Hamlet, with his forehead grief-subdued,  
And visioning eye.

O fair dead world, that from thy grave awak'st  
A little while,  
And in our heart strange revolution mak'st  
With thy brief smile!

O beauties vanished, fair lips magical,  
Heroic braves!

O mighty hearts, that held the world in thrall!  
Come from your graves!

The poet sees you through a mist of tears,—  
Such depths divide  
Him, with the love and passion of his years,  
From you, inside!

The poet's heart attends your buskined feet,  
Your lofty strains,  
Till earth's rude touch dissolves that madness sweet,  
And life remains:

Life that is something while the senses heed  
The spirit's call;  
Life that is nothing when our grosser need  
Ingulfs it all.

And thou, young hero of this mimic scene,  
In whose high breast  
A genius greater than thy life hath been  
Strangely comprest!

Wear'st thou those glories draped about thy soul  
Thou dost present?  
And art thou by their feeling and control  
Thus eloquent?

'Tis with no feignèd power thou bind'st our sense,  
No shallow art;  
Sure, lavish Nature gave thee heritage  
Of Hamlet's heart!

Thou dost control our fancies with a might  
    So wild, so fond,  
We quarrel, passed thy circle of delight,  
    With things beyond;

Returning to the pillows rough with care,  
    And vulgar food,  
Sad from the breath of that diviner air,  
    That loftier mood.

And there we leave thee, in thy misty tent  
    Watching alone;  
While foes about thee gather imminent,  
    To us scarce known.

Oh, when the lights are quenched, the music hushed,  
    The plaudits still,  
Heaven keep the fountain, whence the fair stream  
    gushed,  
    From choking ill!

Let Shakespeare's soul, that wins the world from  
    wrong,  
    For thee avail,  
And not one holy maxim of his song  
    Before thee fail!

So get thee to thy couch as unreprieved  
    As heroes blest;  
And all good angels, trusted in and loved,  
    Attend thy rest!

---

THE WRECKER'S BELL. From "Wanderers."  
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THERE'S a lurid light in the clouds to-night,  
In the wind there's a desolate moan,  
And the rage of the furious sea is white,  
Where it beats on the crags of stone:  
Stand here at my side, and look over the tide,  
And say if you hear it,—the sullen knell,  
Faint, from afar, on the harbour-bar,  
The hollow boom of the wrecker's bell.  
For I cannot hear—I am cold with fear—  
Ah, leave me not alone!  
For I'm old, I'm old, and my blood is cold,  
And I fear to be alone.

With a shudder I saw his ashen face,  
In that wild and fearful night—  
For his blazing eyes illumed the place  
With a terrible, ghastly light;  
And ever his long locks floated out,  
As white as the foam of the sea;  
And the great waves dashed on the rocks about  
With a mad and cruel gice.  
But I stood by his side, and looked over the tide,  
And faintly I heard that solemn knell,  
Faint, from afar, on the harbour-bar,  
The hollow boom of the wrecker's bell.

It is but the clang of the signal bell,  
That floats through the midnight air:  
For many a year in the surging swell  
Has the old bell sounded there.



When the storm in his might rides through the night  
And his steeds in thunder neigh,  
Then its iron tongue is swayed and swung,  
And plunged in the angry spray  
And so when the summer skies are bright,  
And the breakers are at play.  
But wherefore is it you stay me here,  
And why do you shudder and moan,  
And what are the nameless shapes you fear  
In this desolate place alone?  
For your eyes are set in a dreadful glare,  
And you shrink at the solemn knell,  
As it trembles along the midnight air—  
The boom of the wrecker's bell.

Look up, he cried, to the awful sky,  
Look over the furious sea,  
And mark, as the grinning fiends float by,  
How they beckon and howl to me!  
They are ringing my knell with the baleful bell,  
And they gloat on the doom to be.  
Ah! give me your hand, and look not back—  
We stand not here alone—  
And the horrible shapes that throng my track  
Would turn your heart to stone.  
The spell of the dead is on the hour,  
And I yield my soul to its fearful power.

A face looks forth in the darkness there,  
A young face, sweet with a rosy light:  
The sunshine sleeps in her golden hair,  
And her violet eyes are softly bright:  
On her parted lips there's an innocent smile,

Like a sunbeam kissing a velvet rose;  
And her cheeks of pearl grow warm the while,  
With a delicate blush that comes and goes.  
Ah! purer than morn in its purest hour,  
And holy as one from an angel clime,  
Was the tender woman, the beautiful flower,  
I loved and lost in the far-off time.

One fatal night, in the long ago,  
My gallant cruiser passed that bar.  
In a bank of clouds the moon hung low,  
And the sombre sky showed scarce a star.  
The night was calm, but I heard in the swell  
A murmur of storm, and, far away,  
The muffled toll of the wrecker's bell,  
As it floated up from the outer bay.  
And a look of hate in the waiting waves  
Spoke to my soul of a place of graves.

I watched them there, as I stood at the wheel,—  
The happy lover, the radiant bride,—  
And the wasting fever of frantic pain  
And jealous hatred burnt my brain;  
And I felt what only demons feel,  
For the man who walked by that woman's side. . .  
Nothing they thought of danger then,  
Or the schemes and crimes of wicked men.  
Lost in a wordless dream of bliss,  
And consecrate with marriage kiss,  
What could those innocent creatures know  
Of the burning hate, the maddening woe  
And the deadly purpose of blind despair,  
In the heart of the fiend beside them there?

An hour had passed—he stood alone, . . .

I thought no creature saw the blow  
That felled him, senseless as a stone,  
Or heard the pitiful, low moan,

His death-sigh, as he sank below  
These very waters where they flow  
Around that vengeful bell.

But joy, like grief, will vigils keep,  
And love hath eyes that never sleep  
And secret tongues that tell.

She passed like some swift bolt of light,  
A heavenly angel robed in white!  
One dazzling gleam, one cry so shrill  
That sea and sky and this lone hill  
Are echoing with its anguish still—  
And she had leaped into the night:  
And on her murdered lover's breast  
In the same wave she sunk to rest.

That moment o'er the sky  
Flamed the red wrath of such a storm  
As might enwreath the Avenger's form  
When howling fiends defy.  
No ship could live in the gale that blew,  
And mine went down, with all her crew—

I only left alive:  
Spurned upward out of weltering hell  
To that same reef where swings the bell  
That, ever since, with fateful spell  
Hath drawn me by its hideous knell,

I breathed, and ceased to strive—  
I, whom the lightning will not rend,  
Nor waves engulf, nor death befriend,

Nor holy father shrive! . . .  
There's a lurid light in the clouds to-night,  
In the wind there's a desolate moan;  
But the waves roll soft on the sand so white,  
And break on the crags of stone;  
And the sea-gulls scream in their frolic flight,  
And all my dream is flown.  
But, far away in the twilight gloom,  
I still can hear it, the muffled boom,—  
And it seems to be ringing a dead man's knell,—  
Solemn and slow, of the wrecker's bell.

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SONGS FROM "ROBIN HOOD." (First published in 1786.) By LEONARD MAC NALLY.

HER hair is like a golden clue,  
Drawn from Minerva's loom;  
Her lips carnations dropping dew,  
Her breath is a perfume.

Her brow is like the mountain snow,  
Gilt by the morning beam:  
Her cheeks like living roses blow,  
Her eyes like azure stream.

Adieu, my friend, be me forgot,  
And from thy mind defac'd;  
But may that happiness be thine,  
Which I can never taste.

---

Charming Clorinda, ev'ry note  
You breathe these woods among,  
Shall move my grateful tongue:  
Swelling my ardent throat,  
Homage devout to pay.  
Love harmonize the lay,  
And soothe her with a song.

Should she bewilder'd chance to stray,  
Ye songsters, near your grove,  
To her your notes belong;  
My soul its sense shall prove,  
My voice its pow'rs display,  
Love harmonize the lay,  
And soothe her with a song.

By dark grove, shade, or winding dell,  
We merry maids and archers dwell;  
In quiet here, from worldly strife,  
We pass a cheerful rural life;  
And by the moon's pale, quivering beams,  
We frisk it near the crystal streams.

Our station's on the king's highway,  
We rob the rich the poor to pay:  
The woe-worn wretch we still protect,  
The widow, orphan, ne'er neglect:  
Fat churchmen proud we cause to stand,  
And whistle for our steady band.

---

Hark! the warbling choir sings,  
Hark! the azure welkin rings,  
Hills with joy resound;  
Cowslips glad the laughing fields,  
Fragrant thyme its odor yields,  
Violets breathe around.

Elms their verdant honors spread,  
Dewdrops gild the mossy bed,  
Daisies bloom among;  
Soft and joyous through the skies,  
Thousand sprightly voices rise,  
Echo joins the song.

Blissful scenes soon pass away,  
Pride's the glimmer of a day,  
Flies on rapid wing;  
Learn to know, vain mortal man,  
Fleeting life is but a span,  
Emblem of the spring.

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ODE ON A GRECIAN URN. By JOHN KEATS.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness!  
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve,  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea-shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,

Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede

Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;

Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other wo

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.



---

NOTHING BUT LEAVES. A Study in Yellow and Brown. By M. H. G.

**H**E'S devotion itself all the summer;  
That she's caught him she fondly believes;  
But when comes the last day of the season,  
He simply says nothing—but leaves.

They've danced through each hop and cotillion,  
No other his homage receives.  
But, chilled by the first frosts of autumn,  
He coldly says nothing—but leaves.

When she adds up her gains and her losses,  
Like a husbandman counting his sheaves,  
She mentally puts a black mark to his name,  
And says: "This year I've nothing—but leaves!"

---

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL. (Shortly after the revival of learning in Europe.) By ROBERT BROWNING.

LET us begin and carry up this corpse,  
Singing together.  
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes,  
Each in its tether  
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,  
Cared-for till cock-crow:  
Look out if yonder be not day again  
Rimming the rock-row!  
That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,  
Rarer, intenser,  
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,  
Chafes in the censer.  
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;  
Seek we sepulture  
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,  
Crowded with culture!  
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;  
Clouds overcome it;  
No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's  
Circling its summit.  
Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights:  
Wait ye the warning?  
Our low life was the level's and the night's;  
He's for the morning.  
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,  
'Ware the beholders!  
This is our master, famous, calm and dead,  
Borne on our shoulders.  
Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,  
Safe from the weather!

He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,  
Singing together,  
He was a man born with thy face and throat,  
Lyric Apollo!  
Long he lived nameless: how should Spring take note  
Winter would follow?  
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone!  
Cramped and diminished,  
Moaned he, "New measures, other feet anon!  
My dance is finished"?  
No, that's the world's way: (keep the mountain-side,  
Make for the city!)  
He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride  
Over men's pity;  
Left play for work, and grappled with the world  
Bent on escaping:  
"What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furled?  
Show me their shaping,  
Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage,—  
Give!"—So, he gowned him,  
Straight got by heart that book to its last page:  
Learned, we found him.  
Yea, but we found him bald, too, eyes like lead,  
Accents uncertain:  
"Time to taste life," another would have said,  
"Up with the curtain!"  
This man said rather, "Actual life comes next?  
Patience a moment!  
Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,  
Still there's the comment.  
Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,  
Painful or easy!  
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,  
Ay, nor feel queasy."

Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,  
    When he had learned it,  
When he had gathered all books had to give!  
    Sooner, he spurned it.  
Image the whole, then execute the parts—  
    Fancy the fabric  
Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,  
    Ere mortar dab brick!

(Here's the town-gate reached: there's the market-place  
    Gaping before us.)  
Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace  
    (Hearten our chorus!)  
That before living he'd learn how to live—  
    No end to learning:  
Earn the means first—God surely will contrive  
    Use for our earning.  
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:  
    Live now or never!"  
He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!  
    Man has Forever."  
Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head:  
    Calculus racked him:  
Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead:  
    Tussis attacked him.  
"Now, master, take a little rest!"—not he!  
    (Caution redoubled,  
Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)  
    Not a whit troubled,  
Back to his studies, fresher than at first,  
    Fierce as a dragon  
He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)  
    Sucked at the flagon.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,  
Heedless of far gain,  
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure  
Bad is our bargain!  
Was it not great? did not he throw on God,  
(He loves the burthen)—  
God's task to make the heavenly period  
Perfect the earthen?  
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear  
Just what it all meant?  
He would not discount life, as fools do here,  
Paid by instalment.  
He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success  
Found, or earth's failure:  
“Wilt thou trust death or not?” He answered  
“Yes! —  
Hence with life's pale lure!”  
That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Sees it and does it:  
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
Dies ere he knows it.  
That low man goes on adding one to one,  
His hundred's soon hit:  
This high man, aiming at a million,  
Misses an unit.  
That, has the world here—should he need the next,  
Let the world mind him!  
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed  
Seeking shall find him.  
So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,  
Ground he at grammar;  
Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife:  
While he could stammer

He settled Hoti's business—let it be!—

Properly based Oun—

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic De,

Dead from the waist down.

Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place :

Hail to your purlieus,

All ye highfliers of the feathered race,

Swallows and curlews!

Here's the top-peak; the multitude below

Live, for they can, there:

This man decided not to Live but Know—

Bury this man there?

Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds  
form,

Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,

Peace let the dew send!

Lofty designs must close in like effects:

Loftily lying,

Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,

Living and dying.

---

THE EAGLE'S SONG. Reprinted with permission.  
By RICHARD MANSFIELD.

THE Lioness whelped, and the sturdy cub  
Was seized by an eagle and carried up  
And homed for a while in an eagle's nest,  
And slept for a while on an eagle's breast,  
And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:  
"To be staunch and valiant and free and strong!"

The Lion whelp sprang from the eerie nest,  
From the lofty crag where the queen birds rest;  
He fought the King on the spreading plain,  
And drove him back o'er the foaming main.

He held the land as a thrifty chief,  
And reared his cattle and reaped his sheaf,  
Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,  
Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore  
To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore.  
And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,  
And Industry lived with the Northern one.  
Tears for the time when they broke and fought!  
Tears was the price of the union wrought!  
And the land was red in a sea of blood,  
Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,  
Behold on their shield the word "Refrain!"  
And the lion cubs twain sing the eagle's song,  
"To be staunch and valiant and free and strong!"  
For the eagle's beak and the lion's paw,  
And the lion's fangs and the eagle's claw,

And the eagle's swoop and the lion's might,  
And the lion's leap and the eagle's sight,  
Shall guard the flag with the word "Refrain!"  
Now that the two are one again!  
Here's to a cheer for the Yankee ships!  
And "Well done, Sam," from the mother's lips!



---

THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN  
WOMAN. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BEFORE I see another day,  
O let my body die away!  
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;  
The stars, they were among my dreams;  
In rustling conflict through the skies,  
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,  
And yet they are upon my eyes,  
And yet I am alive;  
Before I see another day,  
O let my body die away!

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;  
Yet it is dead, and I remain:  
All stiff with ice the ashes lie;  
And they are dead, and I will die.  
When I was well, I wished to live,  
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire;  
But they to me no joy can give,  
No pleasure now, and no desire.  
Then here contented will I lie!  
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on  
Another day, a single one!  
Too soon I yielded to despair;  
Why did ye listen to my prayer?  
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger;  
But oh! how grievously I rue,  
That, afterwards, a little longer,  
My friends, I did not follow you!  
For strong and without pain I lay,  
Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

My Child! they gave thee to another,  
 A woman who was not thy mother.  
 When from my arms my babe they took  
 On me how strangely did he look!  
 Through his whole body something ran,  
 A most strange working did I see,—  
 As if he strove to be a man,  
 That he might pull the sledge for me:  
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild!  
 O mercy! like a helpless child.

My little joy! my little pride!  
 In two days more I must have died.  
 Then do not weep and grieve for me.  
 I feel I must have died with thee.  
 O wind, that o'er my head art flying  
 The way my friends their course did bend,  
 I should not feel the pain of dying,  
 Could I with thee a message send;  
 Too soon, my friends, ye went away;  
 For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow;  
 Ye travel heavily and slow;  
 In spite of all my weary pain,  
 I'll look upon your tents again.  
 —My fire is dead, and snowy white  
 The water which beside it stood:  
 The wolf has come to me to-night,  
 And he has stolen away my food.  
 Forever left alone am I;  
 Then wherefore should I fear to die?

Young as I am, my course is run  
I shall not see another sun;  
I cannot lift my limbs to know  
If they have any life or no.  
My poor forsaken Child! if I  
For once could have thee close to me,  
With happy heart I then would die,  
And my last thought would happy be;  
But thou, dear Babe, art far away,  
Nor shall I see another day.

---

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER From "Afterwhiles."  
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RILEY.

I CRAVE, dear Lord,  
No boundless hoard  
Of gold and gear,  
Nor jewels fine  
Nor lands, nor kine,  
Nor treasure-heaps of anything.—  
Let but a little hut be mine  
Where at the hearthstone I may hear  
The cricket sing,  
And have the shine  
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,  
For my poor sake,  
Our simple home a place divine;—  
Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—  
Love, and the smiling face of her.

I pray not for  
Great riches, nor  
For vast estates, and castle-halls,—  
Give me to hear the bare footfalls  
Of children o'er  
An oaken floor,  
New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread  
With but the tiny coverlet  
And pillow for the baby's head;  
And, pray Thou, may  
The door stand open and the day  
Send ever in a gentle breeze,  
With fragrance from the locust-trees,  
. And drowsy moan of doves, and blur

Of robin-chirps, and drone of bees,  
With afterhushes of the stir  
Of intermingling sounds, and then  
The good-wife and the smile of her  
Filling the silences again—  
The cricket's call,  
And the wee cot,  
Dear Lord of all,  
Deny me not!

I pray not that  
Men tremble at  
My power of place  
And lordly sway,—  
I only pray for simple grace  
To look my neighbor in the face  
Full honestly from day to day—  
Yield me his horny palm to hold,  
And I'll not pray  
For gold;—  
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,  
It hath the kingliest smile on earth—  
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,  
Hath never need of coronet.  
And so I reach,  
Dear Lord, to Thee,  
And do beseech  
Thou givest me  
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,  
Love, and the glad sweet face of her!

---

CAVALRY SONG. From "Alice of Monmouth."  
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STEDMAN.

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,  
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;  
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;  
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!

HALT!

Each carbine send its whizzing ball:  
Now, cling, clang! forward all,  
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:  
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!  
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:  
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE!

Cling! clang! forward all!  
Heaven help those whose horses fall:  
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!  
They fall! they spread in broken surges.  
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,  
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall:  
Cling! clang! backward all!  
Home, and good night!

---

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON. From  
"Songs of Doubt and Dream." Copyright, 1891, by  
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EDGAR FAWCETT.

SHE turns her great grave eyes toward mine,  
while I stroke her soft hair's gold;  
We watch the moon through the window shine; she is  
only eight years old.  
"Is it true," she asks, with guileless mien, and with  
voice in tender tune,  
"That nobody ever yet has seen the other side of the  
moon?"

I smile at her question, answering "yes"; and then,  
by a strange thought stirred,  
I murmur, half in forgetfulness that she listens to  
every word:  
"There are treasures on earth so rich and fair that  
they cannot stay with us here,  
And the other side of the moon is where they go when  
they disappear!

"There are hopes that the spirit hardly names, and  
songs that it mutely sings,  
There are good resolves and exalted aims, there are  
longings for nobler things;  
There are sounds and visions that haunt our lot, ere  
they vanish, or seem to die,  
And the other side of the moon (why not?) is the far  
bourne where they fly!

"We can fancy that realm were passing sweet and of  
strangely precious worth,

If its distant reaches enshrined complete the incompleteness of earth!

Nay, if there we found, like a living dream, what here we but mourn and miss,

Oh, the other side of the moon would beam with a glory unknown in this!"

"Are you talking of heaven?" she whispers now, while she nestles against my knees,

And I say, as I kiss her white wide brow, "You may call it so, if you please;

For if any such wondrous land may be, and we journey there, late or soon,

Then from heaven, I am sure, we shall gaze and see . . . the other side of the moon!"



---

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA. Copyright,  
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SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking north-  
ward far away,  
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,  
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come  
they near?  
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the  
storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle  
rolls;  
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on  
their souls!"  
Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over hill and over  
plain,  
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the moun-  
tain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look  
once more:  
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as  
before,  
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman,  
foot and horse,  
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down  
its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has  
rolled away;  
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks  
of gray.

Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of  
Minon wheels;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon  
at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now  
advance!

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's  
charging lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot  
together fall;

Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs  
the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and  
frightful on:

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and  
who has won?

"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,  
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for  
them all!"

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother,  
save my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps  
of slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall,  
and strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die  
before our eyes!"

"Oh, my heart's love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor  
head on my knee;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou  
hear me! canst thou see?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! Oh, my Bernal,  
look once more

On the blessed cross before thee! mercy! mercy! all is  
o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down  
to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his  
breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses  
said;

To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a  
soldier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow  
his life away;

But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,  
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away  
her head;

With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her  
dead;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his strug-  
gling breath of pain,

And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips  
again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and  
faintly smiled:

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch  
beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart  
supplied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured  
he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee  
forth,

From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely,  
in the North!"

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him  
with her dead,

And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds  
which bled. \*

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before  
the wind

Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and  
death behind;

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the  
wounded strive;

Hide your faces, holy angels! oh, thou Christ of God,  
forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool,  
gray shadows fall;

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain  
over all!

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the  
battle rolled,

In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips  
grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food;  
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,  
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;  
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;  
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,  
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

---

CAVALIER TUNES. By ROBERT BROWNING.

I. MARCHING ALONG.

KENTISH SIR BYNG stood for his King,  
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:  
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop  
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,  
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles  
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!  
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,  
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup  
Till you're—

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this  
song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell.  
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!  
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!  
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this  
song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls  
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!  
Hold by the right, you double your might;  
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

Chorus.—March we along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this  
song!

## II. GIVE A ROUSE.

## I.

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,  
King Charles!

## II.

Who gave me the goods that went since?  
Who raised me the house that sank once?  
Who helped me to gold I spent since?  
Who found me in wine you drank once?

Chorus.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight  
now?

Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,  
King Charles!

## III.

To whom used my boy George quaff else,  
By the old fool's side that begot him?  
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,  
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

Chorus.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,  
King Charles!

## III. BOOT AND SADDLE.

## I.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!  
Rescue my castle before the hot day

Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

Chorus.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

II.

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;

Many's the friend there, will listen and pray

"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

Chorus.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

III.

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,

Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:

Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

Chorus.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

IV.

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,

Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!

I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

Chorus.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"



---

THE OLD ADMIRAL. Admiral Stewart, U. S. N.  
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STEDMAN.

GONE at last,  
That brave old hero of the past!  
His spirit has a second birth,  
An unknown, grander life;  
All of him that was earth  
Lies mute and cold,  
Like a wrinkled sheath and old  
Thrown off forever from the shimmering blade  
That has good entrance made  
Upon some distant, glorious strife.

From another generation,  
A simpler age, to ours Old Ironsides came;  
The morn and noontide of the nation  
Alike he knew, nor yet outlived his fame,—  
O, not outlived his fame!  
The dauntless men whose service guards our shore  
Lengthen still their glory-roll  
With his name to lead the scroll,  
As a flagship at her fore  
Carries the Union, with its azure and the stars,  
Symbol of times that are no more  
And the old heroic wars.

He was the one  
Whom Death had spared alone  
Of all the captains of that lusty age,  
Who sought the foeman where he lay  
On sea or sheltering bay,  
Nor till the prize was theirs repressed their rage.

They are gone,—all gone:

They rest with glory and the undying Powers;

Only their name and fame, and what they saved, are  
ours!

It was fifty years ago,

Upon the Gallic Sea,

He bore the banner of the free,

And fought the fight whereof our children know,—

The deathful, desperate fight!

Under the fair moon's light

The frigate squared, and yawed to left and right.

Every broadside swept to death a score!

Roundly played her guns and well, till their fiery  
ensigns fell,

Neither foe replying more.

All in silence, when the night-breeze cleared the air,

Old Ironsides rested there,

Locked in between the twain, and drenched with blood.

Then homeward, like an eagle with her prey!

O, it was a gallant fray,—

That fight in Biscay Bay!

Fearless the captain stood, in his youthful hardihood:

He was the boldest of them all,

Our brave old Admiral!

And still our heroes bleed,

Taught by that olden deed.

Whether of iron or of oak

The ships we marshal at our country's need,

Still speak their cannon now as then they spoke;

Still floats our unstruck banner from the mast

As in the stormy past.

Lay him in the ground:

Let him rest where the ancient river rolls;  
Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound  
Of the bell whose proclamation, as it tolls,  
Is of Freedom and the gift our fathers gave.

Lay him gently down:  
The clamor of the town  
Will not break the slumbers deep, the beautiful ripe  
sleep,  
Of this lion of the wave,  
Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Earth to earth his dust is laid.  
Methinks his stately shade  
On the shadow of a great ship leaves the shore;  
Over cloudless western seas  
Seeks the far Hesperides,  
The islands of the blest,  
Where no turbulent billows roar,—  
Where is rest.  
His ghost upon the shadowy quarter stands  
Nearing the deathless lands.  
There all his martial mates, renewed and strong,  
Await his coming long.  
I see the happy Heroes rise  
With gratulation in their eyes:

“Welcome, old comrade,” Lawrence cries;  
“Ah, Stewart, tell us of the wars!  
Who win the glory and the scars?  
How floats the skyey flag,—how many stars?  
Still speak they of Decatur’s name,  
Of Bainbridge’s and Perry’s fame?”

Of me, who earliest came?  
Make ready, all:  
Room for the Admiral!

Come, Stewart, tell us of the wars!"

---

AUTUMN TOURISTS. Anonymous.

THEY were rowing over a summer lake,  
A lake deep blue and without a curl,  
Save just the ripple the oars would make,  
And the shoreward streak of pearl.

High over the waters the mountains rise,  
Deep under the water the mountains fall,  
You may fathom the depths and mete the skies,  
But the heart is deeper than all.

Some one said, "We shall miss you so,  
Robin, when you are away so far."  
And he said with a smile, "It is hard to go,  
But things must be as they are."

"He can smile, so will I," she thought,  
With her rosy fingers over the brink,  
"But oh! some lessons are hard to be taught,  
Some cups are bitter to drink.

The time that is past, like yonder shore,  
Grows fainter and fainter under our sight;  
God," she prayed, "if I see him no more  
Help me to bear it aright."

She groaned to herself, "I must look in his eyes,  
And thrill and bear the touch of his hand,  
Then go on alone 'neath the pitiless skies,  
When the boat has touched the strand."

"Be a man and care as little as she!"  
Thought he as they neared the farther shore,  
"Love is not made for fellows like me,  
So farewell for evermore."

"A pleasant time it has been," he said,  
"I wish we could have it over again—"  
"Ay," all bitterly answered her heart,  
"For pleasure is kin to pain."

"We see people better in foreign lands,  
Perhaps the fogs are too thick in our own,"  
She said, frankly giving him both her hands,  
Not a touch of pain in her tone.

Then as the shore grated under the keel,  
She said, as she lightly stepped from the boat,  
"How real and solid the pebbles feel  
After all our visions afloat!"

The white towns glistened and glowed in the light,  
And the children gathered to gaze,  
And the sun poured down with a pitiless might,  
As they went their several ways.

Straining of eyes, and waving of hands,  
And the trifles that make—or mar,  
These must happen in all the lands,  
And things must be as they are.

---

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL.  
By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

O, WILL ye choose to hear the news?  
Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:  
I'll tell you all about the ball  
To the Naypaulase ambassador.  
Begor! this fête all balls does bate,  
At which I worn a pump, and I  
Must here relate the splendthor great  
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,  
To fête these black Achillese.  
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,  
And take the rooms at Willis's."  
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,  
They hung the rooms of Willis up,  
And decked the walls and stairs and halls  
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand  
So sweetly in the middle there  
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,  
And violins did fiddle there.  
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,  
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was  
A nate buffet before them set  
Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten before the ball-room door,  
His mighty Excellency was;  
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,  
So gorgeous and immense he was.

His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,  
 Into the door-way followed him;  
 And O the noise of the blackguard boys,  
 As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair stud at the stair,  
 And bade the dthrums to thump; and he  
 Did thus evince to that Black Prince  
 The welcome of his Company.  
 O fair the girls, and rich the curls,  
 And bright the oys, you saw there, was;  
 And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,  
 On Ginerall Jung Bahawther was!

This Ginerall great then tuck his sate,  
 With all the other gineralls,  
 (Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,  
 All bleezed with precious minerals;)  
 And as he there, with princely air,  
 Recloinin on his cushion was,  
 All round about his royal chair,  
 The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes and Earls,  
 Such fashion and nobilitee!  
 Just think of Tim, and fancy him  
 Amidst the hoigh gentility!  
 There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese  
 Ministher and his lady there,  
 And I reckonized, with much surprise,  
 Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,  
 And Baroness Rehausen there,



And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar  
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.  
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first  
When only Mr. Pips he was),  
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,  
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,  
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,  
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife,—  
I wondther how he could stuff her in.  
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,  
And seemed to ask how should I go there?  
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,  
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes and Earls, and diamonds and pearls,  
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;  
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,  
Behind the windies, coorting there.  
O, there's one I know, bedad, would show  
As beautiful as any there;  
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,  
And shake a fut with Fanny there!

---

THE FUGITIVES. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I.

THE waters are flashing,  
The white hail is dashing,  
The lightnings are glancing,  
The hoar spray is dancing:—  
Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,  
The thunder is tolling,  
The forest is swinging,  
The minster-bells ringing:—  
Come away!

The earth is like ocean,  
Wreck-strewn and in motion;  
Bird, beast, man, and worm,  
Have crept out of the storm:—  
Come away!

II.

“Our boat has one sail,  
And the helmsman is pale.  
A bold pilot, I trow,  
Who should follow us now!”  
Shouted he.

And she cried: “Ply the oar;  
Put off gaily from shore!”—  
As she spoke, bolts of death,  
Mixed with hail, specked their path  
O'er the sea:

And from isle, tower, and rock,  
The blue beacon-cloud broke:  
And, though dumb in the blast,  
The red cannon flashed fast  
    From the lee.

## III.

And "Fear'st thou?" and "Fear'st thou?"  
And "Seest thou?" and "Hear'st thou?"  
And "Drive we not free  
O'er the terrible sea,  
    I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover  
The loved and the lover:  
Their blood beats one measure,  
They murmur proud pleasure  
    Soft and low;—

While around the lashed ocean,  
Like mountains in motion,  
Is withdrawn and uplifted,  
Sunk, shattered, and shifted  
    To and fro.

## IV.

In the court of the fortress  
Beside the pale portress,  
Like a bloodhound well beaten  
The bridegroom stands, eaten  
    By shame.

On the topmost watch-turret,  
As a death-boding spirit,  
Stands the grey tyrant father;  
To his voice, the mad weather  
    Seems tame;

And, with curses as wild  
As e'er clung to child,  
He devotes to the blast  
The best, loveliest, and last,  
    Of his name.

---

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. By  
THOMAS GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

How jocund did they drive their team afield!

How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,

Their homely joys and destiny obscure;

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile

The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike th' inevitable hour:—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,

If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply:  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.



"One morn I miss'd him on the 'customed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:  
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
borne,—  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn."

## THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear  
He gain'd from heaven ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

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LOCHINVAR By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West,—  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the  
best;

And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and  
all.

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),  
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,  
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
plume;  
And the bridemaids whispered, "'Twere better by  
far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-  
var."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood  
near;  
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;  
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and  
scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby  
clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
ran;  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

---

SHIPS AT SEA. By ROBERT BARRY COFFIN.

I HAVE ships that went to sea  
More than fifty years ago  
None have yet come home to me,  
But keep sailing to and fro.  
I have seen them, in my sleep,  
Plunging thro' the shoreless deep,  
With tattered sails and battered hulls,  
While around them screamed the gulls,  
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they staid  
From me, sailing round the world;  
And I've said, "I'm half afraid  
That their sails will ne'er be furled."  
Great the treasures that they hold,—  
Silks and plumes, and bars of gold;  
While the spices which they bear  
Fill with fragrance all the air,  
As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port  
Knows that I have ships at sea,  
Of the waves and winds the sport;  
And the sailors pity me.  
Oft they come and with me walk,  
Cheering me with hopeful talk.  
Till I put my fears aside,  
And contented watch the tide  
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,  
Gazing for them down the bay,  
Days and nights, for many years,

Till I turned heart-sick away.  
But the pilots, when they land,  
Stop and take me by the hand,  
Saying, "You will live to see  
Your proud vessels come from sea,  
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,  
Nor let hope or courage fail;  
And some day, when skies are fair,  
Up the bay my ships will sail.  
I can buy then all I need,—  
Prints to look at, books to read,  
Horses, wines, and works of art,  
Everything, except a heart;  
That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,  
Poorer, too, than I am now,  
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,  
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,  
There was one whose heart was mine;  
But she's something now divine,  
And though come my ships from sea,  
They can bring no heart to me,  
Evermore, evermore.

---

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT      From  
"Manfred."    By GEORGE GORDON, LORD  
BYRON.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!  
I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness  
I learned the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering,—upon such a night  
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.  
The trees which grew along the broken arches  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar  
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and  
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
Within a bowshot,—where the Cæsars dwelt,  
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,  
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.  
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—  
But the gladiator's bloody Circus stands,  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,  
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls  
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
Which softened down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries,  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till the place  
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old!—  
The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.

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## THE DIRTY OLD MAN. By WILLIAM ALL-INGHAM.

(A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware shop in Leadenhall Street, London. He was best known as Dirty Dick (Dick for alliteration's sake, probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house.)

**I**N a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man;  
Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan.  
For forty long years, as the neighbors declared,  
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'T was a scandal and shame to the business-like street,  
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat:  
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,  
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,  
Looked spotty in sunshine and streaky in rain;  
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,  
And the panes from being broken were known to be  
glass.

On the rickety signboard no learning could spell  
The merchant who sold, or the goods he'd to sell;  
But for house and for man a new title took growth,  
Like a fungus,—the Dirt gave its name to them both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,  
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust,  
Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof;  
'T was a Spiders' Elysium from cellar to roof.



There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man  
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can;  
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,  
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,  
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt;  
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding,—  
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,  
Have entered his shop, less to buy than to stare,  
And have afterwards said, though the dirt was so  
frightful,  
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

Upstairs might they venture, in dirt and in gloom,  
To peep at the door of the wonderful room  
Such stories are told about, none of them true!—  
The keyhole itself has no mortal seen through.

That room,—forty years since, folk settled and decked  
it.

The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected.  
The handsome young host he is gallant and gay,  
For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,  
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their  
best;

Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,  
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since turned the key in that door.  
'T is a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's uproar.

The guests, for whose joyance that table was spread,  
May now enter as ghosts, for they're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and  
go;

The seats are in order, the dishes a-row:

But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse  
Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old  
House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of dust;  
The flowers fallen to powder, the wine swathed in  
crust;

A nosegay was laid before one special chair,  
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

The old man has played out his parts in the scene.  
Wherever he now is, I hope he's more clean.  
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban  
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old Man.

---

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.  
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with permission. By JOHN HAY.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,  
Because he don't live, you see;  
Leastways, he's got out of the habit  
Of livin' like you and me.  
Whar have you been for the last three year  
That you haven't heard folks tell  
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks  
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers  
Is all pretty much alike,—  
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill  
And another one here, in Pike;  
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,  
And an awkward hand in a row,  
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—  
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—  
To treat his engine well;  
Never be passed on the river;  
To mind the pilot's bell;  
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—  
A thousand times he swore,  
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,  
And her day come at last,—  
The Movastar was a better boat,  
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.

And so she come tearin, along that night—  
 The oldest craft on the line—  
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,  
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,  
 And burnt a hole in the night,  
 And quick as a flash she turned, and made  
 For that willer-bank on the right.  
 There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,  
 Over all the infernal roar,  
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank  
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat  
 Jim Bludso's voice was heard,  
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,  
 And knowed he would keep his word.  
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off  
 Afore the smokestacks fell,—  
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone  
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment  
 I'd run my chance with Jim,  
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen  
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.  
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—  
 And went for it thar and then;  
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard  
 On a man that died for men.

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THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE. Copyright, by  
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Reprinted with permission.  
By NORA PERRY.

IT is nearly a hundred years ago  
Since the day the Count de Rochambeau—  
Our ally against the British crown—  
Met Washington in Newport town.

'Twas the month of March, and the air was chill,  
But, bareheaded, over Aquidneck hill,  
Guest and host they took their way,  
While on either side in grand display

A gallant army, French and fine,  
Was ranged three deep in a glittering line;  
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar  
Of a hundred guns from Conanicut shore;

And the bells rang out from every steeple,  
And from street to street the Newport people  
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,  
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,  
And out of the windows smiled and sent  
Many a coy admiring glance  
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes that the belle of the town  
Kissed a rose and flung it down  
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau;  
And the gallant Marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,  
And kissed it back with a glance at the face  
Of the daring maiden where she stood,  
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,  
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose  
In his gold-laced coat, but he looked in vain  
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, and day after day,  
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,  
At feast or at church or along the street,  
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet,

And she, night after night, day after day,  
Was speeding farther and farther away  
From the fatal window, the fatal street,  
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much, for the cool control  
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;  
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes  
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below: and taking the gauge  
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,  
He swore, this old colonial squire,  
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,  
Her dangerous heart, and her beautiful face,

Should be on her way to a sure retreat,  
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a curséd Frenchman, high or low:  
And so while the Count de Rochambeau,  
In his gold-laced coat, wore a faded flower,  
And waited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night  
On the little deck of the sloop "Delight";  
Guarded even in the darkness there  
By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down  
Into the harbör of Newport town,  
Towing a wreck,—'twas the sloop "Delight";  
Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew,  
And all on board of her, full in view  
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,  
Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,  
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale,  
Then, "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "so my fine  
    romance,  
From beginning to end, is a rose and a glance!"

A rose and a glance, with a kiss thrown in;  
That was all,—but enough for a promise of sin,

Thought the stern old squire, when he took the  
gauge  
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage.

So the sad old story comes to a close:  
'Tis a century since, but the world still goes  
On the same base round, still takes the gauge  
Of its highest hearts in a moment's rage.



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IN AN ATELIER. Reprinted with permission.  
By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I PRAY you, do not turn your head;  
And let your hands lie folded, so.  
It was a dress like this, wine-red,  
That troubled Dante, long ago.  
You don't know Dante? Never mind.  
He loved a lady wondrous fair—  
His model? Something of the kind.  
I wonder if she had your hair!

I wonder if she looked so meek,  
And was not meek at all (my dear,  
I want that side-light on your cheek).  
He loved her, it is very clear,  
And painted her, as I paint you,  
But rather better, on the whole  
(Depress your chin; yes, that will do):  
He was a painter of the soul!

(And painted portraits, too, I think,  
In the INFERNO—devilish good!  
I'd make some certain critics blink  
If I'd his method and his mood.)  
Her name was (Fanny, let your glance  
Rest there, by that majolica tray)—  
Was Beatrice; they met by chance—  
They met by chance, the usual way.

(As you and I met, months ago,  
Do you remember? How your feet  
Went crinkle-crinkle on the snow

Along the bleak gas-lighted street!  
An instant in the drug-store's glare  
You stood as in a golden frame,  
And then I swore it, then and there,  
To hand your sweetness down to fame.)

They met, and loved, and never wed  
(All this was long before our time),  
And though they died, they are not dead—  
Such endless youth gives mortal rhyme!  
Still walks the earth, with haughty mien,  
Pale Dante, in his soul's distress:  
And still the lovely Florentine  
Goes lovely in her wine-red dress.

You do not understand at all?  
He was a poet; on his page  
He drew her; and, though kingdoms fall,  
This lady lives from age to age:  
A poet—that means painter too,  
For words are colors, rightly laid;  
And they outlast our brightest hue,  
For varnish cracks and crimsons fade.

The poets—they are lucky ones!  
When we are thrust upon the shelves,  
Our works turn into skeletons  
Almost as quickly as ourselves;  
For our poor canvas peels at length,  
At length is prized—when all is bare:  
“What grace!” the critics cry, “what strength!”  
When neither strength nor grace is there.

Ah, Fanny, I am sick at heart,  
It is so little one can do;  
We talk our jargon—live for Art!  
I'd much prefer to live for you.  
How dull and lifeless colors are!  
You smile, and all my picture lies:  
I wish that I could crush a star  
To make a pigment for your eyes.

Yes, child, I know I'm out of tune;  
The light is bad; the sky is gray:  
I paint no more this afternoon,  
So lay your royal gear away.  
Besides, you're moody—chin on hand—  
I know not what—not in the vein—  
Not like Anne Bullen, sweet and bland:  
You sit there smiling in disdain.

Not like the Tudor's radiant Queen,  
Unconscious of the coming woe,  
But rather as she might have been,  
Preparing for the headsman's blow.  
So, I have put you in a miff—  
Sitting bolt-upright, wrist on wrist.  
How should you look? Why, dear, as if—  
Somehow—as if you'd just been kissed!

---

CARCASSONNE. (From the French.) Reprinted  
with permission. By M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

HOW old I am! I'm eighty years. I've worked  
both hard and long,  
Yet patient as my life has been, one dearest sight I  
have not seen,  
It almost seems a wrong. A dream I had when life  
was young.  
Alas! our dreams, they come not true.  
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,  
That lovely city, Carcassonne.

One sees it dimly from the height beyond the moun-  
tain blue.  
Fain would I walk five weary leagues, I do not mind  
the road's fatigues,  
Thro' morn and evening's dew.  
But bitter frosts would fall at night, and on the grapes  
that withered blight,  
I could not go to Carcassonne,  
I never went to Carcassonne.

They say it is as gay all times as holidays at home.  
The gentles ride in gay attire, and in the sun each  
gilded spire  
Shoots up like those at Rome.  
The bishop the procession leads, the generals curb  
their prancing steeds.  
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne.  
Alas! I know not Carcassonne.

Our vicar's right. He preaches loud and bids us to  
beware.

He says, "Oh, guard the weakest part and most the  
traitor in the heart

Against ambition's snare."

Perhaps in autumn I can find two sunny days with  
gentle wind,

I then could go to Carcassonne,

I still could go to Carcassonne.

My God and Father, pardon me, if this my wish  
offends.

One sees some hope more high than he in age, as in  
his infancy

To which his heart ascends.

My wife, my son have seen Narbonne, my grandson  
went to Perpignan,

But I have not seen Carcassonne,

But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age, half dreaming  
in his chair.

I said, "My friend, come, go with me to-morrow.

Thine eyes shall see those streets

That seem so fair."

That night there came for passing soul the church-  
bell's low and solemn toll.

He never saw gay Carcassonne.

Who has not known a Carcassonne?

---

AN ODE TO THE ASSERTORS OF LIBERTY.  
By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ARISE, arise, arise!  
There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread!  
Be your wounds like eyes  
To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.  
What other grief were it just to pay?  
Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they!  
Who said they were slain on the battle-day?

Awaken, awaken, awaken!  
The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes.  
Be the cold chains shaken  
To the dust where your kindred repose, repose:  
Their bones in the grave will start and move  
When they hear the voices of those they love  
Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner  
When Freedom is riding to conquest by:  
Though the slaves that fan her  
Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh,  
And ye who attend her imperial car,  
Lift not your hands in the banded war  
But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,  
To those who have greatly suffered and done!  
Never name in story  
Was greater than that which ye shall have won.  
Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,  
Whose revenge, pride, and power, they have over-  
thrown:  
Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow  
With crownals of violet, ivy and pine:  
Hide the blood-stains now  
With hues which sweet Nature has made divine—  
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity.  
But let not the pansy among them be;  
Ye were injured, and that means memory.

---

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS. Reprinted with permission of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming  
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no  
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!



From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that  
sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

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RORY O'MORE. By SAMUEL LOVER.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn;  
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the  
dawn;

He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,  
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,  
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;

"With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm  
about;

Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside  
out."

"Och! jewel!" says Rory, "that same is the way  
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;  
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?  
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the  
like,

For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;  
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—  
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the  
ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:  
Sure, I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"  
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,  
For dhramas always go by conthraries, my dear.  
Och, jewel, keep dhreaming that same till you die,  
And bright morning will give dirty night the black  
lie!

And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?  
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me  
enough;

Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and  
Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a  
baste,

So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,

So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;

And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with  
light,

And he kissed her sweet lips—Don't you think he was  
right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more,—

That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,

For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

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MUSIC AND WORDS. From "Five Books of Song." Reprinted with the permission of the publishers, The Century Company. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THIS day I heard such music that I thought,  
Hath human speech the power thus to be  
wrought

Into such melody; pure, sensuous sound,—  
Into such mellow, murmuring mazes caught;  
Can words (I said), when these keen tones are bound  
(Silent, except in memory of this hour),—  
Can human words alone usurp the power  
Of trembling strings that thrill to the very soul,  
And of this ecstasy bring back the whole?

Ah no, 'twas answered in my inmost heart,  
Unto itself sufficient is each art,  
And each doth utter what none other can,—  
Some hidden mood of the large soul of man.  
Ah, think not thou with words well interweaved  
To wake the tones wherein the viol grieved  
With its most heavy burden; think not thou,  
Adventurous, to push thy shallop's prow  
Into that surge of well-remembered tones,—  
Striving to match each wandering wind that moans,  
Each bell that tolls, and every bugle's blowing  
With some most fitting word, some verse bestowing  
A never-shifting form on that which passed  
Swift as a bird that glimmers down the blast.

So, still unworded, save in memory mute,  
Rest thou sweet hour of viol and of lute;  
Of thoughts that never, never can be spoken,

Too frail for the rough usage of men's words,—  
Thoughts that shall keep their silence all unbroken  
Till music once more stirs them,—then like the birds  
That in the night-time slumber, they shall wake,  
While all the leaves of all the forest shake!  
Oh, hark! I hear it now, that tender strain,  
Fulfilled with all of sorrow save its pain.

---

LINES TO A FRIEND. By JAMES BERRY  
BENSEL.

I STOOD with my hand in my friend's warm hand—  
He was going away from me—  
I thought: "'Tis not only the distance of land  
That will shut out this face with its strength to com-  
mand,  
Nor the terrible distance of sea.

"Long years will roll up with their pains and their  
fears,  
Great griefs and great pleasures will rise,  
The mountains of joy and the rivers of tears,—  
Whole ages of living will fill up the years.  
And change lay its touch on our eyes."

He was going, and when would a hand clasp my own  
With friendship as loving and true?  
What wonder I felt so bereft and alone;  
My blessing died out in a passionate moan,  
While tears rimmed my lashes like dew?

He went; but there stretches between us a line  
Like an echo that follows a song,  
And nothing can deaden the music so fine  
That whispers of friendship from his heart to mine  
Through distance and years that are long.

And what though fate wills that we never shall meet  
On earth as in days I recall?  
Still memory stays with its messages sweet,  
Still thought has old tales and old lines to repeat,  
And his face shineth forth from them all.

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THE CATARACT OF LODORE. By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NOTE.—All persons who are in the habit of dropping the final *g* of words should be required to repeat this poem till cured of that distressing though common barbarism of speech,—The Editor.

“**H**OW does the water  
Come down at Lodore?”  
My little boy asked me  
Thus, once on a time;  
And moreover he tasked me  
To tell him in rhyme.  
Anon at the word,  
There first came one daughter,  
And then came another,  
To second and third  
The request of their brother,  
And to hear how the water  
Comes down at Lodore,  
With its rush and its roar,  
As many a time  
They had seen it before.  
So I told them in rhyme,  
For of rhymes I had store;  
And 'twas in my vocation  
For their recreation  
That so I should sing;  
Because I was Laureate  
To them and the King.

From its sources which well  
In the tarn on the fell;

From its fountains  
In the mountains,  
Its rills and its gills;  
Through moss and through brake,  
It runs and it creeps  
For a while, till it sleeps  
In its own little lake.  
And thence at departing,  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds,  
And away it proceeds,  
Through meadow and glade,  
In Sun and in shade,  
And through the wood-shelter,  
Among crags in its flurry,  
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-skurry,  
Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling;  
Now smoking and frothing  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till in this rapid race  
On which it is bent,  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging  
As if a war waging  
Its caverns and rocks among;  
Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,



Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
    Flying and flinging,  
Writhing and ringing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,  
    Around and around  
With endless rebound:  
    Smiting and fighting,  
    A sight to delight in;  
    Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,  
Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and splitting  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and going,  
And running and stunning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And dropping and hopping,

And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beam-  
ing,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jump-  
ing,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;

And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

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MEETING AT NIGHT. By ROBERT BROWNING

I.

THE gray sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

II.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,  
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

PARTING AT MORNING.

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,  
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:  
And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me.

---

SONGS FROM "THE PRINCESS." By ALFRED,  
LORD TENNYSON.

"O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,  
And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,  
But in the North long since my nest is made.

"O tell her, brief is life but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

The splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon:  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

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PIPES AND BEER. From "Fantasy and Passion."  
Copyright, 1898. Reprinted with permission. By  
EDGAR FAWCETT.

BEFORE I was famous I used to sit  
In a dull old underground room I knew,  
And sip cheap beer, and be glad for it,  
With a wild Bohemian friend or two.

And oh, it was joy to loiter thus,  
At peace in the heart of the city's stir,  
Entombed, while life hurried over us,  
In our lazy bacchanal sepulchre.

There was artist George, with the blond Greek head,  
And the startling creeds, and the loose cravat;  
There was splenetic, journalistic Fred,  
Of the sharp retort and the shabby hat;

There was dreamy Frank, of the lounging gait,  
Who lived on nothing a year, or less,  
And always meant to be something great,  
But only meant, and smoked to excess;

And last myself, whom their funny sneers  
Annoyed no whit as they laughed and said,  
"I listened to all their grand ideas  
And wrote them out for my daily bread."

The Teuton beer-bibbers came and went,  
Night after night, and stared, good folk,  
At our table, noisy with argument,  
And our chronic aureoles of smoke.



And oh, my life! but we all loved well  
The talk, free, fearless, keen, profound,  
The rockets of wit that flashed and fell  
In that dull old tavern underground! . . .

But there came a change in my days at last,  
And fortune forgot to starve and stint,  
And the people chose to admire aghast  
The book I had eaten dirt to print.

And new friends gathered about me, then,  
New voices summoned me there and here;  
The world went down in my dingy den,  
And drew me forth from the pipes and beer.

I took the stamp of my altered lot,  
As the sands of the certain seasons ran,  
And slowly, whether I would or not,  
I felt myself growing a gentleman.

But now and then I would break the thrall,  
I would yield to a pang of dumb regret,  
And steal to join them, and find them all,  
With the amber wassail near them yet.

Find, and join them, and try to seem  
A fourth for the old queer merry three,  
With my fame as much of a yearning dream  
As my morrow's dinner was wont to be.

But the wit would lag, and the mirth would lack,  
And the god of jollity hear no call,  
And the prosperous broadcloth on my back  
Hung over their spirits like a pall!

It was not that they failed, each one, to try  
Their warmth of welcome to speak and show;  
I should just have risen and said good-bye,  
With a haughty look, had they served me so.

It was rather that each would seem, instead,  
With not one vestige of spleen or pride,  
Across a chasm of change to spread  
His greeting hands to the further side.

And our gladdest words rang strange and cold,  
Like the echoes of other long-lost words;  
And the nights were no more the nights of old  
Than spring would be spring without the birds!

So they waned and waned, these visits of mine,  
Till I married the heiress, ending here.  
For if caste approves the cigars and wine,  
She must frown perforce upon pipes and beer.

And now 'tis years since I saw these men,  
Years since I knew them living yet.  
And of this alone I am sure, since then—  
That none has gained what he toiled to get.

For I keep strict watch on the world of art,  
And George, with his wide rich-dowered brain!  
His fervent fancy, his ardent heart,  
Though he greatly toiled, has toiled in vain.

And Fred, for all he may sparkle bright  
In caustic column, in clever quip,  
Of a truth must still be hiding his light  
Beneath the bushel of journalism.

And dreamy Frank must be dreaming still,  
    Lounging through life, if yet alive,  
Smoking his vast preposterous fill,  
    Lounging, smoking, striving to strive.

And I, the fourth in that old queer throng,  
    Fourth and least, as my soul avows,—  
I alone have been counted strong,  
    I alone have the laurelled brows!

Well, and what has it all been worth?  
    May not my soul to my soul confess  
That "succeeding," here upon earth,  
    Does not alway assume success?

I would cast, and gladly, from this gray head  
    Its crown, to regain one sweet lost year  
With artist George, with splenetic Fred,  
    With dreamy Frank, with the pipes and beer!

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